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UNIMAGINARY LOVE-LETTERS.*

For how many sins—the desire for the forbidden being implanted in the heart of fallen mankind—is not the Decalogue mainly responsible? And it may be asked with equal plausibility how many publications have owed their popularity to the fact that a stricter censorship of good taste would have placed them upon the "Index?" There is an unwritten law which prohibits the proclamation in the marketplace of a man's private feelings. It forbids the presence of the public—a shadowy third—at the door of the confessional, be the sinner never so distinguished, the sin never so psychologically interesting, the penitent never so willing, and the priest never so complaisant. It dictates in diary, journal, and correspondence "the depreciatory operation of asterisks and blanks." It refuses the surrender of a man's inti-

mate emotions to that promiscuous confidant, the general reader.

With what result? Indefensible, irrational, but strictly human, the prohibition has enhanced the value of the confidences withheld. Curiosity has been stimulated by erasures, and the speculative interest of the world at large has been riveted upon the blotted page of the suppressed utterances of loves, passions or remorse. Or, when neither blot nor erasure intervenes to efface the record, we mostly read what we concede ought never to have been printed, listen to what should never have been spoken aloud, with only that pleasant sting of the conscience of good taste which gives zest to the illicit gratification of our wishes.

Some such glamour—the glamour of forbidden fruit—hangs over the volumes which purport to contain the love-letters, spurious or genuine, of men and women of our own day and generation. No happier advertisement could have been found for one of the most popular of recent works than the prefatory note implying that the anonymity of the "Love-letters of an Englishwoman" is necessitated by the fact that they represent not fiction but actuality, and are, what they profess to be, letters written with "no thought that they would be read by anyone but

* 1. "Lettres d'Abelard et Heloise." Traduites par M. Greard. Paris: 1898.

2. "Lettres portugaises." Ed. Eugene Asse. Paris: 1873.

3. "Letters of a Portuguese Nun." Translated by E. Prestage. London: David Nutt. 1897.

4. "Letters of Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin." London: edition of 1798.

5. "Letters of Keats to Fanny Brawne." Edited by Buxton Forman. London: 1878.

6. "Lettres a l'Etrangere." H. de Balzac. Paris: 1899.

7. "Lettres a une Inconnue." Prosper Merimee. Paris: 1889.

the person to whom they were addressed."

It must, however, be at once allowed that in the case of genuine love-letters of modern date the temptation to editorial indiscretion lies rather in the demand of the public than in the merits of the letters themselves, as far as we have been made acquainted with them. Love-letters proper, as they strike a contemporary, do not usually count among a man's most felicitous epistolary efforts. They rarely evoke any regret in the mind of the reader for the termination of those periods of separation which occasioned the correspondences of lovers. Undoubtedly they are a work of exceptional difficulty, so far as regards the world outside the world of the two persons immediately concerned. Terms of endearment (and such terms, however minimized, are almost a necessity of the situation) are in themselves, when no haze of past fashions of speech dissociates them from modern life, a snare for the pen of the unwary, and jar the imagination with reminiscences of documentary evidence in the breach of promise case of yesterday's newspaper. "Si tu m'aimes," wrote Victor Hugo to his Adèle, "tu sais quelle a été ma joie . . . mon Adèle, pourquoi cela ne s'appelle-t-il que de la joie?" Yet the dictionary provides no substitutes and no alternatives. We have more or less by common consent eliminated the legacy of the sonnet-writer of earlier days from the vocabulary of lovers; "those words," as Addison tells us, which even at his time "have always a place in passionate epistles, as flames, die, darts, absence, Cupid, heart, eyes, hang, drown and the like," have been consigned to the limbo of the unavailable. We have been, for a season at all events, educated out of them, and there are hints that kisses and tears are possibly about to follow them into their retreat.

For, as a poet, Mr. Wilfrid Blunt, pertinently asks, how shall a man distinguish between his tears and those of the shopboys

Who would weep
Their shilling's worth of woe in any
cause?
. . . Their tears and mine—
What difference? Oh truly tears are
cheap!

They are, and truly; but how much they must have facilitated the composition of the love-letter of authors born before shopboys had been allowed the privilege of crying, and before kisses had become the democratic birthright of the plebeian, before the protestations of the mutual devotion of lovers had taken upon themselves the accents of the penny valentine or the associations of transportine melodrama, we can regretfully divine!

The process of elimination, although the use of the asterisk was still in full force, was incomplete when the most notable volume extant of English love-letters, written this time in sober earnest by an Anglo-Irishwoman, was published posthumously in 1798. They came, by one of those singular tricks with which fate plays its part in history, from the hand of the spiritual ancestress of the strong-minded sisterhood of to-day, Mary Wollstonecraft, author of the "Rights of Woman." No life-chronicle, real or fictitious, contains so vivid a record of a woman's passion, staking all for all in the game of games where the dice are loaded and the cards marked for mischance. They tell their own story as clearly as those series of genuine and spurious "Lettres portugaises" which had won so popular a place in the literature of seventeenth-century France. They tell it without aid of notes or commentaries. It is the story of Mary Wollstonecraft's wrongs, of her love for Imlay—the love foredoomed to disaster, of a woman with a heart which was blind

linked to a brain which saw; where all the illusions of an idealist were supplemented by the ruthless, clear-sighted judgments of an intellect at once keen, cultivated and mature. Perhaps nothing more profoundly pathetic exists in letter form than the earlier pages of the little volume viewed in the light of the sequel; when, as the series opens, Imlay is still at hand, her lover in love's halcyon days, with all the volcanic storms of the French Revolution surging round the "barriers," where—the letter is dated Paris, 1793—the lovers are to meet next day. She writes, past midnight, from her obscure lodgings—

I obey an emotion of my heart which made me think of wishing thee, my love, good night . . . You can scarcely imagine with what pleasure I anticipate the day when we are to begin almost to live together, and you would smile to hear how many plans of enjoyment I have in my head now that I am confident my heart has found peace in your bosom. . . . Yes, I will be good, that I may deserve to be happy, and whilst you love me I cannot again fall into that miserable state which rendered life a burden almost too heavy to be borne. But, good night—God bless you! Sterne says that is equal to a kiss, yet I would rather give you a kiss into the bargain, glowing with gratitude to heaven and affection to you. I like the word affection,

she adds—and the touch is characteristic of the nature of her hopes and desires—

because it signifies something habitual, and we are soon to meet to try whether we have mind enough to keep our hearts warm.

It was not, however, so much "mind" as an even more important factor in happiness—character—that was wanting so far as Imlay was concerned. And though in Mary's first letters she confesses to a "rational prospect of as

much felicity as the earth affords," already she has divined something of the man's baser nature, has guessed that his protestation of constancy is a bankrupt cheque.

I have found out that I have more mind than you in one respect, because I can find food for love in the same object much longer than you can. . . . The way to my senses is through my heart; but forgive me, I think there is sometimes a shorter cut to yours. . . . I do not know how I fell into these reflections, excepting one thought produced it—that these continual separations were necessary to warm your affection. I do not know why [this letter bears a later date], but I have more confidence in your affection when absent than present; nay, I think you must love me, for, in the sincerity of my heart let me say it, I believe I deserve your tenderness. . . . Be not too anxious to get money, for nothing worth having is to be purchased,

is a warning that follows shortly, and belongs to those light words that jest at his "money-getting face." And soon there comes the letter whose tenor we anticipate:—

I was very low-spirited last night, ready to quarrel with your cheerful temper, which makes absence easy to you. And why should I mince the matter? I was offended at your not even mentioning it. I do not want to be loved like a goddess, but I wish to be necessary to you. God bless you!

Then, true woman as, with those soft, wistful brown eyes of hers Ople painted, she most veritably was—she, the sinned against, asks pardon of the sinner:—

You perceive [she pleads, excusing her just upbraiding], sorrow has almost made a child of me, and that I want to be soothed to peace. I thought that if you were obliged to stay three months at—I might as well have been with you. Well, well, what signifies what I brooded over? Let us now be friends.

But the gleams of joy grow few and far between. In the autumn of 1794, though they met again, his desertion of her, and of the child born to her that spring, had begun. She jests still as she writes; from first to last they are the letters of a woman whose tears and laughter lie close together. But her affections—to use her own phrase—are too strong for her peace. She has not relinquished the fight for happiness, but she is learning—first lesson of ultimate defeat—to seek it in memories:

My imagination chuses to ramble back to the barrier with you, or to see you coming to meet me and my basket of grapes. . . . Bring me then back your barrier-face!

And if it does not come—September is past, October there—she will love the author of the *Marseillaise*—“A handsome man who plays sweetly on the violin.” Another page and all the lightness has taken flight—“My heart longs for your return, my love, and only seeks happiness with you.” But he does not return, and in December she is, at best, but a half jester,

Come to me, my dearest friend, husband, father of my child. . . . It is your own maxim to live in the present moment. *If you do*—stay, for God’s sake, but tell me the truth. If not, when may I expect to see you? and let me not be always looking for you, till I grow sick at heart. . . . I will live without your assistance.

So at length the slow scorn her heart has learnt bitterly creeps fully into sight.

I consider fidelity and constancy as two distinct things, yet the former is necessary to give life to the latter: and such a degree of respect do I think due to myself, that if only probity, which is a good thing in its place, brings you back, never to return!—for if a wandering of the heart, or even a caprice of imagination, detains you, there is

an end of all my hopes of happiness. I could not forgive it, if I would.

“Despair is a freeman;” dead to hope, she is finding, in all its sharpness, liberty. The man she loved is turned to idols, to money-getting, to vulgar excesses, to the sordid service of gold. Let him alone! And yet, if true hope was buried deep, some counterfeit arises to take its place, and love, for Mary Wollstonecraft, dies hard. Im- lay writes, and she “finds some comfort,” and the old passionate desire for his love, “the want of my heart,” breaks out.

One thing let me tell you. When we meet again—surely we are to meet!—it must be to part no more. . . . Adieu, adieu. My friend, your friendship is very cold.

The end verily was near. It was a case of the world *versus* Mary, and the world—Im- lay’s sordid world—had won. Its triumph is chronicled in the last letter but one of the correspondence:

. . . . Gracious God! It is impossible for me to stifle something like resentment when I receive fresh proofs of your indifference. What I have suffered this last year is not to be forgotten. I have not that happy substitute for wisdom, insensibility; and the lively sympathies which bind me to my fellow-creatures are all of a painful kind. They are the agonies of a broken heart. Pleasure and I have shaken hands. . . . I am weary of travelling, yet seem to have no home—no resting-place to look to. I am strangely cast off. How often, passing through the rocks, I have thought “but for this child I would lay my head on one of them, and never open my eyes again.” . . . I do not understand you. It is necessary for you to write more explicitly, and determine on some mode of conduct. . . . Decide. Do you fear to strike another blow? We live together, or eternally part.

They met but once again, a meeting which terminated in her attempt at suicide.

How much the Wollstonecraft letters owe to the tragedy of the circumstances which gave rise to them it is hard to say. But they stand by themselves, and the letters which belong to the most famous love-story of the next generation follow only afar off in their wake.

Mary, the daughter of Mary Wollstonecraft's subsequent marriage with William Godwin, in the first year of her union with Shelley, finds here and there phrases full of grace and tenderness in the letters occasioned by a temporary suspension of their common home life. Yet, though all the first enthusiasm of youth was alight at their hearts, though their love, no less than that of Mary Wollstonecraft for Imlay, was fanned, it may be, by defiance of the world's conventions, neither in Mary's letters nor in Shelley's responses is there the least echo of the swift passion that colors and discolours the pages where the elder woman mingled her jests with worm-wood.

Dearest Love, I am so out of spirits; I feel so lonely; but we shall meet to-morrow, so I will try to be happy. . . . I received your letter to-night. I wanted one, for I had not received one for nearly two days; but do not think I mean anything by this, my love. I know you took a long, long walk yesterday, and so you could not write; but I, who am at home, who do not walk out, I could write to you all day, love. . . . How you philosophize and reason about love! Do you know, if I had been asked I could not have given one reason in its favor, yet I have as great an opinion as you concerning its exaltedness, and love very tenderly to prove my theory. Adieu for the present. . . . I shall meet you to-morrow, love. . . .

Your own Mary, who loves you so tenderly.

So [writes Shelley, in reply], so my beloved boasts that she is more perfect in the practice than in the theory of love. Is it thus? No, sweet Mary, you

only meant that you loved me more than you could express; that reasoning was too cold and slow for the rapid fervor of your conceptions. Perhaps, in truth, Peacock had infected me; my disquisitions were cold, my subtleties unmeaningly refined, and I am a harp responsive to every wind; the scented gale of summer can wake it to sweet melody, but rough, cold blasts draw forth discordances and jarring sounds.

My own love, did I not appear happy to-day? For a few moments I was entranced in most delicious pleasure, yet I was absent and dejected. I knew not when we might meet again, when I might hold you in my arms, and gaze on your dear eyes at will, and snatch momentary kisses in the midst of one happy hour, and sport in security with my entire and unbroken bliss. I was about to return—whither? Oh! I knew not, nor was it matter of concern—from you, from our delightful peace to the simple expectation of felicity. I *shall* be happy is not so divine as I *am*. "To be content to let 'I dare not' wait upon 'I would,' like the poor cat 'I' the adage," to those who love is feverish agitation and sickening disquietude; and my poor Mary that loves me with such tenderness and truth—is her loneliness no pain to me? . . .

There are moments in your absence, my love, when the bitterness with which I regret the unrecoverable time wasted in unprofitable solitude and worldly cares is a most painful weight; you alone reconcile me to myself and to my beloved hopes. Good night, my excellent love, my own Mary.

There is no touch, no hint here of the world well lost. Their loves are the loves of seventeen and twenty-two year-old lovers, the loves of a girl and a boy, and Mary, with the brown eyes of her mother, has the more equable blood of her father in her veins, and has been brought up in the abode of philosophy, while Shelley, the poet of the "Epipsychidion," has not acquired the art of translating a passion into prose.

It would not in truth seem that poets in love, though the Brownings and

Victor Hugo may be cited as make-weights on the other side, are more blessed than their lay brethren in the difficult art of the love-epistle. Goethe, in the first ardors of his attachment to Frau von Stein—an attachment evidenced by, according to Schiller's statement, more than a thousand letters—*forfeits*, surely, most of the attractions of his genius. To give a brief extract—the translation is G. H. Lewes's:

Wherefore must I plague thee, dearest creature? Wherefore deceive myself and plague thee? We can be nothing to each other and yet are too much to each other. Believe me, thou art in all things one with me, but because I see things as they are it makes me mad. Good night, good angel, and good morning. I will see thee no more . . . only . . . Thou knowest all . . . My heart is . . . All I can say is mere folly. In future I shall see thee as men see the stars.

Nor, to take an instance from a poet of the school most opposed to that of the great German realist of his day, was Keats more fortunate as presented to us in the character of lover. Mr. Buxton Forman has rendered him the doubtful homage of publishing the letters to Fanny Brawne—letters which had not appeared in Lord Houghton's *Life*. Rarely can the indiscretion of admiration have gone further. They are the letters of a man sick in body, unnerved in heart, and fevered in mind. There is scarcely a page in the whole correspondence to justify its surrender to the public. Its only interest is derived from the fact that they are the letters of one of the greatest poets—if beauty of imagination and sweetness of sound be counted for greatness—of his century; and the sentence in which (Letter xxxi) Keats asserts his intention "at some future time" of offering the correspondence to Murray comes like a side thrust of

irony. In love with a woman who, willing or unwilling, blameless or faulty, brought small joy and much misery—"for myself I have been a martyr the whole time," he writes—into the last melancholy years of the poet's life, it remains a volume whose claim is not for existence but oblivion. And in the land where all books are forgotten may it find a grave, and may criticism, with memories of Hamlet and Tristram Shandy somewhat coupled and confused, write on its tomb, to borrow Sterne's phrase, "no more than these three words of inscription, serving both for epitaph and elegy, 'Alas, poor—Keats!'"

But if such as Shelley and Keats, of whom surely we might have anticipated better things, appear in this matter but as common men, golden indeed as love-poets, but mere chimney-sweepers in respect of letter-writing, the cloister is prepared to indemnify, and more than indemnify, us for their shortcomings.

When, in the month of May, 1164, Héloïse, Superior of the convent of the Paraclete, was borne to the sepulchre where twenty-two years earlier she had laid the body of Abélard—lover, troubadour, philosopher, theologian, and founder of the Order, "*tout ce qu'il y avoit de considérable dans la province, soit dans l'église soit dans l'épée, soit dans la robe, honorèrent de leur présence ses funérailles.*" And though it is not mentioned by her biographer, there were, we may be confident, lovers not a few to mourn the death of the greatest of their race. "*Epouse sans mari, une veuve avant sa mort, une mère sans enfans, une religieuse sans vocation,*" her letters retain their place amongst the classics of literature. They are a gospel-book of passion to which the seven centuries which have elapsed since her burial have added no single chapter from the hand of woman that does not mark a

declension in strength—a strength imparted by the brilliance of her intellectual powers of thought to the expression of her emotional powers of feeling.

How much the convent walls may have conduced to the intensity as well as the durability of the long love in which Héloïse lived and died is a question. Marianna Alcaforada, author of the five authentic letters that gave their title, "Lettres portugaises," as a generic term to many subsequent compositions, is eager to impress upon her lover the aids to constancy afforded by the religious life:

On devrait plutôt s'attacher à elles [les religieuses] qu'aux autres femmes. Rien ne les empêche de penser incessamment à leur passion: elles ne sont point détournées par mille choses qui dissipent et qui occupent dans le monde.

But the cases of the Franciscan nun of Beja and the Abbess of the Paraclete are not parallel. Characters and circumstances, the two women and the two lovers, were wholly alien to one another, and if the letters of both reach the high-water mark of passion, it is a high-water mark of divided seas. Self—the undisciplined youth of fierce southern blood—self, wavering between love and hate, forgetful that anything exists except her love, her jealousy and her despair—self, in short, not the Don Juan of the plot, the Marquis de Chamilly, is writ large upon every page. Marianna is the central point of Marianna's thought. For Héloïse every sentence is a self-surrender, an act of self-effacement. If she takes shame that "parmi les épouses d'un Dieu" she finds herself "la servante d'un homme,"¹ she at least serves her master with a pure and selfless adoration, a complete self-renunciation, the brides of Christ

might emulate with envy. If to the very end it is Abélard whose feet she follows, she follows him upon the thorny road which leads to God:

Lorsque tu es allé à Dieu, je t'ai suivi, que dis-je? je t'ai précédé. . . . Si tu ne m'en tiens aucun compte, vois combien le sacrifice aura été vain, car je n'ai point de récompense à attendre de Dieu; je n'ai encore, qui ne le sait? rien fait pour lui.

So she writes in that first letter which has been the inspiration of so many copyists:

Au nom de celui auquel tu t'es consacré, au nom de Dieu même, je t'en supplie, rends-moi ta présence, autant qu'il est possible en m'envoyant quelques lignes de consolation; si tu ne le fais pour moi, fais-tu du moins pour que, puisant dans ton langage des forces nouvelles, je vague avec plus de ferveur au service de Dieu! . . . Encore une fois, je t'en supplie, pèse ce que tu vois, considère ce que je demande, et je termine d'un mot cette longue lettre. Adieu, mon tout.

"Garde-toi de penser que je suis guérie," the confession of ineffectual renunciation, is written, as never before, in the pages of that most desolate correspondence inscribed by her—

à son maître, ou plutôt à son père; à son époux, ou plutôt à son frère; sa servante, ou plutôt sa fille; son épouse, ou plutôt sa sœur; à Abélard, Héloïse,

where the responses of Abélard "à Héloïse sa bien-aimée sœur en Jésus-Christ," responses of the spiritual preceptor *en route* for the rewards of his more jealous God, fall heavily upon the ear.

It is a far cry indeed from the strong despair of Héloïse to the unwilling suffering of Marianna Alcaforada. Victim, in her desertion, of a vulgar *aventure de galanterie*, her passion has nothing, save its sincerity, in common with the passion of Héloïse. The

¹ Bussy-Rabutin, "Lettres d'Héloïse."

story is pitiful enough. "J'étois jeune, j'étois crédule; on m'avait enfermée dans ce couvent depuis mon enfance." Her Don Juan had been victor without a battle, a conqueror where there was no enemy to combat.

Il falloit que, dans ces moments trop heureux, j'appelasse ma raison à mon secours . . . mais je me donnois toute à vous. . . . Je m'apercevois trop agréablement que j'étois avec vous pour penser que vous seriez un jour éloigné de moi. Je me souviens pourtant de vous avoir dit quelquefois que vous me rendriez malheureuse; mais ces frayeurs étoient bientôt dissipées, et je prenois plaisir à vous les sacrifier, et à m'abandonner à l'enchantement et à la mauvaise foi de vos protestations.

Here Fate, as usual, is the initial scapegoat upon whose shoulders she charges the misdeeds of her lover—"Je ne vous impute rien . . . j'accuse seulement la rigueur de mon destin," but, and in this lies the redeeming moral quality of the letters, as the gradual certainty of her betrayal grows upon her, she sets Fate aside and looks the true delinquent in the face. Her contempt for her lover, her contempt for the inferiorities of loves lesser than her own, her impenitence for past joys no present misery can annul, break, ever and again, the monotony of her lamentations:

Vous êtes plus à plaindre que je ne suis. . . . Je n'envie point votre infériorité, et vous me faites pitié. Je vous défie de m'oublier entièrement. Je me flatte de vous avoir mis en état de n'avoir sans moi que des plaisirs imparfaits . . . Je ne me repens point de vous avoir adoré . . . je vous remercie dans le fond de mon cœur du désespoir que vous me causez, et je déteste la tranquillité où j'ai vécu avant que je vous connusse.

Then, as the brand of her love refused flames into hate:

Il faut avouer que je suis obligée à

vous haïr mortellement, [she cries]. Si quelque hasard vous ramenoit en ce pays, je vous déclare que je vous livrerois à la vengeance de mes parents.

Nor do we doubt for a moment that, circumstances permitting, Marianna, *dévot*e as she became, would have kept her promise to the letter. But life was over for Marianna. M. de Chamilly was no more likely to return for her hate than for her devotion, and—

quand même je pourrais espérer quelque amusement dans un nouvel engagement, et que je trouverois quelqu'un de bonne foi, j'ai tant de pitié de moi-même que je ferois beaucoup de scrupule de mettre le dernier homme du monde en l'état où vous m'avez réduite,

she had written to her lover in an earlier letter, and here, in this last, coupled with the desire for revenge, remorse of conscience has overtaken her to seal her renunciation of any hopes of mundane consolations:

J'ai vécu longtemps dans un abandon et dans une idolâtrie qui me donne de l'horreur, et mon remords me persécute avec une rigueur insupportable. Je sens vivement la honte des crimes que vous m'avez fait commettre, et je n'ai plus, hélas! la passion qui m'empêchoit d'en connoître l'énormité.

The sincerity of her remorse was indeed attested by thirty long years of penance, when, we may trust, she found the kingdom of heaven more open to her vehement endeavor than the heart of man.

And yet, when all is said, her letters, with their unrestrained violence, wear but a pale complexion of passion beside the condensed sentences in which Héloïse asserts her lifelong fidelity to that love which no devotion to God's service could displace from its supremacy in her soul:

Tu m'as enchaînée à Dieu avant toi-même. Cette défiance, la seule que tu m'aies jamais témoignée, me pénétra de douleur et de honte; moi qui, sur un mot, Dieu le sait, t'aurais, sans hésiter, précédé ou suivi jusque dans les abîmes enflammés des enfers! Car mon cœur n'était plus avec moi, mais avec toi. Et si aujourd'hui plus que jamais il n'est pas avec toi, il est nulle part.

But, with all their shortcomings, Marianna's letters appealed with extraordinary effect to the taste of their age. And to gratify that taste invention dispensed with reality. Seven "lettres portugaises," attributed to "une Dame du Monde," appeared within the year, and *réponses* were fabricated with as little delay as possible, "pure imitation ou frivole jeu d'esprit," of interest only as serving "comme termes de comparaison entre le cri de la passion et les modulations plus ou moins fausses des beaux esprits du temps."

Pre-excellence in the art of the love-letter has not, however, been the monopoly of the cloister. All professions, ranks and nationalities have, here in an isolated example, there in a regular love-correspondence, entered the lists. Less than thirty years after the love-letters of Marianna had been written, and while in the royal convent of Our Lady of the Conception, Marianna was still diligently fulfilling her conventual obligations, Sophia Dorothea, the unfortunate wife of George I, was engaged in her perilous intrigue with Königsmark, chronicling her passion, as fraught with sincerity as it was lacking in dignity, in the letters which have lately appeared in English dress. In the eighteenth century J. J. Rousseau produced the work of which the preface announces the contents.

J'ai vu les mœurs de mon tems, et

j'ai publié ces "Lettres." Quoique je ne porte ici que le titre d'Editeur, j'ai travaillé moi-même à ce livre, et je ne m'en cache pas. Ai-je fait le tout, et la correspondance entière est-elle une fiction? Gens du monde, que vous importe? C'est sûrement une fiction pour vous. Tout honnête-homme doit avouer les livres qu'il publie. Je me nomme donc à la tête de ce recueil, non pour me l'approprier, mais pour en répondre.

And the "Nouvelle Héloïse ou lettres de deux Amans" has taken its place amongst the "lettres" of classic fiction. While, returning to the province of reality—to cite some few of the many examples—to the early years of the nineteenth century belong the love-letters of Victor Hugo. They are letters which lay bare the profoundest devotion of the passionate child-heart of the great romance-maker for his bride to be—Adèle Foucher—as in after years his correspondence betrays the same adoration for his wife that was—"toi, qui est ma patrie," as he, the patriot *par excellence*, cries, when all other words fail him and he seeks some all-comprehensive metaphor of speech in which to express a love which was at once a worship and a faith.²

And to continue in the domains of French literature—the language lending itself more readily than others to the exigencies of lovers—Balzac may be seen as the hero of his own love-story in his "Lettres à l'Etrangère," and M. Prosper Mérimée appears as the original master of a new *genre*, a *genre à part* of the love-letter in his celebrated "Lettres à une Inconnue" (Mlle. Jenny Daquin). Balzac and Mérimée may be taken as representing the north and south poles of sentiment. Though a period of some eight years only elapsed between the beginnings of the two correspondences—the first let-

² Eugene Asse, "Notices biographiques et littéraires."

² Victor Hugo, "Lettres à la Fiancée. Paris: 1901.

ter of Balzac to Mme. Hanska is dated 1833, the earliest date given by Mérimée is 1841—more than a century might seem to have intervened as regards the feeling expressed and the manner of its expression. Like Hugo, Balzac still retains all the primitive expansiveness of passion; Mérimée gives the very last word of reserve in sentiment.

Of Balzac's letters three examples may suffice. The first is a fragment written before his "espérance délicate d'une longue et fervente amitié" (the sentence coincides curiously with Mérimée's offer to Mlle. Daquin of "une bonne amitié qui j'espère pourra être utile un jour à tous les deux") has changed, as did also Mérimée's aspiration, into far other desires. It was written in the days when the face of the woman who was eventually to become his wife was still unknown to him, and has all the eloquence of a phantasmal emotion.

Il faut vous dire adieu, et quel adieu! Cette lettre sera un mois peut-être en route, vous la tiendrez en vos mains, et je ne vous verrai peut-être jamais, vous que je caresse comme une illusion qui êtes dans tous mes rêves comme une espérance et qui avez si gracieusement donné un corps à mes rêveries. Vous ne savez pas ce que c'est que de peupler la solitude d'un poète d'une figure douce dont les formes sont attrayantes par le vague même que leur prête l'indéfini. Un cœur ardent et seul se prend si vivement à une chimère quand elle est réelle! . . . Adieu; si mon rosier ne s'était défilé, je vous eusse envoyé un de ses pétales. . . .

A year later friendship wears another guise:

Mon amour aimé, d'une seule caresse tu m'as rendu la vie. Oh! ma chérie, je n'ai pu ni dormir ni travailler. Perdu dans le sentiment de cette soirée je t'ai dit un monde de tendresses. . . . Mon âme, tu as, par amour, deviné le délicieux langage de

l'amour. Ange aimé, n'obscurcis d'aucun doute les inspirations de l'amour. . . . Mon amour n'a ni exaltation, ni plus, ni moins, ni quel que ce soit de terrestre . . . Je me réveille heureux de t'aimer; je me couche heureux d'être aimé. C'est la vie des anges . . .

And once again, in 1834:

Dans dix ans, tu auras trente-sept ans et moi quarante-cinq, et à cet âge on peut s'aimer, s'épouser, s'adorer toute une vie. Allons, mon noble compagnon, ma chère Eve, jamais de doutes, vous me l'avez longtemps promis. Aimez avec confiance. *Séraphita* c'est nous deux. Déployons donc nos ailes par un seul mouvement; aimons de la même manière. Je t'adore, sans voir ni en avant ni en arrière. Toi, c'est le présent, c'est tout mon bonheur de toutes les minutes. . . . Cher ange, non, nous ne quitterons jamais la sphère de bonheur où tu me fais un bonheur si complet. Aime-moi toujours, ô ma vie, ô ma belle vie. . . . Je t'envoie une violette de mon jardin.

In such compositions Mérimée follows a very different model. The charm he imparts to them is that of the finest of steel engravings, and the delicacy, the sharpness and the lightness of touch more than explain their reputation amongst his other works. Yet we must discriminate. They are the letters of a man in love—so far as love was possible to him; but they are not, or are but rarely in the same sense as the letters heretofore quoted, love-letters. The very nature of the sentiment they express has an indefinable and a somewhat equivocal quality special to itself. If the intelligence, the culture, the beauty, the "coquetterie" of l'Inconnue represented for Mérimée an epitome of civilization—it is his own word—she might well have retorted that his affection, in its complexity, its scepticism and its irony, was for her the résumé of his age. "Le scepticisme produit la mélancolie," says Taine's preface to the letters. Mérimée had surfeited on the fruit of the tree and

its bitterness had entered into his life, finding vent in many and various actions. For three years' space, he says he had been "vaurien par tristesse." Reading the correspondence one might almost picture to oneself that it was for the same (inadequate) reason that he had set himself to the task of wooing Mlle. Daquin—that *par tristesse* only he had become a lover. He pleads the same excuse more than once. His angers, his malice, all, we are to believe (and it is not incredible), sprang from the same root. "Vous voyez de la colère où il n'y a que de la tristesse," and his harsh home-thrusts, his sharp reproofs, may have drawn their venom from the same cause. He was not, in truth, a facile lover, and at best his companionship must have been an alloyed happiness. His pleasures were so easily changed into discontents. It rains—the weather seems to have been very uncertain during those years, of what, for want of a better name, we must call courtship—and all his happiness is overclouded. It threatens to rain—and doubtless for lovers whose rendezvous are mostly open-air trysts bad weather is a serious consideration—and all his anticipations are poisoned by uncertainty. He, or it may be Mlle. Daquin, suffers from that most commonplace of ills—a cold, and the world grows insupportable to him. His references to such minor trials, and they come repeatedly, are at once so serious and so trivial, that by virtue of that very triviality they ring true to life.

Je regrette bien, je vous assure, d'avoir insisté tant pour vous procurer cette affreuse averse, [he writes after one such showery meeting, of which the delights had not been unchequered]. Il m'arrive rarement de sacrifier les autres à moi-même, et quand cela m'arrive j'en ai tous les remords possibles. Enfin vous n'êtes pas malade et vous n'êtes pas fâchée; c'est là le plus important. Il est bien

qu'un petit malheur survienne de temps en temps pour en détourner de plus grands. Voilà la part du diable faite. Il me semble que nous étions tristes et sombres tous les deux; assez contents pourtant au fond du cœur. Il y a des gaietés intimes qu'on ne peut répandre au dehors. Je désire que vous ayez senti un peu de ce que j'ai senti moi-même. Je le croirai jusqu'à ce que vous me disiez le contraire. Vous me dites deux fois: "Au revoir!" C'est pour de bon, n'est-ce pas?

"Assez content"—the letter—the term is characteristic. He accepts, perhaps as a necessity of temperament, a low level of content. Joy is a Messiah who only comes to men of good faith, and Mérimée is a very Thomas in his doubt of her: "Il n'y a pas de bonheur, à ce qu'il paraît, que dans les folies et surtout dans les rêves."

And for him even the dreams were broken by many estrangements. Quarrels, coldnesses, mistrusts are nearly as frequent as the rainy days, and last longer:

Nous nous sommes quittés sur un mouvement de colère; mais, ce soir, en réfléchissant avec calme, je ne regrette rien de ce que j'ai dit, [he writes in one of these interludes of strife]. Oui, nous sommes de grands fous. Nous aurions dû le sentir plus tôt. Nous aurions dû voir plus tôt combien nos idées, nos sentiments, étaient contraires en tout et sur tout. Les concessions que nous nous faisons l'un à l'autre n'avaient d'autre résultat que de nous rendre plus malheureux. Plus clairvoyant que vous, j'ai sur ce point de grands reproches à me faire. Je vous ai fait beaucoup pour prolonger une illusion que je n'aurais pas dû concevoir.

So quarrels, farewells, reconciliations succeed one another, and between partings and peacemakings come notes which could possibly have been written in no other language, and by no other lover, in their combination of grace and lightness with that tinge of

sentiment he could impart by the mere turn of a phrase:

Je vous envoie un bout de plume de chouette que j'ai trouvée dans un trou de l'église de la Madeleine de Vézelay. L'ex-propriétaire de la plume et moi, nous nous sommes trouvés un instant nez à nez, presque aussi inquiets l'un que l'autre de notre rencontre imprévue. La chouette a été moins brave que moi, et s'est envolée. Elle avait un bec formidable et des yeux effroyables, outre deux plumes en manière de cornes. Je vous envoie cette plume pour que vous en admiriez la douceur, et puis parce que j'ai lu dans un livre de magie, que lorsqu'on donne à une femme une plume de chouette et qu'elle la met sous son oreiller, elle rêve de son aml. Vouz me direz votre rêve. Adieu!

And here and always we see before us the figure of the woman as Mérimée represents her—vain, flattered, an egoist, with sentiment, if she possessed it, well under control, and that of Mérimée as Taine draws it. In her company, "sous le charme." Away, "l'observateur reprenait son office . . . il se détachait de son sentiment pour juger un caractère; il écrivait des vérités et des épigrammes que le lendemain on lui rendait"—more happily, one hopes, than the author who, under the title of "Lettres d'une Inconnue," attempted the fictitious responses. Mérimée knew far too well how to laugh at himself to prove an easy subject for ridicule, and it was little short of an act of literary foolhardiness to jest at so accomplished a self-mocker. Is he ever, indeed, wholly serious? One is inclined to answer in the negative:

Vous me demandez s'il y a des romans grecs, [he writes on one occasion]. Sans doute il y en a, mais bien ennuyeux, selon moi. Il n'est pas que vous ne puissiez vous procurer une traduction de Théagène et Chariclée. Essayez si vous pouvez y mordre; il y a encore Daphnis et Chloé, traduit par Courier. On ne se vante pas de l'avoir lu, mais c'est son chef d'œuvre! Décidez-vous après cela, je m'en lave les

mains. Si vous avez le courage de lire l'histoire, vous serez charmée d'Hérodote, de Polybe et de Xénophon . . . enfin Thucydide . . . Procurez-vous encore Théocrite et lisez les *Syracusaines*. Je vous recommanderai bien aussi Lucien, qui est le Grec qui a le plus d'esprit, ou plutôt de notre esprit; mais il est bien mauvais sujet et je n'ose. Voilà trois pages de grec. . . . P.S.—En ouvrant un livre, je trouve ces deux petites fleurs cueillies aux Thermopyles, sur la colline où Léonidas est mort. C'est une relique comme vous voyez.

It is a love-letter after Mérimée's own heart. The little dry flowers of Thermopylae! The gift is as characteristic as was Balzac's of "une violette de mon jardin."

The taste for love-letters at the present time is no longer modelled upon the discreet pattern set by Prosper Mérimée. It would seem to have made a retrograde march in the direction of that standard of taste represented in the seventeenth century by the popularity of the "Lettres portugaises." In England the posthumous publication of the Browning letters, written, as were Mérimée's, in the forties, gave, without doubt, the imprimatur of genius to what might otherwise have been held for a breach of editorial discretion; and how heavy a share of responsibility lies upon them for having contributed to the blunting of the public judgment in such matters is a question upon which men must agree to differ. It will, however, be generally allowed that the penalty of all things genuine is to be shadowed by the imitation of things counterfeit; that wherever and whenever the true original, deservedly or undeservedly, has won the applause of the multitude, invention is quick to supply the copy. The Browning correspondence disclosed to the eyes of all the world the gentlest, tenderest, deepest and most private feelings of a man and woman who, in their love, transformed

the ideal into the actual. Throughout the two volumes thus delivered over to us we come at almost every page upon sentences and paragraphs which fall as uncomfortably upon the ear of conscience as overheard confidences. There is scarcely a letter, even opening the book at random, that does not contain expressions to whose use asterisks would have done more reverence than print. Yet we can never forget, as we read, that it was the hand that wrote "James Lee's Wife," the hand that wrote the "Cry of the Children," by which these pages were likewise written. And, remembering this, they assume a new aspect. They are no longer merely documents rifled from the silence where deep loves repose in peace, but relics, vestiges of the lives, not by man and by woman, but by poet and poetess.

No such *apologia* can be offered for the love-letters recently presented to a public which is asked, as an act of imaginative credulity, to accept them as genuine. The volume ascribed to "an Englishwoman," of which the intrinsic merit does not exceed that of the ordinary meteor in fashions of fiction, represents an attempt in spurious autobiography to exhibit the most intimate feelings of a woman to whom no other interest attaches than the interest belonging to the unrestrained manifestations of her affection in a one-sided correspondence. But, entirely apart from its own merits, and apart from the attempt made to place it on the footing of a veracious reprint of private papers, as a criterion of public taste the volume, at first accepted in many quarters as genuine, suggests some curious consideration to the onlooker. The enthusiastic admiration with which it has been received by some of its readers, the prominence given to its publication, comes to us as an unwelcome intimation that the

extrême demonstration of sentiment, usually relegated to the "poets' page" of current literature, may still find its partisans when translated into prose, and that in this twentieth century of ours passion has still use for the town crier. It is no doubt a question of taste, and for taste there is neither canon, nor rubric, nor any final court of appeal. Every age has its own, every country and every art their varying conventions, every individual reader his own instinct—an instinct of whose infallibility he is by a primary law of human nature inwardly convinced. "J'ai le goût bon. Quand j'approuve quelque chose, il faut qu'elle soit excellente. J'approuve Chatte Blanche; donc Chatte Blanche est excellente et je veux le soutenir contre tout le genre humain," said the "Gentilhomme Bourgeois" in Mme. d'Aulnoy's Parisian Decameron, and to the end of time the reading public, not unfitly represented by the "nouveau gentilhomme" of the fiction, will base its arguments upon the same incontrovertible premisses. The popularity of the letters of an Englishwoman appears to us to rest upon a like foundation. They lack the reserve of the artificiality of form which enables the poet to do all, and more than all, which is here attempted, without outraging what Charles Lamb would have designated as "decorum." They lack the lightness of hand—"la légèreté est sa décence," a critic says somewhere in connection with another art—which might have excused the want of emotional drapery. They lack most of all the elementary perception of the force of reticence as the only possible suggestion of passion at its supreme height. Of the uses of silence—

Silence, thou that art
Floodgate of the deeper heart—
they know nothing.

MARY AMELIA SPOT.

Mary Amelia Spot belonged by rights to Dore-Apple, a fishing village about a mile and a half from Dunstable Weir. 'Twaddn't much o' a place, though they tell that in the time o' the Armady deeds were done off it. Nowadays, howsomever, the men were mostly a parcel o' dirty-mouthed drunkards and the women-folk hard o' tongue. Taken as a whole, there was more drangs than streets in Dore-Apple, and right at bottom o' the most narrowzome drang lived Mary Amelia Spot. A plain-featured woman Mary Amelia was, and had niver, I reckon, tasted much o' the soft side o' a man's tongue till Job Tremmy comed a-courtling her. Folks said 'twas all o' a piece wi' the rest o' un to hike down to Dore-Apple in search o' a wife, zeeling that 'twud be hard to meet wi' his ekal for drink up to Dunstable Weir. Not that he didn't have his sober times, when he earned a good wage, but beer had sich encouraging ways for Job that wance on the tap's scent there was no parting 'em wan from t'other till he had taste o' the barrel. In drink 'twas marvellous what kindly things Job had to say about women-folk, though he saw 'em much as the rest o' us when sober. Still, if you minded him o' what he'd said, he wudn't go back on his world, and I can most believe that that's how 'twas he and Mary Amelia Spot comed to be man and wife. No wan iver heard tell 'zactly what happened when he clapped eyes on her fust, but wan Sunday morning he comed across to my cottage wi' a terrible serious face on 'un.

"Zack," says he, "I be gwaying a-courting, and I want 'ee to lend me a hand wi' the wuds."

I reached my hat down from the

nail behind the door and vallered un out. Us didn't zay naught, and Job he hurried along thic fast I thought he must be wonderful set on zeeling the maid. When us comed to the tap o' the hill above Dore-Apple, he stapped quat and rubbed the sweat off his face wi' the back o' his hand.

"Whatever will her be like by light o' sober sense?" he zaid to hiszulf kind o' zarrerful.

I didn't make no answer, not having zeen the maid, and Job he pushed on ahead wance again till, after a bit, us comed to Mary Amelia's cottage. The door stood open, and us went in. Her was sitting, a bucket atween her knees, peeling taties. My wud, but her was plain! I kind o' drewed back, thinking maybe us had come to the wrong house; then I slipped a glance across at Job, and I saw un straighten up, though his face had a divered look as if he sore doubted whether he had spunk to zee un droo' wi' the job. "Crikes!" says I to myself, "God Almighty made women, 'tiddn't for us to complain."

Job, he took a step forrard, then he tarned to me. "Clean," he says. 'Twas her one good point, and he lighted on it wonderful straight. Hearing us speak, Mary Amelia Spot raised her eyes; wan o' 'em was blue, t'other pure white 'cept a small darkish dob high up in the left corner near the lid.

"I reckoned on 'ee coming in later to take a bit o' dinner," she said. "Maybe you'll drap in again after church, the bell's ringing still."

Us got outside and walked kind o' trembly to the end o' the drang. Then I drapped a hand on Job's shoulder.

"Run!" I says.

"Run?" says he.

"And niver come a-nigh Dore-Apple again as long as you live," I says.

He struck his right fist into the palm of his left hand.

"Me and Mary Amelia Spot be pramised wan to t'other," says he.

"Vorgit it," I says.

At that he drowed me such a look, and tarning, went back to the cottage wi'out another word.

The vallering Sunday he and her was called in church, and all the lads hiked down to Dore-Apple to zee what the maid was like. They comed back again marvellous quiet, for they was young and didn't know but what they'd soon be marrying theirzelves. Job, he took to drinking something fearful to behold, and the more he drank the more good points he found in Mary Amelia Spot, till wan or two o' the more inexperienced went down again to Dore-Apple to take a second look at her. After thic us had the wedding. Job axed me to be best man, so I stud aside un at the altar, and as I cast an eye acrass at Mary Amelia Spot I didn't vorgit to thank the Almighty that her waddn't no bride o' mine. Wance they was married curiosity fell asleep, the sight o' a plain-vaytured wife having naught unnatural about it to most folk.

Job's cottage stood over against mine—a banging high wall ran along each side o' the road for a matter o' fifty yards between us and the next house. Mary Amelia was a great stay-at-home and the neighbors niver drapped in, having used up all the attention they had for her, so, outside o' me, her saw no wan. I was in to the cottage most days, for there was sommat about the woman that drawed me back to look at her again and again. The amount o' work her wud git droo in the day was wonderful to behold. Her took in washing, and such was her feeling for starch that the gentry for miles round sent in their fal-lals, and Mary Amelia

niver failed to give 'em satisfaction. Zeeling that money was plentiful, and not being a competitive man, 'twaddn't long before Job left off gwaying to work; for what was the use o' two wearing theirzelves to the bone? Zome-times, though, he'd call round and collect the bills; then us could all have a rare spree-about, for Job was open-handed wi' the best o' 'em. I used to wonder what the poor woman thought o' his spending the money her worked hard to earn; but her kept herzulf to herzulf, and Job told up fine tales about her vartues as the drink passed round. Indeed, most o' us was inclined to agree wi' un, for there had niver been so much free beer to be had in the parish since election day.

'Twas getting well on towards Christmas when Mary Amelia took to her bed, and the night after her fell sick Job came acrass to tell me he was the father o' a little maid. He wor looking a bit anxious—as well he might, for 'tiddn't every man that has such an earnzome woman to work for un. I axed who the child favored, Job being a very passable-looking man. He didn't make no answer for a bit, but zot hiszulf down afore the fire and groaned marvellous touching. All to wance he lifted up his head.

"Her's the very moral o' her mother, even to the eyes," he tummil'd out.

I wor silent, not having aught to zay, and Job he stretched a trembly hand acrass and laid it on tap my knee.

"There be two Mary Amelias in the world now," he said, for I shall name the maid arter her mother."

Then he rose up from his chair and went away. I heard arterwards that he was in to the Red Lion drinking, zomething fearful to behold.

Mary Amelia was slow to take strength, and one might zay that her niver rightly got back to herzulf again, though, as soon as her could move, her slipped away to the wash-tub, and the

house smelt o' the hot iron the same as afore. The child was a puny, alling little skiddick, and what wi' wan thing and t'other Job began to lose patience wi' life. He'd sit all day down to the Red Lion a-sipping at his glass, only instead o' warming his heart, the spirit kind o' tarded un sour. Us niver got no free drinks from un, though I for one missed the man's cheerful ways more'n the ale; still, 'twaddn't altogether satisfactory to lose touch o' Mary Amelia's earnings jest when winter was beginning to shape. Sometimes the lads wud try and draw Job on to talk o' women-folk; but he zim'd to ha' lost faith, and zeed 'em eye to eye much the same as the rest o' us. I thought to mezulf that 'twas curious the way things falled out, for I had growed to respect Mary Amelia out o' ordinary.

Wan night, jest as I was drapping off to slape, I was brought back to attention by the sound o' a sharp cry. I zot up in bed and listened, but naught came o' it, zo I closed my eyes and didn't unbutton 'em again till morning. Mary Amelia was standing aside her door when I went to my work at daybreak; her whisked round and was out o' sight in a minute, but not afore I had zeed an ugly black bruise on the face o' her. "Job iddn't the sort that 'ud raise his hand against a woman," I said to myzulf. Down to Dore-Apple the men beat their wives regular, and 'twaddn't long afore I learned that Job had taken to do the zame. Maybe that zich conduct didn't noways surprise Mary Amelia, for arter that first night her niver called out, though many a time I've zot up in bed and listened sort o' anxious, for, being single, I'd had no taste o' the aggravation o' women. Dunstable Wier considered itzulf a cut above Dore-Apple, and no wan in our village had been known to do more'n threaten his wife wi' the stick; so when

bit by bit the neighbors began to suspect how things was atween Job and Mary Amelia they felt sore wi' 'em both. There's no doubt that Job wud ha' been axed to leave straight away had folks been sure there was truth in the tale. They questioned me time and again, but I niver told 'em aught; if Mary Amelia held to silence, there zim'd no reason for me to complain. Somehow I think she suspicloned that I was her friend, though her always tarded a proud face on me the same as her did to the rest. How hard the poor woman worked in they days! Many's the time I've thought to myzulf, "Mary Amelia deserves a peaceful old age more'n most."

Well a matter o' dree years hiked by, and naught happened worth the mention, and then, wan winter's night as I zot rubbing a bit o' grease on my boots, there was a pull at the latch and who should walk in but Mary Amelia. Things had been gwaying from bad to worse over opposite. I hadn't been nigh the cottage for a week or more, for I felt that an extry pair o' eyes be throwed away when a man has no business to mind but his own, and I knowed that Mary Amelia was much o' my mind, though her never put tongue to wuds to say so. Howsomever, there her stood, looking terrible piteous out o' her as-usual eye.

"Zack," her said, "the child's sick."

"Poor little skiddick! Shall I go for the doctor?"

"No, 'tiddn't that," her answered, stopping quat.

The clock in the corner struck ten, and as the hands stretched theilzelves past the hour I saw her glance round tremorful towards the street.

"'Tis closing-time down to the Red Lion," her said. I knowed then her wor afraid o' Job's distarbacious ways.

"The child's now but falled azleep," her continued. "I wouldn't have her woke sudden for worlds, and the men-

folk make a deal o' clatter trapezing past the house."

Tremmy's was the last cottage on our side o' the village, so there wadn't no wan but Job likely to come this way. I didn't make no comment, but vallered her across to her cottage, though how I was to keep Job out o' his own home was more'n I could fathom. Howsomever, when us got inside there he was, and the sight o' un took Mary Amelia back considerable. It didn't need a second glance at Job's face to zee that, though not sober, he wadn't no more than what you might call friendly drunk; and pleased enough I was to mark that the sour look had gone from his eyes, for I thought to mezulf that w'l'management things would settle down comfortable for the night. I hadn't reckoned w'l' the accumulation o' merriment that was in the man, for, what w'l' having been on the cross so long and what w'l' being by nature vivacious, naught would satisfy Job, but that Mary Amelia should stand up then and there and start dancing. Now, there was little o' the light fantastic about Mary Amelia, and when her had taken off her boots and fixed an eye on the zlaping child her heaved that poor ungainly body o' hers up and down; Job fell to laughing fair to split his sides, though, maybe because he wadn't so drunk as us gave un credit for, he did most o' his merriment zilent. Plazed to see that the child zlept on undisturbed, Mary Amelia capered wonderful to behold. The moon riz and shone down 'pon tap us all. All-to-wance the child gave a bit o' a sigh, opened its eyes, and looked from wan to t'other o' us sort o' wearied. I thought for certain 'twud start and bawl, but no; tired maybe o' the anties o' this world, the little skiddick drapped back wance more on the pilly, buttoned up its little eyes, and jest died right there in front o' us all.

'Twas done so unostentatious like that Mary Amelia didn't fathom first o' long what the child had been after. When her did, she drapped down aside the cradle wonderful unnoiseful and laid her plainzome face agin the plainzome face o' her child. I went back home, for I cudn't do no good by biding.

'Twaddn't long arter that that Job Tremmy falled out o' the back o' a cart and broke his neck. A good ridance, most folk thought, though I cudn't help baing a bit zarry, having known the man these many years and more. Mary Amelia took widowhood as her took most things, zilent. Not that her neglected her husband now he was dead, for her borrowed Varmer Burden's pony and trap, drove over to Bideford and bought a wonderful shiny tombstone into Mr. Baker's w'l'

"Sorely tried, and gone before;
You've falled on earth, you fall no more,"

written on it in gold lettering picked out w'l' red. Every wan in the village held that this was doing the thing handsome.

After the vust Zunday her went back to work, and washed and starched away harder than ever. Zometimes I'd drap in and watch her o' an evening, and the thought wud come over me that I'd like to zee they worn red hands o' hers idle for a while. I'd niver been no marrying man mezulf, the maid I fancied not fancying me; but bit by bit, as the weeks went on the idee kind o' grewed in my heart to up and marry Mary Amelia. Howsomever, I wadn't gwaying to do nothing rash, and when I walked up to Varmer Burden one Zunday to talk the matter over w'l' he, us counted no less than sixteen widdies in the parish o' Dunstable Weir, letting alone Dore-Apple, that wud ha' been only too willing to

hang up their bonnets in my back kitchen. Be that as it may, I didn't tummil to none o' 'em; they was a fast lot, most, and having worried their Joes into the grave, wud ha' liked to do the zame by me. Mary Amelia was a different sort altogether, and I had a mind to give her a taste o' a quiet life. "Her shall larn what 'tis to have a man that don't drink to fend for," I said to mezulf, and wi' they wuds on my lips I hiked right acress to Tremmy's cottage and axed her to be my wife.

The widdy listened to all I had to zay wonderful unconsigned, which, taking into consideration that her was more than usual plainzome for a woman, made me veel jest a small bit sore. Howsomever, I'm willun' to admit I shudn't ha' troubled much over the matter if her hadn't flung my own looks in my face.

"Zack," her said, "you'll make no personable second arter my poor Job."

Well, thought I, and that from a woman vaytured the like o' her! I didn't make no comment, holding that a man can't court and be testy at wan and the zame time; but it sort o' comed over me that whativer good qualities Mary Amelia had, gratitude wadn't wan o' 'em. Then I kained acress at they wored-out hands o' hers, and the sight o' 'em called to my mind what scant cause the poor soul had iver had to be grateful. Well, arter a deal o' pressing Mary Amelia consented to marry me. The neighbors were a bit sniffy over it, reckoning that I wanted to zit idle while her worked herzulf to death; and though I told 'em her wadn't gwaying to put a hand to any outside job when wance wife o' mine, they none o' 'em believed a wud o' what I said. I had been in regular work since a long time back, and not baing a spendin' man, had managed to lay by a tidy bit. The week us was gwaying to be married

I took the money out from a hole in the wall where I'd laid it, and bought some new fixings for the kitchen, also a Bible and a feather fan to stand on the table in the parlor windy; but afore I fetched a stick o' the furniture home from Bideford I set to and white-washed the cottage inside and out. I axed Varmer Burden to drap in when 'twas all fixed up tidy, which he did.

"Well, Zack," says he, casting a sort o' unzeeing eye round, "I niver thought to zee 'ee mated; but there, the women be all for marrying, no matter who 'tis."

I showed un the Bible and the feather fan; he zim'd too much taken up in thought to note 'em.

The neighbors all comed to the wedding, and us had a wonderful lot o' gifts, mostly chiny dogs for the mantel-shelf, though one man from Dore-Apple who had been in furren parts made Mary Amelia a present o' a small poisonous eel in a glass box half full o' mud. Sich a gift had never been zeen in the village afore, and folks agreed that there must be a meaning to it, and 'twud be certain sure to bring us good luck; so me and Mary Amelia us each took hold o' the little glass box wi' a finger and thumb and carried un in and laid un on the parlor table atween the Bible and the feather fan.

Us was married on a Saturday, and the vallerin' Monday morning I got up and dressed myzulf as soon as iver it was light, went down to the back yard, took up my axe, and then and there I split Mary Amelia's wash-tubs into small pieces only fit for firing. I was jest making the chips up into bundles when who should come into the yard but Mary Amelia.

"Law, Zack?" her said, "wheriver did 'ee get all they nice dry chips?"

"Out o' your old wash-tubs," I answered kind o' unconsigned, for, arter all, when I comed to think o' it, 'twas a spendthrift thing to do. Mary Ame-

lia didn't fathom what I meant. "I niver saw no chips there overnight," her said.

"They was wash-tubs then."

"Be 'ee daft, Zack?"

"No, Mary Amelia," I answered, "I bain't daft; but I want to zee they hands o' yours idle for a bit, that's all."

Her stood, kaining terrible lonesome like down on the bits o' chips.

"I've been used to work all my life," her said, and went into the house wi'out another wud. When I came back from work at dinner-time her eyes were red and swollen, jest for all the world as if her had been crying past relief.

"Well," thought I to mezulf, "'tidn't always kindness that fetches."

Mary Amelia wadn't wan o' they that get fat on idleness, for each month that hiked by left her thinner and more sorry-looking than the last, till there was times when I wondered to ryzulf if her got up and worked while I was azlape. Wan night I bided awake jest to zee what her might be arter; but beyond sighing, her didn't do naught. I woke her up and axed what her was sighing the like o' that for. Her falled all o' a tremble. That's what comes o' marrying a woman used to the feel o' the stick!

"I iddn't gwaying to touch 'ee, Mary Amelia," I said, proud to be minded that I was a different sort o' man altogether from Job.

A kind o' resigned look staled across the vace o' her, and I thought to mezulf, "Poor soul, her's still mixating me up 'long o' the dead." But her wadn't.

"Let me zlape, Zack," her said; "for then if I fret, leastways I don't knaw o' it."

"What have 'ee got to fret over, Mary Amelia?" I axed. "Haven't I bided by my wud and tooked good care o' 'ee?"

"Ay, the best o' care," her answered.

"Well, zlape and forgit you war iver married to t'other man."

She closed her eyes weariful. "Ees, I'm always glad o' a bit o' zlape," her said, and wi' that her buttoned up her eyes wance again.

The vallering day when I comes back from work I marked a smell o' spirits about. When I axed Mary Amelia if her noted aught, she said that her'd been mending an old suit o' Job's clothes. I didn't make no comment, because Job had drunk so 'mazing much in his time, it might well be that his clothes still leaked o' the liquor. Howsomever, the weeks went on, and I was a bit surprised to find the smell o' spirits as markful as iver, and I told Mary Amelia to hang the clothes on the line or else give over mending 'em. But her answered that fresh air didn't make no impression on Job's coats and weskits, though the cloth was too good to be drowed away. Being a careful man, I didn't say no more, and the matter passed from my mind until wan day old Varmer Burden stapped me in Mucksey Lane, where I had a bit o' a job hedging and ditching.

"Zack," says he, laying wan o' they banging great hands o' his 'pon tap my shoulder, "what be this tale I hears o' 'ee having taken to drink on the quiet?"

"I don't know naught o' sich tales," I answered. "I've niver been nigh the Red Lion since the day I was married."

"Maybe," he said, "but you sends your wife there to get drink for 'ee reg'lar. I've seen her come out o' the public more'n wance mezulf. I was that took aback I cudn't find wuds," and Varmer Burden let slide the hand from off my shoulder "'Twud ha' been a better sized consarn if you'd fetched the drink yourzulf," he said.

"I'll thank 'ee to mind your own business," I answered, tarning back

wance more to work; but he wadn't no ways satisfied.

"Who cud her get the drink for if 'twadn't for 'ee, Zack?" he said sort o' 'pologizing.

I laughed sharp out: "I shall drink when and how I've a mind to," and wi' that Varmer Burden was fo'ced to be content, for not a wud more cud he git out o' me. When he was gone I let fall the bill-hook out o' my hand, swarmed up an old allum that grew 'pon tap the bank, and kained acress to where my cottage stud, the best part o' a mile away. The smoke was creeping up droo' the trees, and the little bit o' a place looked powerzome unconcerned. I cud most zee Mary Amelia in the big chair azide the dresser, where her had tooked to sitting o' late. There was a deal o' waiting to be past over afore the charch clock struck sax and I was free to put up my tools and go back along home. I turned over to myzulf what I shud zay, but I hadn't got no forrarder wi' the wuds when the big bell telled out the hour. I put my things together and started, fast fust o' all, then zlowing down. It comed over me that 'twud be as well to go in by the front door and kind o' take Mary Amelia unaware. Howsomer I went in at the back the zame as usual, only maybe I was a bit longer putting away my tools, because they falled all o' a heap on the stone pavement and made such a clatter that Mary Amelia comed to the windy to zee what the noise was about. There wadn't no tea ready, but I was willun to wait, not being over and above hungry. Wan o' Job's weskits lay 'pon tap the table, smelling terribly barefaced o' spirits. I had a mind to drow the weskit into the fire and be done wi' the stench wance and for all, but zommat made me hold my hand. Arter all there wadn't much to be said agin a bit o' a weskit. Mary Amelia went out to fill

the kettle at the pump, and I thought maybe 'twud be as well to give a look inside the dresser. Howsomer, I wadn't sharp enough, for her comed back in afore I'd stirred a stap from where I stud. When us had had tea and the things had been cleared away, I took my week's wage and laid the whole o' it in Mary Amelia's hand. Her looked down at the money sort o' mixed, curious and eager, because afore this, I'd niver gived her more'n a part o' what I arned.

"You didn't reckon on it being so much?" I axed.

"No," her answered. "You arn a higher wage than I thought."

"Mary Amelia," I said, sort o' earnest, "since me and you have got married, I've strove as I niver strove afore. I want to zee 'ee comfortable and cared for. You've had a deal to put up with in your time, but I don't ax more o' 'ee than to do the best you can by yourzulf—"

Her tarded the money over and over afore answering, then her drowed it down on the table. "Why do 'ee give me such a deal all-to-wance?" her said, resentful-like.

"'Tis safer wi' 'ee than lying about in my pocket."

Us was both zilent for a long time arter that, then Mary Amelia comed acress to where I zot.

"Let me go back to wark, Zack," her said. "I was niver made for an idle woman."

'Twadn't comfortzome to hear her talk zo, for I'd set my heart on her having an easy time; but life is a quare consarn, and 'tiddn't always the softest cushion that makes the softest seat.

"Do as it plazes 'ee best, Mary Amelia," I said. Her put wan o' her wore-out hands 'pon tap o' mine. "'Tis more'n money 'ee be giving me, now, Zack," her answered, and wi' that us both went upstairs to bed.

Well, the wash-tubs wance bought,

the ginelfolks was only too willun' to send in their fal-lals. As for Mary Amelia, her packed away Job's wes-kits in the old press in the attic, and the cottage took agin to smelling o' the hot iron.

Varmer Burden was that plazed w' the way things had falled out that he stapped me wan Zunday arternoon ez I was gwaying into charch and shook me by the hand.

"I always zed, Let the right man take 'ee the right way, you wud pull up, Zack," he tumml' out, and, not waiting for answer from me, he stalked into charch, content, no doubt to take his praise from the hands o' the Almighty Hilsulf.

It takes zommat more'n the past to make the present, howzomiver, and 'twadn't long afore I larned that Mary Amelia's washing didn't give the satisfaction that it had done wance. Her hadn't the zame use o' her iron, and her feel for starch wadn't so sure as it had been in the old days. The ginelfolks was slow to leave her; but bit by bit their custom went elsewhere, till at last naught but stray furreners' trash comed our ways at all. It zim's cruel like that a few years' idleness shud wark sich a change in a woman's power, and I knawed well enough that in her heart o' hearts Mary Amelia laid the blame at my door. Her didn't zay naught—"twadn't her nater to cast hard thoughts at a man; but her kind o' felt the more, sucking a deal o' furren feeling out o' the zilence. I always larned when the ginelfolks had been angered w' her, because it was her custom at sich times to take Job's spiritous-smelling weskit out o' the press and lay it sort o' bare-faced on the kitchen-table. 'Twadn't often folks dropped in our way; now and again Varmer Burden would tie his nag to the fence and let fall a few wuds. He comed wance when Mary Amelia was by herzulf, and took the trouble to ride

all round by Mucksey Lane to tell me that the house was a long way off bairg clean. I said what w' the washing and one thing and t'other, Mary Amelia hadn't time to mind sich things; but he answered 'twas well known in the village that Mary Amelia's washing wadn't a patch on what it had been in Job's time, and no wan sent her wark on thic account.

I didn't zay no more, though 'tiddn't over and above pleasant to hear sich wuds from a neighbor's lips. Arter thic day I niver laid the whole o' my arnings in Mary Amelia's hand, but kept part o' the wage to ha' zommat to vail back on. There was a bit o' whitewash over from the last time I did down the walls; so I got up early the next morning and put a fresh coat on 'em and gave a stroke or two o' green paint to the windies. A pedlar chanced to pass by jest as I was giving the finishing touch, so I called un acrass and bought a row of chiney jugs—for Mary Amelia had a loose-fingered hand w' sich o' late. Her comed in herzulf and stud watching, none too plazed I cud tell by the way her had o' wiping her dry hands on her apron—a trick o' hers when put out.

"Whativer be 'ee making all this to do for, Zack?" her axed.

"I'm getting things a bit vitty for 'ee."

"Wadn't they to your taste afore?"

"A good wife desarves a good home."

But Mary Amelia wadn't no friend to mealy-mouthed folk.

"I've niver been a good wife to 'ee," her rapped out sharp, "and, what's more, flummery won't make me wan."

Then her tarned on her heel and went upstairs. I was fo'ced to git my own breakfast and hike to wark w' naught in the basket to stand atween me and sax o'clock. It fell out that I met Varmer Burden ez I was coming home along from wark, and, knowing that the house was looking out o' usual

vitty, I axed un sort o' casual to drap in and git some bulbs he fancied. Us hadn't got more'n than lifted the latch o' the gate when, what shud I zee bang in the middle o' the path, like a sign-post wi' "Beware" writ on it, but Job's weskit. I stapped squat, and wud ha' axed Varmer Burden to do the like, but he was plump inside the cottage afore I had time to open my mouth.

'Twadn't more than wan step acress the threshold he took afore he whipped round and waited for me to join un, which I was amazin slow to do.

"There's been a royal smash-up here," he said, sort o' beckoning me forward.

Sure anuff the whole row of chiney jugs for which I'd paid four and ninepence thic morning lay in small pink bits 'pon tap the floor.

"'Tis that varmint o' a cat," I tumbled out, though, truth to tell, there wadn't no such a thing about the place.

"I niver heard tell that you had a cat," said Varmer Burden.

"Begore, and I cud wish the zame! I was vule anuff to buy wan into Bideford," I answered terrible smart—but there, a lie is always a fluid thing.

The door atween the kitchen and front room was a bit ajar, and at this identical moment what shud I catch sight o' but Mary Amelia herzulf lying her length on the parlor floor. I was that took back I cudn't stir hand nor foot, and as I stud waiting for the worst, there comed a banging great snore bassooning droo' the house.

"Whativer's that?" said the Varmer, drawing back a step.

"An old white owl in the parlor chimney," I answered.

"I niver heard tell that you had an owl in your parlor chimney," said he, sort o' suspicious-like.

"Law, ess," said I, "and a powerful worrit her be."

Varmer Burden leaned forward till

I thought for sure he must vall on that long, pointed, curious nose o' his.

"Whativer's that?" he axed, pointing his vinger at wan o' Mary Amelia's feet that stretched past the crack o' the door.

"A boot," I said.

"Be there a fut in it?"

"Have'n 'ee iver seen a boot by itzulf afore—"

"Not up-ended the zame as thic."

All-to-wance the boot twitched back out o' sight.

"There be a fut in it," said Varmer Burden sort o' triumphal.

"And the meazles as well," I put in.

"What!" said the old varmer, jumping a good drie feet backwards droo the doorway. "Why iver didn't 'ee tell me that afore?"

"Becase I've always heard tell that you was scart out o' your life o' the disease."

He didn't wait to hear further, and when I made sartin that I had zeed the last o' un, I went out the house and locked the door behind me.

A matter o' twelve miles up the river was the parish o' Little Dunstable. 'Twas there that I was born, and as I locked the door ahind me, the thought comed droo my head that I wud dearly like to zee the little place wance again. I stapped acress to ax my master for a day's leave, and he said I might make it two. The moon stud in her thir'd quarter, and as I was minded to walk to Little Dunstable that night, I didn't waste no time in starting. I had a brother, a cobbler, who lived about a mlie on this side o' the village, and I thought maybe that, baing wan o' the family, I might spake out a bit fuller to he than to t'other folks. Howzomliver, though I stayed into the second day, I didn't say naught to un, and I wadn't altogether zarry to tarn my vace home along wance more. My heart gl'ed a bit o' a blob when I catched sight o' my cot-

tage agin, and I cudn't but wonder what Mary Amelia wud ha' to say. No smoke peered sort o' expecting droo the trees, but I'd growed used to finding the fire out. The little gate was off the hinges and lay on its back azide the road as forlorn as a capzised duck. Bits o' straw and paper littered the garden, and the flowers was trampled past uprising. I stud gapnesting round, the like o' any furren loon, then I took dree banging great steps and thrust open the door o' the cottage.

"Mary Amelia!" I hammered out.

But there wadn't no Mary Amelia. Naught but the bare walls and boards. Her had gone, and took every stick o' the furniture 'long wi' her.

I niver vallered her up to try and git the things back, though I knawed that, according to the law, a married woman hadn't got no claim to more'n her gold ring and the bit of boot-lace her ties her hair wi'; but Varmer Burden told me he had caught sight o' her wance into Barnstaple, and he added zommat that has made bad blood atween he and me.

Dree years ago last Christmas her comed back. 'Twas a wild-featured night, raining and blowing anuff to scare most folks into keeping atween the blankets. I was zlaping 'pon a couple o' boards I'd nailed to a spare box or two. Baling by nature a careful man, I'd niver made no outlay on furniture zince Mary Amelia wadn't in need o' aught from me. When fust I heard the knock on the door, I was for biding where I was, but there was zommat in the feeble clapping sound that kind o' minded me o' the lonzomeness o' the world outside. I pulled on an extry pair o' trousers, for the cold wadn't to be denied, slipped across the kitchen, and opened the door. A blast o' wind swirled round the bare room and out again, taking the light wi' it, and I was fo'ced to go to the mantel-shelf to fumble for

a fresh match. My fingers was all thumbs, and I cudn't make naught out o' the lucifers; yit, though 'twas too dark to zee aught, I kind o' suspicloned who it was that had come in on me thic sudden.

"Mary Amelia, do 'ee reckon you cud git a light out o' the blamed sticks?" I axed sharp-like.

She took the box from my hand and struck a match, and us looked wan into t'other's vace. A shiver ran droo me, though maybe 'twas zommat more'n cold that gripped hold o' my heart just then.

"I haven't got no right to come back to 'ee, Zack," her said.

My lips got sort o' trembly, and the wuds fell back unspoke.

"'Tis a wild night for 'ee to be out in, Mary Amelia," I answered arter a bit.

Her leaned agin the dresser and coughed zommat fearzome to hearken to. All-to-wance she zim'd to slip and vall sideways on the floor. When I bent over to raise her up, I zeed a little stream o' blood thread itself across her lips; I lifted her on to the bed and was for fetching the doctor, but her wadn't have me go.

"'Tiddn't no manner o' use, Zack," her said. "I shud be dead afore he comed, and there's thic that I must tell 'ee."

Wi' that her fell zilent for a terrible number o' minutes. I kept piling on all my spare clothes 'pon tap of her poor trembly body, for, though I wud ha' gi'ed a deal to help her jest then, I niver was wan to know the right thing to do when I was took by surprise.

A bit o' a smille comed into her vace; maybe her suspicloned I was wishful o' plazing her.

"You was always willun, Zack," her said.

"I be zlow to larn, Mary Amelia," I answered, taking her hand. She

gripped it close; then her head falled back, and I thought that all was over wⁱ her, poor soul. But wance more her opened her eyes.

I stooped down and placed my ear close to her lips.

"You should ha' taken the stick to me, Zack," her murmured. "When lverything went agin me, I was rispacted *then*."

Blackwood's Magazine.

"I rispact 'ee, Mary Amelia," I said. "I've always rispacted 'ee."

"'Twudn't be right to rispact me now," her answered; "for I be—"

Death took the wuds from her lips, and though I cried out arter her terrible loud, I doubt if she heard.

No matter, the Almighty knows that there be folks that rispact Mary Amelia Spot.

Zack.

THE COVENT-GARDEN JOURNAL.

In the month of December, 1751, when Henry Fielding issued his last novel of "Amelia"—that "Amelia" which Johnson, despite his dislike to the author, read through without stopping—he was close upon forty-five and had not long to live. For three years he had been in the Commission of the Peace for Middlesex and Westminster, earning, "by composing, instead of inflaming, the quarrels of porters and beggars," and "by refusing to take a shilling from a man who most undoubtedly would not have had another left," rather more than £300 per annum of "the dirtiest money upon earth," and even of this a considerable portion went to Mr. Brogden, his clerk. He also received—he tells us in the "Journal of a Voyage to Lisbon"—"a yearly pension out of the public service-money," the amount of which is not stated; and he was in addition, as appears from his will, possessed of twenty shares in that multifarious enterprise, puffed obliquely in Book V of "Amelia," the Universal Register Office, which was Estate Office, Lost Property Office, Servants' Registry, Curiosity Shop and several other things beside. He lived at Bow Street in a house belonging to his patron, John, Duke of Bedford, which house, during its subsequent tenure by his brother

and successor, John Fielding, was destroyed by the Gordon rioters, and he had a cottage or country-box on the high road between Acton and Ealing, to which he occasionally retired; and where, in all probability, his children lived with his mother-in-law, Mrs. Daniel. It was at this date, and in these circumstances, that he projected the fourth of his newspapers, "The Covent-Garden Journal," concerning which the following notice is inserted at the end of the second volume of "Amelia," coming immediately after an advertisement of the Universal Register Office:—"All persons who intend to take in 'The Covent-Garden Journal' which will be certainly published on Saturday, the 4th of January next, Price 3d. are desired to send their Names and Places of Abode, to the above Office, opposite Cecil-Street in the Strand. And the said paper will then be delivered at their Houses."

In pursuance of this announcement, the first number of "The Covent-Garden Journal" duly appeared on Saturday, the 4th January, 1752. It was said to be "by Sir Alexander Drawcan-sir, Knt. Censor of Great Britain," and was "to be continued every Tuesday and Saturday." It was "Printed and Sold by Mrs. Dodd, at the Peacock, Temple-Bar;" and at the Universal

Register Office, "where Advertisements and Letters to the Author are taken in." For the form, it was Cowper's "folio of four pages," beginning with an essay on the "Spectator" pattern, followed by Covent-Garden news, "occasional pieces of humor," "Modern History" from the newspapers "*cum notis variorum*," Foreign Affairs and miscellaneous advertisements, in which last the Universal Register Office and its doings naturally play a conspicuous part. In his initial paper, Fielding expressly disclaims Politics, as the term is understood by his contemporaries, i. e., Faction; personal Slander and Scurrility; and Dulness, unless—like his predecessor Steele—he is unable to avoid it. His motive for issuing the paper is not explicitly disclosed; but it may be fairly suggested that the advancement of the Register Office, in which he and his brother were concerned, and the placing on record from time to time of the more important cases that came before him at Bow Street in his magisterial capacity—were not foreign to his project. That the latter was intended to be a prominent feature, is plain from his second number, where, in promising to make the paper "a much better Journal of Occurrences than hath been ever yet printed," he says:—"I have already secured the Play-houses and other Places of Resort in this Parish of Covent Garden, as I have Mr. Justice Fielding's Clerk, who hath promised me the most material Examinations before his Master."

When Cowper described the eighteenth century newspaper as "a folio of four pages" he added

happy work!

Which not e'en critics criticize.

To "The Covent-Garden Journal" this is singularly inapplicable, since it not only provoked, but was calculated to

provoke contemporary comment. The pioneer of its "Occasional Pieces of Humor" was "A Journal of the Present Paper War between the Forces under Sir Alexander Drawcansir and the Army of Grub-Street." In his "Introduction" to this, Sir Alexander contended that the Press was in the possession of an army of scribblers; and that the Government of the State of Criticism was usurped by incompetent persons, whose ranks had, moreover, been swelled by irregulars less competent still in the shape of "Beaux, Rakes, Templars, Clits, Lawyers, Mechanics, Schoolboys, and fine Ladies"—from which it must be concluded that the Republic of Letters, even now, has made no exceptional progress. To all this "Swarm of Vandals," the new Censor declared war. His idea was not a strikingly novel one, either in its inception or its execution; and it is only necessary to quote two passages from this source, because of the events that followed them. In his second number for January 7th, describing the operations of his troops, Fielding proceeds—"A little before our March, however, we sent a large Body of Forces, under the command of General A. Millar [his publisher], to take possession of the most eminent Printing-Houses. The greater Part of these were garrisoned by Detachments from the Regiment of Grub-Street, who all retired at the Approach of our Forces. A small Body, indeed, under the Command of one Peeragrin Puckle, made a slight Show of Resistance; but his Hopes were soon found to be in *Vain* [Vane]; and, at the first Report of the Approach of a younger Brother of General Thomas Jones, his whole Body immediately disappeared, and totally overthrew some of their own Friends, who were marching to their Assistance, under the Command of one Rodorick Random. This Rodorick, in a former Skirmish with the People

called Critics, had owed some slight Success more to the Weakness of the Critics, than to any Merit of his own."

The not very formidable satire of this passage was evidently levelled at Smollett, whose "*Peregrine Pickle*" had been published at the beginning of 1751, with a success to which its incorporation into its pages of the scandalous *Memoirs of Francis Anne, Viscountess Vane*—memoirs which Horace Walpole declared worthy to be bound up with those of his own sister-in-law and Moll Flanders—had, as Fielding's *jeu de mots* implies, largely contributed. Sir Alexander further relates that his troops, after being rapturously received by the Critical garrisons at Tom's in Cornhill and Dick's at Temple Bar, *blockheaded* up the Bedford Coffee House in Covent Garden, the denizens of which were divided in their welcome, part of them being overawed by a nondescript Monster with Ass's ears, evidently intended for the Lion's Head Letter Box on the Venetian pattern (now at Woburn Abbey), which, having honorably served at Button's for Steele's "*Guardian*," was then doing fatigue duty at the Bedford for the "*Inspector*" of the very versatile Dr., or Sir John Hill. As far as it is possible to comprehend this somewhat obscure quarrel, Fielding, at an earlier and accidental meeting had jocosely, but injudiciously, proposed to Hill, whom he knew too little, that they should make believe to attack one another for the public diversion—a thing which, if it had not been much done before, has certainly been done since. But Hill, a pompous, unscrupulous man, "gave him away" forthwith. The "*Inspector*" essays were published in "*The London Daily Advertiser*," and in No. 268, two days later, he retorted in a strain of outraged dignity. He told

the private story from his own highly virtuous point of view, declared that the proposed mock-fight would have been a disingenuous trifling with a trusting public, patronized Fielding as a paragraphist, and pronounced him as an essayist to be "unmeaning, inelegant, confused and contradictory." He was even base enough to take advantage of Sir Alexander's failing health. "I am sorry" (he said) "to insult the departed Spirit of a living Author; but I tremble when I view this Instance of the transitory Nature of what we are apt to esteem most our own. I drop a Tear to the short Period of human Genius, when I see, after so few Years, the Author of 'Joseph Andrews' dotting in '*The Covent-Garden Journal*.' I have an unaffected Pain in being made the Instrument of informing him of this; I could have wished him to enjoy for Life that Opinion he entertains of himself; and never to have heard the Determination of the World." Elsewhere he commented ironically on the "particular Orthography" of the word "*Blockade*," and altogether scored in a fashion which must have been most galling to Fielding, and is to-day almost inconceivable to those who keep in mind the relative importance which posterity has assigned to the performances of "the Author of '*Amelia*' (as Hill styled him) and the performances of the Author of the '*Adventures of Lady Frail*.'" Fielding was, no doubt, intensely disgusted, and the next instalment of the "*Journal of the War*," after giving briefly his own version of the affair, wound up by observing, with more bitterness than usual, that "*his Lowness* [Hill] was not only among the meanest of those who ever drew a Pen, but was absolutely the vilest Fellow that ever wore a Head."

¹ This, which came out in 1751, was another variation upon the story of Lady Vane.

² To prove that Fielding's character of Mr. Inspector was deserved, it is only necessary

Humiliating, however, as was the procedure of Hill, it was nothing to the action of Smollett a few days subsequently. Seeing that, months before, in the first edition of "Peregrine Pickle," Smollett had ridiculed Fielding's friend, Lyttelton, as "Gosling Scrag"—seeing also that he had unprovokedly sneered at Fielding himself for "marrying his own cook-wench" (his second wife, it will be remembered, had been the first Mrs. Fielding's maid), and for settling down "in his old age, as a trading Westminster justice" (in which capacity he certainly never deserved the qualifying adjective), it might be thought that the already quoted allusions to Smollett in "The Covent-Garden Journal" were neither very virulent nor very vindictive. But such as they were, they stung Smollett to madness. On the 20th of January he rushed into the fray with a sixpenny pamphlet, modelled after Pope's attack on Dennis, and purporting to be "A Faithful Narrative of the Base and inhuman Arts That were lately practised upon the Brain of Habbakkuk Hilding, Justice, Dealer and Chapman, Who now lies at his House in Covent Garden, in a deplorable State of Lunacy, a Dreadful Monument of false Friendship and Delusion. By Drawcansir, Alexander, Fencing-Master and Philomath." Little beyond the title-page of this unsavory performance deserves quotation, for it is indescribably coarse and hopelessly rancorous; and indeed is only to be explained by the writer's conviction that Fielding's ridicule must be stopped at all hazards, even if it were needful to have recourse to that nau-

seous, and now obsolete, mode of warfare described by Commodore Truncheon as "heaving in stink-pots." It is also manifest from some of his utterances that Smollett, rightly or wrongly, regarded Fielding's enterprise as inspired by Lyttelton (*cf.* the "false Friendship" of the title); and that he was also conceited or foolish enough to believe that Fielding's Partridge and Miss Matthews were borrowed from his own Strap and Miss Williams. To the Smollett pamphlet, as well as to some similar and simultaneous attacks upon himself and "Amelia" in a periodical by Bonnel Thornton entitled "Have at You All; or, The Drury Lane Journal," Fielding made no discernible answer. Already in his fifth issue (January 18th), he had referred generally to "the unfair Methods made use of by the Enemy;" as well as to the impracticability of replying effectually with a broadsword to blunderbusses loaded with ragged bullets and discharged "from lurking Holes and Places of Security." With the preceding number the "Journal of the War" had been terminated by the conclusion of a peace and a Court of Censorial Enquiry was announced in its place.

From all this it must be concluded that, as Richardson said, Sir Alexander had been "overmatched by people whom he had despised," and that, when he entered light-heartedly upon the campaign against Dulness under the motto "Nulla venenato est Litera mista Joco," he had not anticipated the kind of treatment he received, or had forgotten that the popular reply to raillery is abuse. Richardson's words, indeed, are that he had been

to read the account of Hill's dealings with Christopher Smart (*Gentleman's Magazine*, 1752, pp. 387, 599). A few months after the above attack on Fielding, he was publicly caned at Ranelagh by Mr. Mountford Brown, an Irish gentleman whom he had libelled. But he must have been clever, since by impudence, cheap science and scandal, he occa-

sionally contrived to clear £1,500 a year at the pen, in days when Fielding and Goldsmith and Johnson remained poor.

"For the benefit of the curious," Mr. W. E. Henley has reprinted the *Faithful Narrative*, with a prefatory note, in Vol. XII of his complete edition of Smollett.

"overmatched in his own way." But this is not the case. His way was possibly the coarse way of his period; but it was not the mean and cowardly way of his assailants. It is, however, characteristic of his sensitive nature that the first work he brought before the new tribunal was his own "Amelia." He had obviously been greatly annoyed by the malicious capital extracted by the critics out of his unlucky neglect to specify that Mrs. Booth had been cured of the accident recorded in the novel (Bk. II, ch. i). The accident was one which had happened to his first wife, whose charms had apparently been unimpaired by it; but he had forgotten to state in express terms that the Miss Harris of the story was in similar case; and had thus given opportunity to the adversary to mock at his heroine as "a Beauty without a Nose." "Amelia, even in her noselessness is again his first wife"—wrote Richardson to Mrs. Donnellan; and Johnson also speaks of that "vile broken nose, never cured." In the third number of "The Covent-Garden Journal" (and immediately preceding an announcement of the thirteenth elopement from her Lord of Lady Frail), Fielding consequently issued a paragraph upon the subject:—"It is currently reported that a famous Surgeon, who absolutely cured one Mrs. Amelia Booth, of a violent Hurt in her Nose, insomuch that she had scarce a Scar left on it, intends to bring actions against several ill-meaning and Slandrous People, who have reported that the said Lady had no Nose, merely because the Author of her History, in a Hurry, forgot to inform his Readers of that Particular. . . ." Besides this, he made several additions to the book itself which left no doubt upon the subject. But he was also mortified and depressed by the reception which "Amelia" had received from some of those critical ir-

regulars whose activity he had deprecated in his third number, especially the Beaux and fine Ladies, who, if we may believe Mrs. Elizabeth Carter, were unanimous in pronouncing the story "to be very sad stuff." Accordingly, in Number 7, "Amelia" is brought to the Bar, as indicated upon the Statute of Dulness; and Mr. Counsellor Town enumerates her Errors. The book is affirmed to be "very sad Stuff (thus corroborating Mrs. Carter), and the heroine is described as a "low Character," a "Milksoy" and "a Fool." She is reproached with lack of spirit and too frequent fainting; with "servile offices," such as dressing her children and cooking; with being too forgiving to her husband; and lastly with the results of the mishap already sufficiently referred to. Dr. Harrison and Colonel Bath fare no better; and finally Mr. Town undertakes to prove that the Book "contains no Wit, Humor, Knowledge of human Nature, or of the World; indeed, that the Fable, moral Characters, Manners, Sentiments and Diction, are all alike bad and contemptible." After some hearsay evidence has been tendered, and a "Great Number of Beaus, Rakes, fine Ladies, and several formal Persons with bushy Wigs and Canes at their Noses," are preparing to supplement it, a grave Man stands up, and begging to be heard, delivers what must be regarded as Fielding's final apology for his last novel.

"If you, Mr. Censor, are yourself a Parent, you will view me with Compassion when I declare I am the Father of this poor Girl the Prisoner at the Bar; nay, when I go farther, and avow, that of all my Offspring she is my favorite Child. I can truly say that I bestowed a more than ordinary Pains in her Education; in which I will venture to affirm, I followed the Rules of all those who are acknowledged to have writ best on the Subject;

and if her Conduct be fairly examined, she will be found to deviate very little from the strictest Observation of all those Rules; neither Homer nor Virgil pursued them with greater Care than myself, and the candid and learned Reader will see that the latter was the noble model, which I made use of on this Occasion.

"I do not think my Child is entirely free from Faults. I know nothing human that is so; but surely she does not deserve the Rancour with which she hath been treated by the Public. However, it is not my Intention, at present, to make any Defence; but shall submit to a Compromise, which hath been always allowed in this Court in all Prosecutions for Dulness. I do, therefore, solemnly declare to you, Mr. Censor, that I will trouble the World no more with any Children of mine by the same Muse."

This was recorded by the Censor to the satisfaction of the majority. "Amelia was delivered to her Parent, and a Scene of great Tenderness passed between them, which gave much Satisfaction to many present." But there were some, we are told, who regretted this finish to the cause, and held that the lady ought to have been honorably acquitted. Richardson was not one of these, and wrote jubilantly to Mrs. Donnellan: "Mr. Fielding has over-written himself, or rather *under-written*; and in his own Journal [which R. persists in calling the *Common Garden Journal*] seems ashamed of his last piece and has promised that the same Muse shall write no more for him. The piece, in short, is as dead as if it had been published forty years ago, as to sale." Then comes the remarkable—"You guess that I have not read 'Amelia.' Indeed, I have read but

the first volume." It was not Amelia, however, of whom Fielding was ashamed; it was the public. Faults of haste and taste he might have committed; but at least he had presented them with what Thackeray has called "the most delightful portrait of a woman that surely ever was painted," and they had preferred the "Adventures of Lady Frail."

The "Court of Censorial Enquiry" continued to sit after this; but, as the paper progressed, only at rare intervals. One of its next duties was to cite the new actor Mossop for daring to act Macbeth while Garrick was alive—a case which was decided, and rightly decided, in favor of Mossop. Another topic dealt with by the Court was the advertisement in the guise of a criminal of a whole-length print of the notorious Miss Mary or Molly Blandy (shortly afterwards executed at Oxford), before she had been tried, a course which the Court declared to be "base and infamous" as tending to "prepossess the Minds of Men," and "take away that Indifference with which Jurymen ought to come to the Trial of a Prisoner"—a view which it is difficult to gainsay. One of the first books to be examined is the philological "Hermes" of James Harris, a second issue of which had appeared in 1751. But Harris, like the first Mrs. Fielding, was "of Salisbury," and was probably known to "Mr. Censor," who certainly uses him more gently than Johnson, who found bad grammar in his Dedication and coxcomby in himself as an author.⁴ A second work, Gibb's translation of Bishop Osorio's "History of the Portuguese," probably owed the notice it received to its dedication to Lyttelton. But Fielding seems to have refrained from any rec-

⁴ To quote but one statement from Johnson is seldom safe. Tyers says that the posthumous volumes of Mr. Harris of Salisbury had attractions that engaged the great man to

the end. It was Hermes, by the way, which Joseph Cradock's friend took for a novel; and when he returned it, mildly deprecated "these imitations of Tristram Shandy."

ord of another book inscribed to himself, and frequently advertised in the "Journal," namely, the third edition of Francis Coventry's "Pompey the Little," concerning which the quidnuncs asserted that its Lady Tempest had her prototype in Ethelreda Harrison, Viscountess Townshend, who was also suspected by some to have sat for the Lady Bellaston of "Tom Jones." The new issue of Sarah Fielding's "David Simple," another frequent appearance, was less in need of the Censor's notice, since the volumes already included prefaces, avowed and unavowed, from his pen. To his friend Hogarth's "Analysis of Beauty," which was announced in March as a forthcoming Tract in Quarto, he might perhaps have been expected to give a hearty welcome; but by the time that much-edited master-piece was published in December, "The Covent-Garden Journal" itself was no more. The only literary work belonging strictly to 1752 which it reviewed was "The Female Quixote; or, The Adventures of Arabella," by Mrs. Charlotte Lennox, whom Fielding, in his later "Voyage to Lisbon," describes vaguely as "shamefully distress'd." To posterity, however, she must always seem rather fortunate than otherwise; since a lady whose abilities, or personal charms, were able to procure for her the countenance and assistance of nearly all the foremost literary men of her time, cannot justly be counted evil-starred. Johnson wrote her Prefaces; Goldsmith, her Epilogues; Garrick helped her to plays (and produced them at Drury Lane); Richardson read her his private letters; and lastly Fielding, in "The Covent-Garden Journal" for March the 24th, after implying that, in some particulars, she had outdone Cervantes himself, declared her "Arabella" to be "a most extraordinary and most excellent Performance." "It is indeed," he went on, "a Work of true Humor, and can-

not fail of giving a rational, as well as very pleasing, Amusement to a sensible Reader, who will at once be instructed and very highly diverted." Sir Alexander was never slow at "backing of his friends." Only a week or two before, he had added to a notification in the "Journal" of Mrs. Clive's benefit, the following—"Mrs. Clive in her Walk on the Stage is the greatest Actress the World ever saw; and if as many really understood true Humor as pretend to understand it, she would have nothing to wish, but that the House was six Times as large as it is." It is pleasant to think that he could still write thus of the accomplished comedienne, of whom, eighteen years before, he had said in the epistle prefixed to "The Intriguing Chambermaid," that her part in real life was that of "the best Wife, the best Daughter, the best Sister, and the best Friend."

The laurels of Fielding were not won as a periodical writer; and it is idle to seek in "The Covent-Garden Journal" of his decline for qualities which were absent from "The Champion" and "The True Patriot." Hill's verdict on his work as an essayist is, of course, simply impertinent; but one of his best critics has also admitted of these particular papers that "few are marked by talent, and not one by genius." It is possible, indeed, that they are not all from his pen, as they frequently bear different initials; and it may well be that some of them should have been signed Lyttelton or Murphy. Many, however, may be certainly attributed to Fielding, *e. g.*, the one containing the "Modern Glossary," which defines the word "Great" to signify Bigness, when applied to a Thing, and often Littleness, or Meanness, when applied to a Man—a distinction which has the very ring of "Jonathan Wild;" and the two papers devoted to ridiculing the proceedings of the Robin Hood

Society in Essex Street, to which institution he subsequently referred in the "Voyage to Lisbon." This free-thinking club was nevertheless a nursery of rhetoric, in which even Burke is supposed to have exercised his powers; and its president, a very dignified baker, whom Derrick said ought to have been Master of the Rolls, was undoubtedly a born orator to boot. One of the subsequent papers tells the story of Jucundo from Ariosto's "Orlando" in the prose fashion afterwards employed by Leigh Hunt in "The Indicator;" and there are lucubrations upon People of Fashion, Humor, Contempt, Profanity and so forth, besides a very sensible and pleasant Dialogue at Tunbridge Wells, "after the Manner of Plato," between a Fine Lady and a Philosopher, which, however, bears the initial "J." But Fielding is clearly responsible for the succeeding number, a skit upon the perverse ingenuities of Shakespearian emendation.

To the student, nevertheless, "The Covent-Garden Journal" must always be principally interesting for its references, direct and indirect, to its responsible author, now a broken, overburdened man, nearing the close of his career. Some of these references, hitherto only reported imperfectly from "The Gentleman's Magazine" and elsewhere, have already been dealt with at the outset of this paper. A few others may find a place here. Foremost comes the constantly recurring notification which shows how little he regarded his office from the point of view of his own Justice Thrasher:—

"All Persons who shall for the Future suffer by Robbers, Burglars, etc., are desired immediately to bring, or send, the best Description they can of such Robbers, etc., with the Time and Place and Circumstances of the Fact, to Henry Fielding, Esq., at his House in Bow-Street."

Another instance of his energy in his

calling is supplied by the collection of cases which, under the title of "Examples of the Interposition of Providence, in the Detection and Punishment of Murder," he threw into pamphlet form in April 1752, and which was prompted as the Advertisement puts it, "by the many horrid Murders committed within this last Year." Copies of the "Examples" were freely distributed in Court to those to whom they seemed likely to be of use. A notice of the arrival at the Register Office of a consignment of Glastonbury Water is proof that Fielding retained his faith in the healing virtues of that "salubrious Spring;" while the announcement of a new translation of "Lucian" in collaboration with William Young ("Parson Adams") testifies to the fact that he still hankered after his old literary pursuits. To this last never-executed project the "Journal" devoted a leading article, which is interesting from its incidental admission that Lucian had been Fielding's own master in style. It further declared that the then-existing English versions of the Samosatene gave no better idea of his spirit "than the vilest Imitation by a Sign-post Painter can convey the Spirit of the excellent Hogarth"—another instance of Fielding's fidelity to the friend he had praised in the Preface to "Joseph Andrews." The article ends by trusting the Public will support two gentlemen, "who have hitherto in their several Capacities endeavored to be serviceable to them, without deriving any great Emolument to themselves from their Labors." In the next number (for July 4th) there is a hint of Sir Alexander's retirement, which was compromised by changing the "Journal" from a bi-weekly to a weekly organ. In that form it continued to appear until November 25th, when Fielding definitely took leave of his readers in the tone of a sad and weary man. He begged the Public that henceforth

they would not father upon him the dulness and scurrility of his worthy contemporaries, "since I solemnly declare that unless in revising my former Works, I have at present no Intention to hold any further Correspondence with the gayer Muses." Such engagements are not infrequently made in moments of ill-health or depression; but in this case the promise was kept. The world would be poorer without the posthumous tract which tells the touching story of Fielding's "Voyage to Lisbon," and, practically, of his remaining years; but unapproached as is that record for patient serenity and cheerful courage, the gayer Muses cannot justly be said to have had anything to do with its production.

Only a limited selection of the essays in "The Covent-Garden Journal" is included in Andrew Millar's edition of Fielding's works. Sets of the original numbers, including the advertisements, etc., are exceedingly rare, and generally incomplete. By way of postscript to this paper we cull a few dispersed items from the chronicle entitled "Modern History." Robberies on the highway are, of course, as "plenty as blackberries;" but the following extract suggests a picture by Mr. Waller or Mr. Dendy Sadler:—

"A few Days since [this was in January, 1752], as two Gentlemen of the Army, and two Ladies, were coming from Bath to London, in a returned Coach, they were stopped at the Entrance of a Lane by a Laborer from out of a Field, who told them there were two Highwaymen in the Lane, whose Persons and Horses he described; Upon which the Gentlemen got out of the Coach, and walked, one on each Side of it, with Pistols in their Hands. One of the Ladies, seeing the Gentlemens Swords in the Coach, said she would not stay in it, but took one

and walked by the Side of one of the Gentlemen; and, encouraged by her Example, the other Lady did so, by the other Gentleman. Thus armed, they went down the Lane, where they met the Highwaymen, who passed them without the least Molestation."

These incidents, however, were not always picturesque:—

"Wednesday Night [January 15th], Mr. George Cary, a Higgler, who lived near Epping, on his Return home from Leadenhall-market, was robbed and murdered by three Footpads near the Windmill, which is within half a Mile of his own House; They likewise shot his Son who was in the Cart with him, but his wound is not likely to prove mortal. Mr. Cary was an honest, industrious Man, and has left a Wife and five Children."

In his "Enquiry into the Causes of the late Increase of Robbers," Fielding had advocated private executions in preference to the degrading "Tyburn Holidays" of his age. He often returns to the subject in "The Covent-Garden Journal," witness the following under date of April 27th:—

"This Day five Malefactors were executed at Tyburn. No Heroes within the Memory of Man ever met their Fate with more Boldness and Intrepidity, and consequently with more felonious Glory."

Again:—

"On Monday last [July 13th] eleven Wretches were executed at Tyburn, and the very next Night one of the most impudent Street-Robberies was committed near St. James's Square; an Instance of the little Force which such Examples have on the Minds of the Populace."

Elsewhere he says (March 27th), concluding an account which might well be a comment on the last plate but one of Hogarth's "Apprentice series:—

"The real Fact at present is, that instead of making the Gallows an Object

of Terror, our Executions contribute to make it an Object of Contempt in the Eye of a Malefactor; and we sacrifice the Lives of Men not for [the italics are Fielding's] *the Reformation, but for the Diversion of the Populace.*"

Here is a note to Mr. Hartshorne's "Hanging in Chains:"—

"On Saturday Morning [June 6th] early the Gibbet on Stamford-Hill Common, on which Hurlock hung in Chains for the Murder of his Bedfellow, a few Years since in the Minorities, was cut down and the remains of Hurlock carried off."

The next is a smuggling episode:—

"[Monday, September 11th] Last Week a Riding Officer, with the Assistance of some Dragoons, seized upwards of 300 Weight of Tea and some Brandy (which were lodged in an old House) near Goodhurst in Sussex, and conveyed it to the Custom-house."

In Fielding's century John Broughton (beloved of Borrow!), Jack Slack and Tom Faulkener, were familiar pugilistic names. At this time Broughton, "the unconquered," had been badly beaten by Slack, and his patron, the Duke of Cumberland, who had made him a Yeoman of the Guard, was said to have lost some £10,000 by his defeat.

"Yesterday [May 13th] at Broughton's Amphitheatre [in Hanway Street, Oxford Street], the Odds on mounting the Stage were two to one against Faulkener. About the Middle of the Battle the Odds run against Slack. But the brave Butcher [Slack], after a severe Contest of 27 Minutes and a Half, left his Antagonist prostrate on the Stage, deprived of Sight and in a most miserable Condition. As the House was crowded and Prices were very high, it is computed that there was not less taken than 300*l*."

The unhappy woman referred to in the ensuing quotation has already been mentioned in the course of this paper.

It is only fair to add that she died denying the crime with which she was charged:—

"On Tuesday morning [March 3d] about 8 o'Clock, Miss Mary Blandy was put to the Bar at the Assizes at Oxford, Mr. Baron Legge and Mr. Barron Smythe being both on the Bench, and tried on an Indictment for poisoning her late Father, Mr. Francis Blandy, Town Clerk of Henly upon Thames; and after a Trial, which lasted till half an Hour after Eight in the Evening, she was found guilty on very full Evidence, and received sentence to be hanged."

She was executed on the Castle green at Oxford on Monday, April 6th, in the presence of about 5,000 spectators, "many of whom, and particularly several gentlemen of the university, shed tears," says Sylvanus Urban. Gibbon, who had just come to Oxford, may have witnessed this occurrence.

"Yesterday [November 9th] a Boy climbed up to the Top of the Door of Westminster-hall, in order to see the Lord Mayor pass by, and missing his hold fell down, and was so much wounded by the Fall and trod under Foot before he was got out of the Crowd, that it is thought he cannot live."

The Lord Mayor in this instance was the Crispe Gascoyne who, in the following year, took part against Fielding over the case of Elizabeth Canning. Here is a reference to another "person of Importance in his Day:"—

"Bath, Aug. 24th . . . Last Monday a very curious Statue in white Marble, of Richard Nash, Esq., done by Mr. Prince Hoare, was erected in the Pump-Room of this City. The Expence is defray'd by several of the principal Inhabitants of this Place, out of Gratitude for his well-known prudent Management for above forty Years, with Regard to the Regulations of the Diversions, the Accommodation

of Persons resorting hither, and the general Good of the City."

Was it not Balzac who wrote "Où mènent les Mauvais Chemins?" Here, finally, is the epitaph of that "Charming Betty Careless" whose name figures both in "Amella" and in the terrible Bedlam scene of "The Rake's Progress:"—

"On Wednesday Evening [April 22nd] last was buried from the Parish-

The National Review.

House of Covent-Garden, Mrs. Careless, well known for many Years by the Name of "Betty Careless," by the gay Gentlemen of the Town, of whose Money she had been the Occasion (as it is said) of spending upward of fifty thousand Pounds, tho' at last reduced to receive Alms from the Parish. Almost a certain Consequence attending Ladies in her unhappy Cast of Life."

Austin Dobson.

ROBERT BROWNING THE MUSICIAN.

What's poetry except a power that makes

And speaking to one sense, inspires the rest,

Pressing them all into its service, so
That who sees painting seems to hear
as well

The speech that's proper for the
painted mouth;

And who hears music, feels his solitude
Peopled at once.

—*Balaustion's Adventure.*

In the history of mankind there have surely been few men endowed with such gifts, or even with such promise, that they might fairly ask themselves, in early life, "Shall I train myself to become a poet, an artist, or a musician?"

Such a one, however, was Robert Browning, and though, owing partly to choice and partly to circumstance, the poet in him triumphed, the others were not lost. The poet, as such, made abundant use of his knowledge of art and music in his own characteristic manner; seldom, indeed, as the subjects of poetry, but frequently as accessories in the dramatic background.

Browning has himself shown us his canon of poetic structure in the often quoted preface to "Sordello," a poem

which, it will be remembered, appeared originally in 1840, being preceded only by "Pauline" (1833) and "Paracelsus" (1835), and which may, therefore, be regarded as expressing a standard which he placed before himself at an early stage of his poetic career.

"The historical decoration was purposely of no more importance than a background requires, and my stress lay on the incidents in the development of a soul; little else is worth study." It is as contributing to that development that the background is worth study too. It is, after all, a part of the mighty whole. The background to the soul is life and its mysteries, time and its labors, humanity and its passions, and the poet's voice is never so loud nor so clear as in the interpretation of whatever sets forth these.

Browning never gives us what Gray has so well called "the lowest degree of poetry, namely, the descriptive;" but our appreciation of the loneliness of James Lee's wife is deepened by the wailing wind and the barren shore; and the

Infinite passion, and the pain
Of finite hearts that yearn,

come to us with all the more significance, borne upon the silence of the Campagna, with its "endless fleece of feathery grasses," and its "everlasting wash of air."

Shelley has been called "the poet of poets." Robert Browning is surely the poet of musicians. A few scenes in Shakespeare, a few lines in Milton, a single poem of Rossetti, comprise nearly all that has been uttered by the greater English poets about music. The odes of Pope or Dryden or Collins, whatever their merits from other points of view, are no more sympathetic to the true musician than are the "descriptive pieces" of music which have but lately ceased to be a terror in our drawing-rooms. No other poet has presented music in what is surely its highest aspects, that of a means of expression, as poetry is a means of expression, of the soul's deepest communings with itself. Browning, in short, uses poetry as only the musician can. He was, we know, a performer on the piano, but he was far more. He was no mere "man of music... with notes and nothing else to say."

Mrs. Ireland has told us how Browning said to her, "You have been writing on my poem 'A Toccata of Galuppi's,' and that's very interesting to me, as I was learning the grammar of music when other little boys were learning their multiplication table;" and Mrs. Sutherland Orr, in giving an account of his education, tells us:

The study of music was also serious, and carried on under two masters; Mr. John Relfe ("master of mine, learned, redoubtable"), author of a valuable book on counterpoint, was his instructor in thorough bass; Mr. Abel, a pupil of Moscheles, in execution. He wrote music for songs which he himself sang, among them Donne's "Go and catch a falling star;" Hood's "I will not have the mad Clytie;" Peacock's "The mountain sheep are sweeter;" and his set-

tings, all of which he subsequently destroyed, were, I am told, very spirited.

Browning tells us in his "Parleyings with Certain People" (1887), how he came to select for discourse Charles Avison, organist of Newcastle:

Singly and solely for an air of thine
Bold stepping "March," foot stepped to
ere my hand
Could stretch an octave.

And on this "Grand March" he hangs much argument as to the place of music in the interpretation of the emotions.

But the great musical influence of his life seems to have been his early friendship with that gifted woman, Eliza Flower—like himself in her degree, a poet and a musician—a friendship which, as Mrs. Briddell Fox, the intimate friend of both, has testified, profoundly modified his life.

About 1824, when Robert Browning was twelve years old, he conceived a boyish passion for this beautiful girl, nine years his senior. The occasion was one, in itself, of deep interest. He was then, as we may readily suppose, in the Byronic stage—the Shelley worship had not begun—and the immediate result was the production of a volume of short poems which he called "Incon-dita," and for which, naturally, no publisher could be found. His mother showed the volume to her acquaintance, Miss Flower, whose admiration was so great as to induce her to copy the poems to show to her friend, Mr. W. J. Fox, in whose possession it remained till his death, when his daughter, Mrs. Bridell Fox, tells me, she herself restored it to the poet at his own request.

One must have a keen recollection of the early teens, when one wrote verses, to realize all that such sympathy meant for a boy sensitive, full of ambition, leading a retired suburban life.

¹ The Last Ride Together. viii.

Miss Flower's interest in the young poet led also to that of Mr. Fox, the friend to whom he wrote in 1833, the year of the publication of "Pauline," "I can only offer you my simple thanks, but they are of the sort that one can give only once or twice in a lifetime. . . . I shall never write a line without thinking of the source of my first praise, be assured."

An intimacy was soon established with the family of Mr. Fox, in whose household the Misses Flower (to whom since their father's death, in 1829, he had acted as guardian) were permanent residents. Mrs. Bridell Fox gives us a charming picture of a day in her own childhood—the 7th of May, 1835—when, her elders being out, she, a shy little girl, received young Robert Browning alone in her father's drawing-room.

"It's my birthday to-day," he explained; "I'll wait till they come in. If it won't disturb you, I'll play till they do."

We can fancy him as he sat there, in all the charm of his twenty-three years, waiting for the musician whose music was so dear to him, pleasing and careful (Mrs. Bridell Fox hints a little over-careful) in his dress, playing perhaps in the fashion Mrs. Blomfield Moore has described for us:

He possessed the gift of improvising on the piano. To listen was to be entranced as by the rapt strains of Beethoven's compositions, or by Mendelssohn's glorious melodies, as the poet's hands swept the keys, passing from one theme to another; but you could listen only once to the same strains; the inspiration came and went; the poet could never repeat his melodies. Few there were who knew of this divine gift; for only to those who were most intimate with him did he reveal himself in this way.

During this period of his friendship with the Flowers he must have lived

in the very atmosphere of music. Eliza and Sarah Flower are the heroines of Miss Martineau's story, "Five Years of Youth," and among various pictures which help to vivify our interest in these early friends of Robert Browning is this of the way in which music pervaded the household.

Mary (whom we may take as equivalent to Eliza Flower) had been well taught, but she had that natural taste for music—the ear and the soul for it—without which no teaching is of any avail. She sang much and often, not because she had any particular aim at being accomplished, but because she loved it, or, as she said, because she could not help it. She sang to Nurse Rickham's children; she sang as she went up and down stairs; she sang when she was glad and when she was sorry, and when her papa was at home because he liked it; when he was out, because he could not be disturbed by it. In the woods at noonday she sang like a bird, that a bird might answer her; and if she woke in the dark night, the feeling of solemn music came over her with which she dared not break the silence. Everything suggested music to her. Every piece of poetry which she understood and liked formed itself into melody in her mind without an effort; when a gleam of sunshine burst out she gave voice to it; and long before she had heard any cathedral service the chanting of the Psalms was familiar to her by anticipation.

Such was the musician whose friendship was a part of Browning's life for twenty years, to whom he wrote on her deathbed in 1845, ten years later:

I never had another feeling than entire admiration for your music—entire admiration. I put it apart from all other English music I know, and fully believe in it as the music we all waited for.

Of your health I shall not trust myself to speak; you must know what is unspoken. I should have been most happy to see you if but for a minute—and if next Wednesday I might take your hand for a moment. . . . But you would concede that, if it were right, re-

membering what is now a very old friendship.

May God bless you for ever.

Mrs. Sutherland Orr tells us even in latest life

he never mentioned Eliza Flower's name with indifference, . . . and if, in spite of his denials, any woman inspired "Pauline," it can have been no other than she. . . . What he afterwards called "the few utterly insignificant scraps of letters and verse which formed part of his correspondence," were preserved by her as long as she lived. But he recovered and destroyed them after his return to England, with all other reminiscences of those early years.

It would be indeed difficult not to see some reference to Miss Flower and her music in the following passages in "Pauline," written, it is to be remembered, in 1833, when his intimacy with her was at its height. Mrs. Bridell Fox, who remembers vividly each circumstance of this period of Browning's frequent visits to her father's house, where he made one of a brilliant group whose names are familiar to us all, assures me that she can feel no question on this point. The passages are their own best testimony.

Pauline, my soul's friend, thou dost pity yet
How this mood swayed me when that soul found thine,
When I had set myself to live this life
Defying all past glory. Ere thou camest
I seemed defiant, sweet, for old delights
Had flocked like birds again; music,
my life,
Nourished me more than ever.

Be still to me
A help to music's mystery which mind falls
To fathom, its solution, no mere clue!

. . . I'll sit with thee while thou dost sing
Thy native songs, gay as a desert bird
Which crieth as it flies for perfect joy.

The following passage may perhaps

be taken as showing what place, under such an influence, music filled at this time in Robert Browning's life:

As peace returned, I sought out some pursuit
And song rose, no new impulse but the one
With which all others best could be combined.
My life has not been that of those whose heaven
Was lampless save where poesy shone out;
But as a clime where glittering mountain tops
And glancing sea and forests steeped in light
Give back reflected the far-flashing sun;
For Music (which is earnest of a heaven
Seeing we know emotions strange by it
Not else to be revealed) is like a voice,
A low voice calling fancy, as a friend,
To the green woods in the gay summer time;
And she fills all the way with dancing shapes
Which have made painters pale, and they go on
Till stars look at them and winds call to them
As they leave life's path for the twilight world
Where the dead gather. This was not at first,
For I scarce knew what I would do. I had
An impulse but no yearning—only sang.

In the following year Browning went abroad, but, on the Continent or at home, throughout his life, music was his chief recreation.

Mrs. Wilfrid Meynell has preserved for us a story of a young lady who, whatever her other attractions, was obviously not a reader of Browning's poetry.

"I don't know whether you care for music, Mr. Browning," she said, 'but if you do, my mother, Lady —, is having some on Monday.' I watched rather nervously to see what effect this speech of a lovely girl I had just introduced to Mr. Browning would have.

'Why, my dear,' said he, in his kindest manner, 'I care for nothing else.'"

He was as familiar a figure in the stalls at the Popular Concerts as George Eliot herself. He was a personal friend of Joachim. In Paris Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes tells me, she remembers sitting on her mother's knee while Mr. Browning played over the national airs of several peoples, tracing in the spirit of their melodies the characteristics of the nations to which they belonged.

Referring to his later life after his return from Italy, Mrs. Sutherland Orr tells us that he had there found the natural home of the arts,

but his love for music was as certainly starved as the delight in painting and sculpture was nourished; and it had now grown into a passion from the indulgence of which he derived, as he always declared, some of the most beneficent influences of his life. It would be scarcely an exaggeration to say that he attended every important concert of the season, whether isolated or given in a course. There was no engagement, possible or actual, which did not yield to the discovery of its clashing with the day and hour fixed for one of these.

Possibly music was the one pursuit in regard to which Elizabeth Barrett Browning could not share her husband's interest. Certainly nothing in her poems would lead us to suppose an original taste for music, and one painful line would suggest that she did not even understand its terminology:

We beat the phorminx till we hurt our thumbs,
As though still ignorant of *counterpoint*:

counterpoint having about as much connection with musical execution as the science of perspective with the art of mixing colors!

With his boy's musical education Browning took considerable personal trouble. Mrs. Bridell Fox has told me

of Sunday morning visits to their house in Florence, when Mrs. Browning would be curled up in a corner of the sofa in the drawing-room, while from an inner room would come sounds of childish practising, with occasional corrections and accompaniments thundered out in the poet's firm bass. One story of this period is—to the musician—absolutely pathetic in its suggestions; a story of Mrs. Browning saying to her husband just as he was closing the piano after perhaps, some musical dream of his own, "Why did you stop? Here is Penini just come with his two drums to accompany you!" One wonders whether the father or the musician triumphed upon this occasion!

True man as he was, Browning was conscious of his own limitations. In one of the few poems in which he permits himself to speak, his "One Word More," addressed to his wife, he says:

I shall never, in the years remaining,
Paint you pictures, no, nor carve you statues,
Make you music that should all-express me;
So it seems: I stand on my attainment,
This of verse alone, one life allows me;
Verse and nothing else have I to give you.

Without hoping, then, to find that Browning has attempted to use his knowledge of music otherwise than as a background for "incidents in the development of a soul," let us briefly glance at the use to which, in his poetry, his special knowledge of the art and science of music has been put.

We have, to begin with, a number of casual allusions to music, instances in which music serves as illustration, rather from the poet's familiarity with the subject, than because of its obviousness or special appropriateness, as in "Waring," "The Last Ride," "Christmas Eve," etc.

Browning's use for illustration or background of what, in other hands,

might be the mere technicalities of music, might be abundantly illustrated. For example,

And as some long lost moan
Of a minor suddenly is propped beneath
By note, which, new struck, turns the
 wall that was
Into a wonder and a triumph, so
Began Alkestis. (*Balaustion*).

Or again,

And music; what? that burst of pillared
 cloud by day
And pillared fire by night, was product
 must we say,
Of modulating just, by enharmonic
 change,—
The augmented sixth resolved—from
 out the straighter range
Of D sharp minor—leap of disimprisoned
 thrall,—
Into thy life and light D major natural?
 (*Balaustion*.)

A striking instance, selected, almost at random, from a great number of possible examples showing the close relation of music, color, form and emotion in the poet's mind, is this from "Charles Avison." Avison is regarded by the public, says Browning, as cold and dead in style, whereas he merely lacked the mechanical means of expression—"modern appliance." Give that, and

I sprinkle my reactives, pitch broadcast
Discords and resolutions, turn aghast
Melody's easy-going, jostle law
With license, modulate (no Bach in
 awe),
Change enharmonically (Hudl to
 thank),
And so, upstart the flameless—what
 was rank
Turns scarlet, purple, crimson. . .
 Love once more
Yearns through the Largo, Hatred as
 before
Rages in the Rubato.

Or again, in "Fifine at the Fair," where we have a description of Schumann's victories over the commonplace, involving the technical difficul-

ties all executants know so well. "I somehow, nohow, played the pretty piece," says Browning.

Music, again, is made to serve as an accessory, a hint of local color, as in the "plagal cadence" of the "Heretic's Tragedy," or the chanted march time of the "Grammarians' Funeral."

Or, again, we have the musician's recognition of some esoteric meaning in what, to the poet only, might have been the mere artistic recognition of the beautiful. Take, for example, in "A Lovers' Quarrel:"

Here's the spring, or close
When the almond-blossom blows;
We shall have the word
In a minor third
There is none but the cuckoo knows.

Or in "A Serenade at the Villa:"

Singing helped the verses best,
And when singing's best was done,
To my lute I left the rest.

We need not dwell on Browning's use of music as a power; on its influence on the imagination as in "The Pied Piper," or upon evil as in "Saul," or even in the teaching of such a soul-lesson as in "Youth and Art." It is not in such uses as these that the poet takes his real stand as a musician. Real and vital as music was to Browning, we have a right to expect that for him it was a means of the expression of his highest thought. "Browning's voice," Henry James has said, "sounds loudest and clearest for the things which as a race we like best—the fascination of faith, the acceptance of life, the respect for its mysteries, the endurance of its changes, the vitality of the will, the validity of character, the beauty of action, the seriousness, above all, of the great human passion."

For most of us—for the women among us, at all events—the true greatness of Browning as a teacher

consists in his intense *manliness*, his intense humanness; he is a man of like passions with ourselves, to whom the *whole* of life "means intensely and means good;" every factor counts in the great sum, is an opportunity for development and progress. Man's nature is to be purified, his passions directed, subjected to the control of reason; but the mere ascetic who subtracts from the sum of his virility does an injustice to himself, deducts from the potentialities which are a part of his means of development here.

That what began best can't end worst,
Nor what God blessed once, prove accurst.

That it is in his entirety, body, soul
and spirit, that God made man in His
own image.

Is it very fanciful to find in the three great music poems of Browning, "Abt Vogler," "Master Hugues of Saxe Gotha," and "A Toccata of Galuppi's," an indication of some sequence of teaching such as this? In the last the tone is purely sensuous; the suggestions of music are aesthetic, the pictures of the pleasure-loving old Venice, the warm sea, the balls and masks, the beauty of the women,

While you sat and played Toccatas,
stately at the clavichord.

The very technicalities are suggestive of aesthetic images, of beauty and pleasure:

What! those lesser thirds so plaintive,
sixths diminished sigh on sigh
Told them something? Those suspensions,
those solutions, Must we die?

Those commiserating sevenths—"Life
might last, we can but try!"

"Were you happy?"—"Yes."—"And are
you still as happy?" "Yes, and
you?"

"Then, more kisses." "Did I stop them,
when a million seemed so few?"
Hark! the dominant's persistence till it
must be answered to!

It is a mere body of music in which
the soul has never waked, gay, beautiful,
frivolous with the ghastly frivolity
and hollowness of decay; the very
rhythm of the lines suggestive of the
tinkling clavichord, lacking in richness
of harmony and depth.

Dust and ashes, dead and done with,
Venice spent what Venice earned;
The soul doubtless is immortal, where
a soul can be discerned.

Let us pass on to the poem of "Master Hugues of Saxe Gotha." Him too the poet questions, as he questioned Galuppi, but this time the problem is purely intellectual:

What do you mean by your mountainous
fugues?

The music of the poem is the music of attainment, the music of science, the mental exercise which the musician loves as such; whereby he strengthens and develops the more transcendental powers which call out Music's innermost soul. Browning loves the fugue, and refers to this form of composition again and again in "Charles Arison" and elsewhere. The poem is a *tour de force*. To the ordinary poet it would be almost as easy to express a problem of Euclid in verse as the construction of a fugue.

First you deliver your phrase,
Nothing propound, that I see,
Fit in itself for much blame or much
praise,
Answered no less, where no answer
needs be.
Off start the two on their ways.
Straight must a Third interpose,
Volunteer needlessly help,
In strikes a Fourth, a Fifth thrusts in
his nose.

And so on. But music, he recognizes,
should be more than mere "tiring three
boys at the bellows."

Is it your moral of life—backward and
forward each throwing his shuttle?

The question receives no adequate answer, the mere intellect does not suffice for the interpretation. The lights in the church are extinguished even while he is working out the problem; as with Hamlet, the mystery remains, the rest is silence. We must return to first principles:

Blare out the mode Palestrina,
Simplest and earliest of all.

Lastly we come to the great musical triumph of Browning's genius, "Abt Vogler," the poem in which he wrote of the heaven of music as Dante wrote of the Paradiso—as one who has been there:

'Tis we musicians know.

"If the Shakespeare of music—Beethoven—had written a poem," Lowell has said, "it would have been such as 'Abt Vogler.'"

The Abbé Vogler has been called the *bête noire* of Mozart and the guardian angel of Weber; all that he was we shall never know, for his great gift was that of extemporization, but the truth and the meaning of the poem depend little on historical association, interesting though that may be. He was a master of harmony rather than of melody, and Beethoven himself could not sleep for excitement after hearing his playing on the organ. He was a musical iconoclast, a man of aspiration in whom a divine discontent led to revolutionary attacks on the pedantry and conventionality of his age. The poem supposes him to be extemporizing on an instrument of his own invention, but, like David when he played in the presence of Saul, he is seer as well as musician.

This is the poem of *soul*, the music of spiritual transcendentalism; it is a vision of the infinite, a revelation of the supersensuous; a human soul agonizing in the passion of aspiration.

As in the other poems we have discussed, the language is adapted to the thought. Poet and musician alike speak not merely to the sense or to the intellect, but to *the all of emotion* which man holds most sacred.

The figure with which it opens marks the distinction—we have no mere aggregation of sound as in the "mountainous fugue" of Master Hugues; we have a beautiful dream-building mounting higher and higher—

Up the pinnacled glory reached and the
pride of my soul was in sight.

There is no limit to the powers of evocation which music possesses; earth and heaven meet, presences yet unborn, the future yet unnamed are there, mingling with the

Wonderful dead who have passed
thro' the body and gone.
But were back once more to breathe in
an old world worth their new.

And then he dwells on the *miracle* of music; it is apart from law, as it is apart from time and space. Fragile and ephemeral as it seems, it comes from God, with Whom is the eternal Now.

Like the other musicians we have seen, so Abt Vogler has his questionings. Is it *failure*, this good that comes and goes like music, and leaves no sign? On the contrary,

All we have willed or hoped or dreamed
of good shall exist,
Not its semblance but itself; no beauty,
nor good, nor power
Whose voice has gone forth but each
survives for the melodist
When eternity affirms the conception
of an hour. . . .

. . . I feel for the common chord again
Sliding by semitones, till I sink to the
minor—yes.

And I blunt it into a ninth and I stand
on allen ground
Surveying awhile the heights I rolled
from into the deep,

Which, hark! I have dared and done,
 for my resting place is found,
 The C major of this life; so now I will
 try to sleep.

The return to the C major, "the bold
 C major" as he elsewhere puts it,² to
 life in such a key as best befits "each
 day's most quiet need," as his poet-
 wife has called "the trivial round, the
 The Nineteenth Century and After.

common task," this is the lesson which
 the genius of Browning, poet, artist,
 and musician, has constantly affirmed.

How we Feel, hard and fast as what
 we Know,
 This were the prize and is the puzzle!
 which
 Music essays to solve.

A. Goodrich-Freer.

THE LITERARY MOVEMENT IN FRANCE.

The Editor of the "Fortnightly Review" has kindly suggested that I should give the English public, from time to time, some brief account of the movement of French literature. It is an honor of which I am deeply sensible, and my first duty must be to thank him. The task itself will be a pleasant one. It is always pleasant to draw the attention of the outside world to whatever is most worth knowing in one's own country. And I believe that this may do some good. To-day it is more necessary than it has ever been to establish friendly relations and intellectual intercourse between the two nations. No country can afford to remain outside the intellectual movement of the world. On the other hand, every day more books are printed; it is impossible—I will not say to read everything—but even to keep in touch with foreign literature without the help of some trustworthy guide. In France we have certain very popular critics who undertake to instruct us in everything that is being written and thought outside. Arvède Barine, Th. Bentzon, Augustin Filon, Teóдор de Wyzewa, stand

by to keep us posted in the latest phases in the evolution of thought, or in the book which everybody ought to read. What they do for us, I propose to do for English readers. I shall leave unnoticed the things that have no real interest, that are not representative, and add nothing to literature. I shall confine myself to the books "that matter."

Auguste Comte has said: "A chaque moment de sa durée l'humanité se compose de plus de morts que de vivants." The phrase applies equally to literature. Who would be rash enough to assert that men like Victor Hugo, Pasteur, Taine, are not more "living" at the present day than such-and-such a popular novelist? It is good to preserve the memory of these great men by books which keep their names before the public, which throw light on certain aspects of their personality and their work, and correct the opinions which are sometimes formed of them. And this may be done by the discovery of unpublished writings, given to the world for the first time, or by critical and biographical studies founded on fresh documents.

So it was a capital idea to give us this series of Victor Hugo's letters,¹ which have appeared under the title of "Lettres à la fiancée." They carry us back to the

² Compare too:
 "Clash forth life's common chord, whence list
 how there ascend
 Harmonies far and faint, till our perception
 end,—
 Reverberated notes whence we construct the
 scale
 Embracing what we know and feel we are!"
 — *Fifine*, I. xlii.

¹ Victor Hugo: "Lettres à la fiancée" (1820-1822.) 1 vol. in 8vo. (Charpentier et Fasquelle.)

poet's extreme youth; for Victor Hugo was married at twenty and engaged at seventeen. He had known as a child Adèle Foucher, the woman who was to be his wife. They played together in the garden of the Feuillantines, that garden, "*grand, profond, silencieux*," which he sang in magnificent and tender verse, and always remembered with affection, because it had sheltered the purest and most delightful of all his dreams. When friendship began to change into love, the parents considered it their duty to separate the young people. They were so very young; and Victor was hardly in a position to marry. You can't keep up an establishment on nothing but verses. This separation gave rise to the correspondence discovered among the papers of the Hugo family, and published by the poet's executors under his will.

They are charming, these letters; delightful in their freshness, their sincerity of feeling, their naïveté of expression. But they are doubly interesting, besides, because they bring a new note into the published work of Victor Hugo, and reveal a new trait in the physiognomy of the man.

Letters of Victor Hugo have been given to the world before. And, to tell the truth, the publication of this general correspondence was a disappointment. You looked in vain in those letters for any spontaneity; you never felt that you were being admitted to free intercourse with the man in his lighter moments. For the rest, they contained very few elements of interest. An industrious worker, wholly given up to the labor of production and the cultivation of his success, Victor Hugo crammed his letters with questions of literary technique and accounts of his relations with his publishers. There is a general atmosphere of "shop" about them; even leaves of his private letters reek with the smell of printer's ink.

Here, it is altogether different. If the epithet of "natural" could ever be applied to the manner of Victor Hugo it would be here. These letters give us his style in the embryonic state. It is the prose of Hugo drawn straight from the fountain head before the stream has had time to shape its bed between its lofty banks. No rhetoric to speak of. Exaggeration, emphasis, hyperbole, are of the kind common to all lovers and very young persons. In short we hardly find any literary theories and schemes of work. The lover is far too much preoccupied with some word that his sweetheart has said or forgotten to say. These are the all-absorbing themes; he has no time to think of anything else. And we reap the benefit. Everywhere else we see nothing of Victor Hugo but the author, always acting his part, always with his eye on the public, and careful as to his attitudes. In this unique collection we have at last the real Victor Hugo.

What was his ideal of happiness? This is the all-important question, and, more than most, it enlightens us as to the structure of a writer's mind, and the tendency of his work. Victor Hugo was to be the head of the romantic school. The romanticists declared war against the *bourgeoisie*, against *bourgeois* ideals, moral and artistic, against the principles on which *bourgeois* society is founded. They glorified unlawful passion and poetized disorder. They made game of family affection and duty. So it is curious to see that, in the bottom of his heart, in his sincerest and most instinctive aspirations, the great leader of romanticism was the most *bourgeois* of *bourgeois*. The highest goal of his desires was marriage. He wanted to be married young, which is the thing that every good mother of a family most desires for her son. He yearned for a hearth and a home. He wanted to lead

a domestic life, the quiet settled life that encourages comfortable affection and methodical work. So much we guess, or rather read, in quite unmistakable characters, in every one of these letters. And let no one think the worse of Victor Hugo on that account. The only conclusion I would draw is that the romantic movement has affected literature alone, and had no sort of influence on life. It was a fashion, an affectation, a certain taste for extravagance, most happily belied by the practice and example of the most famous representatives of the school.

Thus, in every respect, the "*Lettres à la fiancée*" may be regarded as distinctly one of the best of the poet's posthumous works.

Side by side with the great poet we have the great scientist. The "*Vie de Pasteur*," just brought out by M. René Vallery-Radot, is one of those books which have a place of their own in the library of all worshippers of humanity's benefactors.

This book is not written specially for the learned. It is written for everybody. In fact, the writer of it is not a learned man at all, he is what used to be called a good man, whose mission in life was to guard the memory of a great one. M. Vallery-Radot is Pasteur's son-in-law. He lived with Pasteur for many years; he was with him in his travels, in his laboratory, at his dinner-table, at his fireside. He knew all his sorrows and anxieties, his hopes and joys. He can, therefore, tell us more about him than anybody else. His one aim is to make us intimately acquainted with a man of genius. With this object he has voluntarily abstained from premeditated artistic effects and tricks of portraiture. He has aimed at giving us by a multiplicity of details, of anecdotes, of individual traits, the impression of reality. And he has suc-

ceeded. The figure of Pasteur, his ways, his humor, his tastes, are shown up with absolute clearness. And on certain points this portraiture corrects the ordinary opinion of him.

A fine man—two words describe what Pasteur was. Simplicity, modesty, disinterestedness are what we come across on every page of his life. He was the son of quite humble people, raised, step by step, through his work. That work was the patient strenuous labor that advances by slow and steady progress, and not by means of sudden intuitions and unlooked for lights. Pasteur's greatest merit was to have been an observer and experimenter of inflexible rigor. From this original power all his other faculties were developed. The hours that were not spent in the laboratory were spent in his little home—in the society of his wife and children. No time for social life; no time for the gratification of vanity. No accessories, no ostentation, no pride. And we may say that the modesty of Pasteur's private life is equally conspicuous in his own work as a scientist. In fact he always knew how to keep his proper sphere without any ambitious widening of its limits. He held that science is mistress of her own house only. He was not one of those scientists who try to decide by scientific methods questions which are not matter of science at all. In common with Claude Bernard, Pasteur declared that, alongside the domain of science, there is another over which science has no rights—the region of belief, moral and religious.

Pasteur's disinterestedness—by applying his discoveries he could have made a fortune in the most legitimate manner possible, but that he persistently refused to draw from them any pecuniary profit whatsoever—his devotion to science, his patriotism, his affection for his family, are admitted on all hands. There is one point on

* René Vallery-Radot: "*La Vie de Pasteur*," 1 vol. in 8vo. (Hachette.)

which M. Vallery-Radot successfully combats an opinion chiefly ventilated by the unfortunate adversaries of Pasteur's doctrines. They seem to have agreed in representing Pasteur as imperious, violent and dictatorial, intolerant of discussion. A well-meaning fellow, if you like, but a most disagreeable character. Nothing could be more inaccurate. M. Vallery-Radot's arguments are unanswerable, and the instances he gives are worth even more than his arguments. The fact is that Pasteur had to fight against antagonists who were very far from bringing to the discussion the same loyalty as he, and whose methods of warfare were not always polite. The struggles he had to go through are to-day as good as forgotten in the radiance of his fame. We are apt to imagine that the name of Pasteur was always spoken with the same reverence as now. By no means. Each fresh discovery of his provoked a storm of opposition, protest and contradiction, sometimes of outrage, insult and calumny. At each new conquest he had to face ignorance, prejudice, conservatism, bad faith. Bad faith was especially irritating to him. It was repugnant to his natural straightforwardness and sincerity. He could neither understand nor tolerate it for a moment. Hence the impetuosity and harshness that he sometimes displayed in discussion. It was not in the least on his own account, for his own interest, or his own glory; he became heated only in the defence of truth, and when it was all over he was the first to forget the vivacity of the fray. He cherished no bitterness against his liveliest opponents. There was no kindness or service that he would not have done to his deadliest enemy.

It often happens in men whose genius most compels our admiration, that the character is by no means on a level with the intellect. It was not so with

Pasteur. The power of his intellect was one with the beauty of his soul. It is good to dwell on such an instance of the perfect union of mind and heart; and therefore there is nobody who will not be the better for reading this "*Vie de Pasteur*." La Bruyère has said, "*Quand un livre vous élève l'esprit, n'en demandez davantage; il est bon et fait de main d'ouvrier*." We might safely apply this test to the work of M. Vallery-Radot.

The intellectual movement which has taken place in France during the last thirty years may be said to have been started by two writers—Ernest Rénan and Hippolyte Taine. Contemporary literature is so deeply saturated with their thought that it is peculiarly difficult to speak of them to-day. We are still too near them, still too subject to their influence. With the most conscientious efforts we cannot attain to a perfect impartiality. Thus, for instance, the book which M. G. Séailly a few years ago devoted to Ernest Rénan, was, we may say, unnecessarily severe. We have now before us M. Victor Giraud's study of Hippolyte Taine.^{*} It is the work of an enthusiastic admirer. Not that we complain of that. It is better to show the lovely side of genius than to labor sordidly at discovering its defects. This book is the first complete study of Taine's work which has appeared in this country. The same year has seen the publication of Barzolotti's book, translated from Italian into French, and there could be no better opportunity for a Frenchman to bring out his own study of this most virile of French philosophers.

For Taine was essentially, and before all things, a philosopher. Whether he wrote as a controversialist, a humorist, a traveller, a critic, a historian, a student of art and literature, whatever

^{*} Victor Giraud: "*Hippolyte Taine*." 1 vol. 8vo. (Hachette.)

subject he took up he treated from the philosophic standpoint. Not one of his contemporaries possessed in the same degree the synthetic spirit. It is this power of generalization and condensation that gives such thorough-going unity and such enormous significance to his work.

Any detailed account of Taine's ideas would be superfluous. They are matter of general knowledge. The interesting thing is to see how far his influence has extended, what classes it has affected, and how long it has lasted. It was most strongly felt, as M. Giraud demonstrates in a very ingenious manner by the generation of thinkers who came immediately before his own. Thus even those disciples of Cousin who remained most faithful to idealism were nevertheless compelled to modify their methods, and introduce into them a dialectical rigor which is nowhere to be found in the oratorical utterances of their master. Thus Sainte Beuve, who was much struck by Taine's theories, gained by their help a clearer vision of the ideas that he himself had first started. When in his book, "*Port Royal*," he had talked about species of intelligence, and compared criticism to natural history, he probably thought he was only indulging in metaphor and employing an ingenious and picturesque phrase. But what for him was nothing but a metaphor, was for Taine quite literally a method.

It is with the generation of literary "realists" that Taine found himself in most perfect intellectual sympathy. He took the ideas, which as yet in a chaotic state, inspired the work of men like Flaubert, Lecomte de Lisle and Alexandre Dumas *filis*, and made of them a system. Thus he gave them more force in giving them more cohesion. He was the incarnation of the realistic spirit.

The first result was a complete revolution in criticism. After the appear-

ance of his "*Essais*" and his "*Histoire de la littérature anglaise*," some of Taine's theories may have been disputed, but no French critic has followed his art without having recourse to Taine's method. To find out the dominant faculty of a writer, and study its development under the three-fold influence of the race, the milieu and the age, has become the usual procedure, followed even in school-manuals. Not less powerful has been Taine's influence on the development of the novel. Read again the famous article on Balzac, contained in the "*Essais de critique et d'histoire*," you will find in it the whole aesthetic of the naturalist school of fiction. To tell the truth, its members have abandoned themselves to excesses which Taine would have indignantly repudiated. He would have been shocked to see these descendants of his, and a little embarrassed in acknowledging his paternity. Certainly he would not have recognized any likeness to himself. All the same they were undoubtedly his children.

Finally, the generation which began writing about the year 1880 was profoundly saturated with the ideas of Taine. M. Paul Bourget might most justly describe himself as a disciple when he published his "*Essais de psychologie contemporaine*." And M. Maurice Barrés introduced into his "*Déracinés*" an interesting chapter on what was a sort of pious pilgrimage to Taine's sepulchre.

On the other hand, in the last few years has there not been a reaction against Taine's theories? It was inevitable. We have been forced to widen the doctrine, to escape from the tyranny of his narrow conception of determinism. Criticism has been obliged to protect the rights of the individual. Fiction shows a tendency to be less documentary, to be fiction pure and simple. No matter; the man, who for thirty years was the strongest influ-

ence dominating the intellect of France, will take his place (and that no small and insignificant one) in the history of thought.

From Taine to M. Paul Bourget is an easy transition, the transition from master to disciple. It is a long time since M. Bourget has given us any book at all approaching this last novel, "Le Fantôme."⁴ It carries us back to the brilliant days of "André Cornélis" and the "Disciple." It displays the same analytic subtlety, with more maturity of reflection and a greater moral depth.

The subject is more than ordinarily bold, not to say unpleasant; and to handle it properly required the steady hand and delicate touch of the consummate artist. You may remember the disgusting calumny which his worst enemies brought against Molière. They accused him of nothing more nor less than marrying his own daughter. Some piece of blundering criticism gave rise to the absurd charge. It is a somewhat analogous situation that M. Bourget has been bold enough to handle in the "Fantôme."

A young man called Malclerc was at one time the lover of a society woman called Antoinette. Antoinette died. Malclerc afterwards meets Antoinette's daughter, Eveline (needless to say Malclerc is Eveline's father). He is attracted towards her by some secret charm. He marries her. He has no sooner married her than he begins to be haunted by the memory of the dead woman. The memory fast becomes an obsession. He has, as it were, the *sensation de l'inceste*. It at once becomes intolerable to him. He wants to kill himself. Malclerc's confession takes up a large part of the work, almost the half of it. The author has succeeded in rendering this inner drama with remarkable intensity. There remains one

supremely delicate question. Is Eveline to be made to realize the situation? She arrives, by a series of inductions, at divination, comprehension, knowledge. She has an illness, brought on by the excess of her emotions. Afterwards she forgives him. The two take up their life again together.

For my part I confess I have but one criticism to make on this novel. It relates to the dénouement. It is too painful. It is a shock to know that between Malclerc and his wife there will always come the memory of this secret. There are other endings that would have been less unpleasant, without being less logical. The novelist could have made Eveline die. Is it not part of the human tragedy that the innocent must suffer for the guilty? Or Eveline could have remained, as it were, "outside" the drama, ignorant of her husband's secret. If he had been more of a man, with a stronger idea of duty, he would have kept his suffering to himself; he would have understood that, granted the situation that he alone was responsible for, his duty was to bear its disastrous consequences alone. But Malclerc is one of those heroes of whom M. Bourget used to be so fond, one of those subtle, intellectual, slightly morbid natures who lack this master quality of a strong will.

With all these reservations the "Fantôme" remains a book that we can hardly read without a pang, one in which M. Bourget, with the wonderful insight of the psychologist, has carried to perfection his art of dissecting the modern soul.

The novel of M.M. Paul and Victor Marguerite, "Les Tronçons du Glaive,"⁵ is of a totally different kind and possibly written for a different class of readers. The subject has a special interest for French people since it is

⁴ Paul Bourget: "Le Fantôme." 1 vol. in 12mo. (Plon.)

⁵ Paul et Victor Marguerite: "Les Tronçons du Glaive." 1 vol. in 12mo. (Plon.)

taken from one of the decisive epochs of our national life. For this reason I shall not dwell long upon it here. But I must draw attention to the praiseworthy effort of the two brothers to do justice to the somewhat lengthy business they have undertaken. Their idea is to set forth in a work truly imposing in its size and manner the events which began with foreign war in 1870 and ended in civil war in 1871. There could hardly be a more dismal subject, and the novelists have, at any rate, approached it with becoming gravity. The work will be complete in three volumes. We have got to the second. It relates the effort made by France to defend her invaded territory, to reconstitute her army, to re-unite the "tronçons du glaive." A fine, generous spirit breathes through the book. The descriptions of battles and other military episodes give a certain distinc-

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tion to its pages. Certain silhouettes of generals and politicians are quite vividly drawn. The documentary part of it is done with great care and scrupulous impartiality. The book is a new form of the historical novel from which the modern spirit demands a careful accuracy and a precision of detail unknown in the gay times of Hugo, de Vigny and Dumas père.

Dramatic literature must be passed unnoticed. It will form the subject of another article. Volumes of verse worth reading out of their own country are rare at any time. And there are many popular books which are hardly worth while mentioning, since, though we cannot deny them a certain talent, they display no real originality, so I think I shall have said all that is essential when I add that France, in common with other European nations, still continues to enjoy "Quo Vadis."

Réné Doumic.

OASIS.

Let them go by—the heats, the doubts, the strife;
I can sit here and care not for them now,
Dreaming beside the glimmering wave of life
Once more—I know not how.

There is a murmur in my heart; I hear
Faint—oh! so faint—some air I used to sing;
It stirs my sense; and odors dim and dear
The meadow breezes bring.

Just this way did the quiet twilights fade
Over the fields and happy homes of men,
While one bird sang as now, piercing the shade.
Long since—I know not when.

Edmond Biard.

CHARLOTTE YONGE AS A CHRONICLER.

It was only the other day that Charlotte Yonge was laid to rest at Hursley in Hampshire, near the cross of John Keble, her guide and her intimate friend. There are probably few people born between 1845 and 1865 who did not leave a little piece of their hearts in her quiet grave. What eager girl of the 'seventies did not mould herself upon Ethel in "The Daisy Chain," with her untidy skirts and her visions of reforming Cocksmeer? Who has not thrilled over the Doubts of Norman at Oxford? And which of us that happened to have an ailment in that period did not try to give the sweet if impossible smile of Margaret May upon her sofa. Robert Browning says that "if you die, there's the dying Alexander;" but who would not much rather have died like Guy Morville, the heir of Redclyffe. We may have been the greater prigs for doing so, and self-examination can be a morbid habit. And yet is it more unwholesome than the self-analysis and the fear of being absurd that possesses the present generation? It is, at all events, the outcome of moral enthusiasm, not of rather aimless criticism; and the annals of commonplace virtue are not more tedious than the annals of commonplace vice. Miss Yonge is as lengthy as you choose, but what can be lengthier than a modern realistic novel?

In limited space it is impossible to do justice to all her efforts. Perhaps her historical stories and studies are the most irreproachable of these. When she gets to other centuries than her own she is freer from the trammels of duty and moralizing, and is able to put her particular tenets into fancy dress. But her domestic chronicles best em-

body herself. All that was original in her is there, and it is to them that this review will confine itself.

Charlotte Yonge's chief gift is not a literary one; it is rather a moral gift—the faculty of intimacy. This it was, perhaps, which endeared her to more than one distinguished mind. In "the Life of Tennyson," Mr. Palgrave records how one night, in a Devonshire inn, he shared a room with him, and how the poet lay in his bed with a candle persistently reading a book of Miss Yonge's, which he had already taken out by day "at every disengaged moment, while rambling over the moor." "I see land!" cried Tennyson at last. "Mr. — is going to be confirmed." It is well-known, too, how Morris and the Pre-Raphaelites read and re-read "The Heir of Redclyffe," the novel to which we find it most difficult to return. There are, of course, obvious reasons outside her characters to account for their taste. Charlotte Yonge was the child of the Tractarian School, without any of its extravagances, and her tone of symbolism was congenial to the Brotherhood; so were the books that were influencing her—"Sintram" and the "Morte d'Arthur." And however different was her treatment of material, her range of subjects was analogous to theirs, and varied between historical romance and the homeliest themes. But she could hardly have affected them as she did had it not been for her deep, if narrow, moral insight and her faithful minuteness of description. Her work, as a recent critic¹ has cleverly pointed out, was in her own little province, the result of Wordsworth.

¹ "Charlotte Yonge," by Ethel Earl, "The Pilot," March 30, 1901.

The secret of Charlotte Yonge's strength lies in this; she plucks the heart out of the obvious—she evokes the familiar. No one can more potently stir the associations that recall our childhood's excitements; the emotions of lessons; the dual life of inner visions and walks with the governess; the very smell of a school-treat at Christmas; the hissing of the tea-urn which brought us our evening liberty. "The Daisy Chain" is an epic—the "Iliad" of the schoolroom—and should hold its place as a moral classic.

But if we are to make a preposterous analogy, Miss Yonge is, on the whole, more like Zola than Homer in her methods. Both she and the French novelist take an enormous canvas and, with prodigious industry, work out the experience of each of their characters. The Rougon-Macquarts are almost as numerous as the Mays, or the Pillars of the House, and, like them, they recur through an endless series of volumes.

Both writers have the same courage in the face of tediousness, and the same faults—overgrown conscience and prolixity. Their themes, it must be owned, are very different. Miss Yonge is at her best when she describes youth. The life of girlhood between twelve and twenty-five lies open to her with its joys and struggles, and so does every unimportant, all-important detail of daily existence in a country neighborhood. What, for instance, can be more arresting—what can carry us more directly into the centre of things—than the opening of "The Daisy Chain?"

"Miss Winter, are you busy? Do you want this afternoon? Can you take a good long walk?"

"Ethel, my dear, how often have I told you of your impetuosity—you have forgotten."

"Very well"—with an impatient twist—"I beg your pardon. Good

morning, Miss Winter," said a thin, lank, angular, sallow girl just fifteen.

Here is the gift of intimacy; a something that puts us in touch with her people at once. And she knows in their essence all the little things that affect family life, even to the frictions that exist, without fault on any side, between differing temperaments in the same circle. That is why we do not so much read her stories as live next door to her characters, embracing all the worry and tedium as well as the pleasure which identification with a family must mean. When the Underwoods and Merryfields have the measles we know exactly which one is the worst and want to go and inquire after them. When the Pillars of the House give a party on about eighteenpence and entertain the County on that modest sum (Miss Yonge has a discreet partiality for orthodox lords), we find ourselves growing needlessly harassed lest the home-made cakes should be too heavy; and when (in "The Clever Woman of the Family") Ermine Williams, the Absolute Idea of the Invalid, puts on her "Nürnberg horn brooch" to welcome the lover she had counted as dead, we are consumed with desire to see what she looked like. Or take "Countess Kate," perhaps the most flawless of her domestic stories. How well we know the ardent, aggravating, lovable, grandiloquent little girl, with her private heroics, her awkwardness in public, her unsatisfied heart. And Rachel, too, the infallible, "the Clever Woman" of a small set, who made a "mission" of her ladylike cousin's family, to the destruction of their comfort, and in due time landed herself in a happy marriage with a soldier of iron will. These and a dozen more come back to our mind like well-remembered visitors. Indeed, if we search Miss Yonge's many volumes, we shall find there the germs of most of the wom-

en's characters that we come across in the world; it is the circumscribed development she gives them, apart from the accidents of time and fashion that make them often seem remote from our knowledge. There is at least no lack of depth in Charlotte Yonge. If we want the deeper aspects of family experience—the things all feel and seldom formulate—no one is better at suggesting them. When scarlet fever seized the delicate boy of the May family, Ethel and her father felt grave forebodings.

Ethel silently and rapidly moved about, dreading to give an interval for tremblings of heart. Five years of family prosperity had passed, and there had been that insensible feeling of peace and immunity from care which is strange to look back upon when one hour has drifted from smooth water to turbid currents. There was a sort of awe in seeing the mysterious gates of sorrow again unclosed.

In work, in character-drawing, such as all this, there is the saving grace, the steady force of reality. From the heart it comes; to the heart it goes. And, in so far, it will retain its vital quality.

It is when Miss Yonge leaves her set limits that truth forsakes her. She is not an artist; the æsthetic sense is outside her and generally counts as a danger in her scheme of existence. Mr. Rivers, in "The Daisy Chain"—who possesses a Claude and a portfolio of engravings from Raphael, who likes "a show set of peasants in rustic cottages," and puts "all that offends the eye out of the way"—has, according to Dr. May, "cultivated his taste till it is getting to be a disease." And Cherry Underwood's picture painted to the glory of heaven, without much knowledge of drawing, was at once accepted by the Academy, and must have been a pretty bad specimen. None, indeed, of her artists are happy in their mind

when once 'outside the lych-gate of their church. But, after all, bad art for the glory of heaven is no worse than bad art for art's sake—the ideal of modern stories—and has the advantage of possessing a practical motive which is applicable to other forms of activity. It must be owned, though, that Miss Yonge carries that motive pretty far. Sports, games even, do not escape. Croquet is frequently a matter for prayer; for or against, according as the croquet-player is indolent by temperament or too much absorbed in the game. Her favorite lady in "The Clever Woman of the Family" only yields to it gradually because she long believed it to be the monopoly of fast officers and their set. And bicycles (touchingly introduced into her last volume, "Modern Broods") are only allowed because they can be ridden in the service of the Church. "Magdalen (runs the story) had, however, decided on granting the bicycles. She had found plenty of use for her own, for it was possible, with prudent use of it, avoiding the worst parts of the road, to be at early celebration at St. Andrews, and get to the Sunday School at Arnscombe afterwards."

It is impossible to imagine many men reading Miss Yonge. There is an intemperate tameness about her—at once her charm and her defect—which forbids our associating mankind with her. It would be as if we dreamed of them taking high tea *in perpetuo*. Her masculine portraits are generally impossible. She can manage a father or a colonial bishop, or even a widower clergyman. Dr. May is the real hero of "The Daisy Chain" and "The Trial;" and the Diocesan in the last story, or blind Mr. Clare in "The Clever Woman of the Family" can mildly hold their own. But her lovers, clerical and military and, worse still, her man of the world! Her conception of the latter is embod-

led in Phillip Morville, who frequently stays with a lord in a gay country-house, and says "Encore?" when the visitors' bell rings a second time in the villa of his untitled uncle; or again, in Dr. May's utterance when he found the sitting-room "pervaded with an odor of nutmeg and port-wine," while "a kettle, a decanter and empty tumblers told tales"—of nothing worse than Tom's attempt to cure his younger brother's cold. "Cold," says the Doctor, "is always the excuse. But, another time, don't teach your brother to make this place like a fast man's rooms."

Miss Yonge prefers the Church or the Army as a calling for her favorites, but she allows other avocations. That Pillar of the House who became the editor of a high-toned newspaper, besides squires, doctors, sailors, the weary politician and an emigrant farmer or two, come across our memory as we write. But as all of them are bent on devoting their professions to the cause of the Anglican Church, their talk is, so to speak, reduced to a common denominator. Extreme heartiness was her favorite method of producing a manly note in conversation; and rather outlandish ejaculations, such as "Aye!" "Ha!" "Nay!" "What say you?" are frequent in the mouths of the men in her books. They are not much more successful in feeling than in speech. When Leonard Ward is condemned to death for a murder of which he is innocent, he is resigned, even pleased to be hanged, because he had once, unpunished, thrown a stone (which did not hit) at his elder brother for telling him the drawing-room was untidy. Guy Morville, the heir of Redclyffe, cures himself of the Redclyffe temper by playing the "Harmonious Blacksmith" whenever he is impatient—though the amount of time he must have wasted in running to and from the piano is

incalculable. Or, if we want a Bacchanalia of mildness, let us look in upon the proceedings on Phillip Morville's wedding-day—the crown of a long and faithful though clandestine love.

It was late before he appeared at all, and when he came down there was nothing so plainly written on his face as headache. It was so severe that the most merciful thing was to send him to lie on the sofa in the drawing-room. Amabel said she would fetch him some camphor, and disappeared, while Laura (the bride) sat still with her forced composure. Her father fidgeted, only restrained by her presence from expressing his fears that Phillip was too unwell for the marriage to take place to-day, and Charles talked cheerfully of the great improvement in his general health. . . . At the last moment she (Amabel) went to warn Phillip it was time to go, if he meant to walk to church alone, the best thing for his head.

It should perhaps be mentioned that the headache came from remorse, and had already lasted eighteen months. There should be a separate treatise on Miss Yonge's treatment of illness, as the maladies in her novels, whether proceeding from fire or fever, whether from shrunken tendons or overwork, are alike only cured by joy, repentance or some other well-regulated feeling. But these, like Phillip's remorse, belong to the machinery of her tales. She is happily too sensible a woman to make for a plot as a rule. When she does so it is an anomaly, whether in "The Trial," where for three years the escaped villain keeps in his pocket the only document that can inculpate him; or in "The Clever Woman of the Family," where the deceptions practised by the robber and forger are such as a baby-thief would not attempt. In that book, too, so that no fault may be left unwarned in her works, she conscientiously allows Bessie Keith

the mildest of married flirtations with Mr. Carleton, formerly rejected by her. But where it reaches its apex (we cannot call it a crisis) she has the misfortune to be upon a croquet-lawn. In her guilty excitement and desire to reach her relations she trips over a hoop, falls, and dies a few hours afterwards from an internal injury, the effect of the accident. The culprit gives up fishing in the agony of his regret and takes to a serious profession, much to the pleasure of his mamma. Her uncle reads the burial-service, and all the other clergymen and officers, with their wives and nieces, live rather happily ever afterwards.

When we consider episodes such as these, we cannot be surprised that the rising generation for the most part refuse to read Charlotte Yonge—except for her historical stories. The smallness of her experience, or rather (for that might apply to Miss Austen) of the results of her experience put them off her track. She is never perfect outside the hearth, and the hearth is not very popular just now. No more is the British Gentlewoman, but if ever a temple were built for her Miss Yonge should figure as its goddess. The young people brought up on Stevenson and Rudyard Kipling demand more color and movement than she can give them. And yet in her last book she has tried hard to put herself in touch with them and has made pathetic concessions. Pneumatic tires are adapted to self-sacrifice. The girl who longs for Girton is allowed to go to Oxford, and finds the womanly daughter and modest niece of an Anglican lord as her fellow students; Dolores, the author's favorite maiden, gives lectures on electricity and founds a reading-settlement. But it is no good. The girls of to-day cannot *see themselves* in Miss Yonge, and that is their chief demand from literature; for young people are not imaginative. Besides, this is a

critical age. "I cannot read Miss Yonge," said a little girl to me the other day; "she makes such long conversations, and thinks everything she talks of is the same; it doesn't seem to matter to her if it's a little dog, or self-denial, or a young girl, or a leaf." It is always easier for youth to detect faults than virtues.

And what have people in their teens in the place of Charlotte Yonge? The natural answer seems to be: "Mrs. Humphry Ward." She, too, writes the serious family story, unexceptionable in tone and dealing with religious problems. She, too, depicts the spiritual trials of clergymen and young women. She paints the earnest priest who goes out of the church, Miss Yonge the earnest priest who stays in it—each according to their generation; and Norman May is at least as living as Robert Elsmere. But when we come to women it is the elder author who bears off the palm. Will Marcella with her humanitarian visions, her beauty, her diamonds, and her influence in society, live as long as dowdy, noble Ethel with her merely Christian scheme? or has the fast, brilliant, free-thinking heroine of "Helbeck of Bannisdale," the vitality of Angela Underwood, half-flirt, half-saint, with her hoyden tricks, her taste for Ritualism, and her hidden capacities for devotion? In the sum of her work, too, Miss Yonge gains the prize; her books live for us and remain in our hearts as Mrs. Ward's hardly will, in spite of the fact that the author of "Marcella" treats of people and subjects much more congenial to us than those of "The Heir of Redclyffe." For when we come to compare the ground that both ladies cover—when we are confronted by Mrs. Ward's vast range of themes, temporal and spiritual, the pen halts and the analogy stops.

The reason why Miss Yonge wears is not far to seek. Her experience is

limited, but it is deep, it is first-hand. She has chosen a narrow path. But all that she describes on that path is described from her own observation. She is herself; unconscious, spontaneous and human. The people she evokes are no sudden creations; they have always been in her affections. Nevertheless, it is natural that, in spite of her virtues, she should be neglected, while the novels of Mrs. Ward are devoured by an audience whose needs she represents, whose dialect she talks.

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And yet it is a misfortune. Miss Yonge could supply this generation with many of the qualities it lacks. Unselfishness and reverence are virtues none too common, and the wider the channel they flow in the better are they worth having. Charlotte Yonge appeals to enduring feelings, not to fleeting emotions; and, when all is said, a belief in the possibility of doing good is better than the belief that no good can be done.

Edith Sichel.

THE LITERATURE OF FAILURE.

As an addition to the two volumes of her *Journal* Marie Bashkirtseff's "Further Memoirs" are scarcely important, but they are acceptable. The repetition of the *Journal* is not dull, and the curious correspondence between her and Guy de Maupassant is a gain. So are the illustrations which show us her studio and the faces of some of her friends. One is glad that this second channel has been made for Marie Bashkirtseff's uncontained spirit to flow into the sight of forgetful men. She so desired to impress the world, and was so tortured by her unmanageable genius and her physical deafness, that one makes way for her with an anxious readiness, even while it is plain that she remains what she was. But then she was so much; and whatever may be said about her poignant chatter and profuse anguishes, they were real enough to hasten her death at twenty-four. There is not much reasoning with nerves and temperament; and as for "egomania," was she not shut up with a mirror all her life? Her journals show how she was driven to her own company by conventions

that galled her, and by people who could not understand her. "What I long for is freedom of going about alone, of coming and going, of sitting on the seats in the Tuilleries, and especially in the Luxembourg, of stopping and looking at the artistic shops, of entering the churches and museums, of walking about the streets all night—that's what I long for; and that's the freedom without which one can't become a real artist. . . . Curse it all; it is this that makes me gnash my teeth to think I am a woman. . . . And when it comes to Italy and Rome? The idea of going to see ruins in a landau!" But to quote singly is to belittle, almost to ridicule, her sorrows. Their total and her temperament, must be seen and weighed. Here one can only fly for rectification to a passage like this (she is speaking of her ambitious picture, "The Holy Woman"): "I feel myself capable of everything. It is only that if I am ill. . . . I will pray to God every day to save me from that. Shall my hands be powerless to express what my head commands? Surely not! Ah, God! I fall upon my

knees and beg Thee not to oppose this happiness. In all humility, prostrated in the dust I beg Thee to, not even to help me, but only to allow me to work without too many obstacles." Between these moods what ingenuities of misgiving, tangents of hope, and accidents of joy! We cannot think lightly of such a record. It belongs to a literature of failure which may proudly bear that name since it is a literature of charm and inspiration to those who wisely use it. What do we mean by success and failure? By success is commonly meant success in certain directions, and by failure is meant failure in certain directions. But when our eyes fall on the compass we learn how many good courses we do not steer, and how many good cargoes we do not carry. And then we learn to cherish the stories of those who timidly sailed the narrow seas, or never put to sea at all, being wrecked at their moorings, where they had spent their hour in choosing a too costly freight. And this homage is not merely what ought to be, but what is. Men long ago found out that success is not all success, but is more usually a fruit forced at the expense of stem and leafage. And so they have turned, sooner or later, to the finely organized men and women who have had to spread their hands and exclaim:

Well now I doe plainly see
This world and I shall ne'er agree.

To such the word failure can be applied only in a prepared and guarded sense. But they have all been men who have declined to make the quick and customary terms with life; who insisted on a wide survey and a lengthy debate; and who, preferring honest perplexity to a violent solution, have year by year diluted their careers in that of the universe. They have been men of all

temperaments, and their behaviors have been various as their blood. They have composed themselves like Horace, and hit back like Byron; they have been wise like Montaigne, and dangerous like Heine; and they have fretted like Hazlitt, and kept doves like Edward FitzGerald; they have striven like Matthew Arnold and lost heart like Amiel; they have lived in the woods like Thoreau, and in cities like Mark Rutherford; they have sat still like Emily Brontë, and fluttered broken wings like Marie Bashkirtseff. But they have all had leisure to study life and books and themselves, and to be touched to fine, if wayward issues. They have by choice or compulsion been tasters of life, connoisseurs of happiness. They have carried our own moods further than we have done, so that we are charmed and touched by the portrayal of our obscurer selves.

Reading their books we are sentimental by proxy, and despise money while making it. We call for jugs of wine in the wilderness, and hurry home to work. These specialists in indecision have not thought, read and kept journals without storing up the very nutriment we want in our own briefer, meaner moments of oppression. We do not think that Matthew Arnold was happy in saying that the thoughts which have positive truth and value are "precisely thoughts which counteract the vague aspiration and undeterminate desire possessing Amiel, and filling his Journal; they are thoughts insisting on the need of limit, the feasibility of performance." Of course; but then the thoughts insisting on the need of limit and the feasibility of performance commonly come to us of ourselves; they are knocked into us by experience; they are sent hurtling round our youthful heads by Dr. Smiles. Was it, then, necessary to set Goethe against Amiel with his

Wer Grosses will muss sich zusammen-
raffen,
In der Beschränkung zeigt sich erst
der Meister.

"He who will do great things must pull himself together; it is in working within limits that the master comes out." Again, of course. It is just because one lives, more or less faithfully, by such rules that the strung bow needs to be unbended over a book like Amiel's with its eternally interesting variants and analysis of the question "What is the good?" with its long gropings after, and sudden findings of, consolation. This Geneva professor, who was so paralyzed by the whole of knowledge that he could not apply himself to a part, whose "malady of the ideal" only allowed him to browse on undefined pastures, was at least faithful to his defeated aspirations, and had his reward. What poignant reliefs he found! Under August 3, 1856, he writes:

"A delightful Sunday afternoon at Pressy. Returned late, under a great sky magnificently starred, with summer lightning playing from a point behind Jura. Drunk with poetry, and overwhelmed with sensation after sensation, I came back slowly, blessing the God of life, and plunged in the joy of the infinite. One thing only I lacked, a soul with whom to share it all,—for emotion and enthusiasm overflowed like water from a full cup. The milky way, the great black poplars, the ripple of the waves, the shooting stars, distant songs, the lamp-lit town, all spoke to me in the language of poetry. . . . What is happiness if it is not this plenitude of existence, this close union with the universal and divine life? I have been happy a whole half-day, and I have been brooding over my joy, steeping myself in it to the very depths of consciousness."

"Every landscape is a mood," says a

Amiel, and his *Journal* is full of such. To his critical passages Matthew Arnold does full justice. But in an essay which we have always thought a curiously cold appreciation he suggests that these are the only valuable ingredients in Amiel's self-revelation; and he even proposes that Mrs. Humphry Ward, as the translator of the *Journal*, should collect whatever passages are left in which Amiel "exercises his true vocation of critic." This selection of a vocation for Amiel after he had worn out his life in trying to find one—the failure of which search was his tragedy—strikes us as a very free, facile act. But Arnold goes further, and lectures Amiel retrospectively. "Probably the literary criticism which he did so well, and for which he shows a true vocation, gave him, nevertheless, but little pleasure, because he did it fragmentarily and by fits and starts. To do it thoroughly, to make his fragments into wholes, to fit them for coming before the public, composition, with its toils and habits, was necessary. Toils and limits composition indeed has; yet all composition is a kind of creation; creation gives, as I have already said, pleasure and, when successful and sustained, more than pleasure—joy. Amiel, had he tried the experiment with literary criticism, where lay his true vocation, would have found it so." To those who have read, and lived with, Amiel's *Journal*, this prescription of "composition with its toils and habits" must seem like a begging of the question. The whole sad point is that Amiel was incapable of deeming it worth while to assume these toils and habits. He produced his criticism in the only way he could produce it, by way of solace. He read for the refreshment of his soul, and sometimes noted the result. As for divorcing his critical passages from the *Journal* as a whole it would be a barbarity. Their

tone and quality and their very *raison d'être* are born of his general self-communings. It might be mechanically possible to carry out the detachment, but the result would be as deplorable as if the same thing were attempted with FitzGerald's Letters, where, however, the mechanical possibility does not exist. We might quote passage after passage from the Journal in which it would be clear that the color and poignancy of Amiel's criticism of books depends on our understanding of the hunger which led him to read those books at all.

We are not arguing that Amiel's is a tonic book; but it is a book which may be a tonic to those who will have it so. Its loyalty, its humility and its sweetness are past expression. And with all its divagations it is a consistent whole, revealing from its first page to its last the Amiel whose one success is this record of his failure. The same consistency is found in Marie Bashkirtseff's journals, and, assuredly, in Edward FitzGerald's Letters. To speak of FitzGerald as of a man who only half fulfilled himself, seems to us ingrate and implous; nor do we know how any one can so speak of him who has read the Letters through, following him year by year with sympathy. If by any effort which he did not make FitzGerald could have left us a finer legacy than the letters which he wrote from Woodbridge to his friends, then, doubtless, he fell short of his powers. But who can prove this? And if it were so, shall we even mention this "if" in the presence of the known good he has left us? For profit and delight the Letters are exquisite; let us rejoice that we were born to read them. We would rather dwell on the opulence of such lives as Amiel's and FitzGerald's than on their incompleteness, especially when we find that the sense of incompleteness felt by themselves has accented and humanized all their work.

The men and women of whom we speak are not pattern beings, but fountains of suggestion from which to drink with discreet and grateful lips. We do not come to them to seek direction, but to match and understand our moods, not to adopt experiences, but to observe results. It is one of the functions of literature to relieve us of sentiments which are ours, but in us are not vital or permanent. We go, say to Byron, and find them vital and permanent in him. We roll his words on our tongue—words, it may be, as little profitable, yet in turn as sincere and in all of us as recurrent as these:

Ecclesiastes said that all is vanity—
Most modern preachers say the same
or show it
By their examples of true Christianity;
In short, all know, or very soon may
know it;
And in this scene of all-confessed in-
anity,
By saint, by sage, by preacher, and
by poet,
Must I restrain me through the fear of
strife,
From holding up the Nothingness of
life?

An indulgence from which we pass, satisfied, to to-day's task of upholding the somethingness of life.

The literature of failure is helpful because it is an inventory of life made by lookers-on, rather than by groove-bound actors. It shows life more various and rhythmical than we see it in the street. If in our enjoyment of such literature we seem to reap where we have not sowed, and gather where we have not strawed, there is yet no self-reproach. That vanishes with the conviction that, after all, lives like Amiel's or Marie Bashkirtseff's or Mark Ruthenford's have satisfactions all their own—brimming moments, blessed releases, sudden ineffable calms, not to count a host of ministering whims and

vanities. Marie Bashkirtseff, who demanded deathless fame, was pleased to find that she had set a fashion in fichus; and, in the same evening in which she wrote "I no longer see the necessity of anything at all. . . . I am weary before I have done anything," she went to a party to receive compliments in "black dress, velvet corsage *décolleté*, a bit of black tulle on the shoulders, and violets. . . . Massenet played and sang. . . . The Marshal took me in to supper." She thinks Bastien-Lepage pleases her; next day, not. "But if I thought no more of him,

of whom should I think? For I tell you this, I must always have something, no matter what, for the stories that I tell myself in a whisper to send myself to sleep at night."

"No matter what." It is indeed hard to evade one's share of happiness and sleep. These tortured spirits, if we will call them such, doubtless receive theirs one way and we ours another. Theirs a quick, irregular measure; ours slow and certain. But for them, as for us, it is the way of every hurt to bring its healing, and of every storm to rock itself to rest.

The Academy.

UPWARDS.

Against the blue the leaves lie green
With spikes of pink white flowers between—
Against the blue the birches gleam—
A lace of twigs show here and there—
Ah! all is spring against the blue,
With God and sunlight everywhere!

Across the blue is calm warm sky
The stately red legged storks float by—
And sun-glint pigeons wheel on high—
Great insects drone in scented air—
All springtime drifts across the blue
With God and fragrance everywhere!

Up to the blue there wafts a sigh
The young leaves stir as it sweeps by
And hometurned swallows cease to cry—
"Hush!" saith the spring "It is a prayer
That goes to God beyond the blue."
Only the sad can enter there.

Pall Mall Magazine.

Annie Linden.

A LONDONER'S LOG-BOOK.

I.

Like Mr. Matthew Arnold, I am a "feeble unit" of the Great Middle Class and I dwell among my own people. The district of Suburbia in which stress of financial weather has compelled me to seek anchorage is inhabited exclusively by the Middle Class. Our only link with the much-loved aristocracy of our native land is the Dowager Lady Farringford who lives in one of the large houses in Stucco Gardens. It is a rather rusty link, for Lady Farringford's (like the owl's in Gray's "Elegy") is an "ancient solitary reign." She must be getting on in years, for it will be remembered that she once met Lothair at dinner at Mr. Putney Giles's—she, at any rate, has not forgotten it—but her natural force is not abated, and her social sway is still acknowledged by the inhabitants of Stucco Square, Stucco Street and Upper and Lower Stucco Place. As to the solitariness of her reign, she probably likes it, feeling (with John Wesley) that there is "no hurt," but rather great advantage, in "an authority which I exercise solely, with no colleagues therein." The appearance of a second coronet in the Gardens would seriously disturb Lady Farringford's equanimity. By destroying her solitariness, it would shake her authority. But at present she has to encounter no rival titles more formidable than those of Lady Le Draughte (widow of the famous accoucheur Sir Grosvenor le Draughte); an ex-Lady Mayoress; and the derelict wife of a K.C.I.E.

Turning from the summit to the base of the social edifice, I note that our parish contains no poor, unless the dependent classes who grow parasitically on the seedy splendor of Stuccovia can

be dignified by that name. This is quite as well; for, if we had any poor, they would fare badly in a district where social claims on narrow incomes leave little margin for almsgiving, and where the Church directs its efforts towards culture rather than comfort. Last year our Vicar—the Rev. Lancelot Ludovic Soulsby, for I love to write his name at full length, yielding to pletistic pressure, organized a Parochial Mission, but conducted it on lines peculiarly his own. He obtained his missionaries from the Kyrle society, and they preached on the Social Gospel of Æstheticism to an audience composed of maidservants and laundresses, with two helpers from the livery-yard, and the jobbing gardener who looks after the Square. The Mission, though unattended by any visible effect on the ethics of the parish, left one permanent memorial in the shape of a Parochial Men's Club and Institute. In this "temple of luxury and ease" (to quote Mr. Gladstone's description of what the National Liberal Club was *not* to be) alcoholic drinks and smoking are forbidden, and cards discountenanced. But there is a "Saturday Social" of music, readings and lemonade; and physical culture is represented by a boxing-class, where anæmic clerks and shuffling shopmen pay an annual subscription for the privilege of being knocked down by the curate.

In brief, as I said at the beginning, our parish is a stronghold of the Middle Class. We are well aware that it is the fashion to laugh at us. We have never forgotten that Charles Kingsley (who was one of us) turned against us, declaring that the House of Lords contained all the genius and all the virtue of the country, and that it would soon monopolize all the beauty. This

ranked; and before we had recovered from the smart, we were assailed in the opposite quarter, and were told by eloquent canons that true hearts were only found in slums, and that the possession of a fixed income was incompatible with moral rectitude. Now, like the reforming Lord Grey, "I stand by my order" (though a humbler one than his Lordship's), and I profess that dispositions as kindly, and consciences as tender, and principles as strict may be found in Suburbia and Stuccovia as in Mayfair or Bethnal Green. Our participation in the national mourning was as genuine as that of the aristocracy or the democracy, and helped to explain Lord Salisbury's cryptic remark that, if he wanted to know what the Middle Class thought, he applied to the Queen for information. Sorrow makes people sincere, and grief ennobles them. The Middle Class is seen at its best in mourning. But there comes an end to all things—even to the obsequies and panegyrics of a peerless Queen—and in the reaction from grief, I confess that we did not show to equal advantage.

The Vicar's lecture on the Historical Basis of Punch and Judy, with lime-light illustrations (for the benefit of the Parochial Club), has been postponed indefinitely. Mrs. Soulsby has given up her Thursday At Homes till after Easter, and has crowned her parlor-maid's cap with a black bow of unusual dimensions. This is our way of observing Court mourning, and is copied from the crape band which encircles the arm of Lady Farringford's footman. All this is as it should be; but though ceremonial tea-drinking is abandoned, we come together, as it were fortuitiously, in the Vicarage drawing-room. Generally the curate, Mr. Bumpstead—"Blazer Bumpstead," as his Oxford friends call him—and I are the only representatives of our sex, and we chivalrously replenish the samovar, and hand sugared cakes to the paro-

chial ladies of St. Ursula's, Stucco Gardens. "A foolish saint, my dear," grunts old Lady Farringford, "with her eleven thousand virgins. She would have done much better with half the number of young men." Well, the eleven thousand, or some of them, with their mothers and married sisters, drop in to tea at the Vicarage in spite of the formal abandonment of the At Homes, and their conversation shows a marked reaction from the gloom of last month. "Where did you go to see the procession?" "Mr. Bounderley gave us such good places at his club." "I thought the King looked so ill." "Did you? We thought he looked much better than when we saw him at the garden-party." "Oh! we shall have plenty of chances of seeing him again. I could only look at the Emperor. How splendid he looked! and it was so nice of him to come." "Yes," interjects a Cambridge friend of the Vicar's, who had just slipped in, "he is quite the nicest Emperor I know. I once sat between him and Mommsen at dinner at Potsdam, and, do you know, I found myself all the time talking to the Emperor—he was then prince—in preference to the professor."

Here, as the conversation began to soar dangerously high, we Stuccovians turned hastily to less exalted but safer themes. "Will there be Drawing-rooms after Easter?" "Well, I have a cousin in the Lord Chamberlain's office who said he shouldn't be surprised if there were." "She had them, I believe; but then it was only an uncle, and that makes such a difference." "Well, I don't mean to go this year, anyhow. I shall wait till my girl comes out. Dear Lady Farringford offers to present her, and of course it would be much cheaper—only one train instead of two—but I really think I must make an effort and go. It will be such a happiness to see the dear child and the King together." "Will

he kiss her?" "Well, that's what I want to know. Lady Le Draughte says she was kissed by King William." "Really! I always knew she must be rather old, but had no idea she remembered William the Third." "William the Fourth, mamma; how can you be so absurd?" "Well, I said William the Fourth, didn't I? And in those days they had Drawing-rooms in the evening. George the Fourth did—or was it George the Third?" "How much nicer that must have been! I wonder if the new King will go back to them. What do you think, dear Lady Farringford? You understand these things so well." "Well, some of the women would be very thankful for the change, I know that. Those made-up complexions, like Mrs. Bounderley's, look terrible in the daylight."

Thus flows the sparkling stream of question, answer and exclamation; and the male mind involuntarily reverts to Mr. Gilbert's couplet:—

Though I'm anything but clever,
I could talk like this forever;

but presently the stream curves into a new channel. Dress becomes the topic. Our visitor from Cambridge, who is a bachelor, comes out strong on drapery and chitons. "Oh! a mourning Drawing-room will be excellent. All women look their best in black; all girls in white. Mrs. Soulsby, I *hope* you'll go, and do give a Drawing-room tea after it. I should so love to see you in black, with jet, like Night." And then the floodgates are opened and a deluge of millinery carries all before it. Mr. Soulsby slips in for his cup of peptonized milk, and is "oppressively bland and fond" as he greets his friend from Cambridge. "Blazer" Bumpstead thinks it is time for him to go and prepare, by a breather on his bicycle, for the pastoral duty of pounding a draper's assistant at the parochial club, and I go

forth companionless to leave a card on our local M.P., Mr. Bounderley, whose name was heard in the above-reported dialogue.

Mr. Bounderley is one of the mysteries of politics; and I—alas! an idle man—have devoted some time and care to the work of ascertaining what he was and how he came to be where he is.

By the device of comparing Dod's Parliamentary Companion with the Pall Mall Guide to the House of Commons—or, in other words, what our Member would have us believe about him with what his detractors allege—I have arrived at certain conclusions. Joseph Barrington Bounderley was the son of Joseph Bounderley of Newington Butts, by a daughter of — Barrington, Esq. He was born in 1840, and educated at University College School. He seems to have gone early into the City, and to have reached an important position in a house which, in the sixties, had practically a monopoly of the clay-pipe and dolls'-eyes business. In 1875 he emulated that good apprentice who founded the Ducal House of Leeds, and married his master's daughter; nor is this wonderful, for although his figure has run to seed, he is still *très bel homme*, with a waxed moustache and an ensanguined complexion. Soon after his marriage he deserted Newington for the more eligible locality of Stuccovia, then first raising its head amid cabbage-beds and market gardens. In the year of his translation he took the decisive step of dropping "Joseph" from his signature, and has since been known to his friends and the world as "J. Barrington Bounderley." Of late he has developed a hyphen between the names, and his wife is Mrs. Barrington-Bounderley, to the unspeakable indignation of Lady Farringford, who "remembers them when they came, my dear. No one would speak to them in those days. He

was something in the City—no human being knew what. She was a pawn-broker's daughter, and her fortune was made out of teaspoons. At least that's what people said. Of course, it mayn't be true, and one should never repeat that kind of story; but really when I hear them calling themselves *Barrington-Bounderley*, and pretending to be cousins of dear Eric Barrington, I cannot restrain myself."

Once domiciled in Stucco Street, Mr. Barrington-Bounderley lost no opportunity of establishing his position. He volunteered to carry the plate in church (colored almsbags had not then been introduced), and not seldom he presided at Penny Readings. He entered public life by the lowly door of the Vestry, and conquered more worlds by becoming a member of the Metropolitan Board of Works, of the Metropolitan Asylums Board and of the School Board for London. As time went on his neighbors noticed that he went less and less to the City; and a rumor went abroad that the business (whether it was clay pipes or teaspoons) had been turned into a company, and that Mr. Bounderley had benefited by the conversion. As he went less and less to business, he went more and more to Boards. The creation of the London County Council was a fine opportunity. He became one of the representatives of our district, and his great speech on the "Quality of the Underclothing supplied to the Metropolitan Fire Brigade" was published as a pamphlet, with a commendatory note, which ran something like this:—

"Berkeley Square: Tuesday.

"Dear Bounderley:—You have handled this difficult and delicate matter with excellent tact and skill. You have soothed the public sensitiveness, without wounding the manhood of the Brigade. I pledge myself to the truth of every word in your pamphlet, and

wish it the widest circulation. Neither our flannels nor our empire must be suffered to shrink.

"Yours,

"R."

It now became evident, even to the dullest onlooker, that Mr. Bounderley meditated some decisive move. "Never tell me that he cared for schools, or drains, or hospitals," cried Lady Farringford. "I always said all that was imposture. What he cares about is getting on. And that odious woman would give her eyes to be an M.P.'s wife." *Rem acu tetigisti*, dear Lady Farringford. Mr. Barrington-Bounderley had resolved to write himself M.P., and Mrs. Barrington-Bounderley saw her way to challenging your social supremacy in Stuccovia. When first he dwelt among us, Mr. Bounderley was not known to have any political opinions. "My interest is in social work," he would say; and the statement endeared him to the elect spirits who gathered round Mrs. Soulsby's tea-table. But when repeated elections had demonstrated beyond a doubt that Conservatism had got Suburbia, in Australian phrase, "by the wool," Mr. Barrington-Bounderley disclosed his interior convictions. He was a Progressive Conservative. As such he joined our Constitutional and Unionist Association, and soon put new life into a rather somnolent concern. Before long he was its president; and Mrs. Barrington-Bounderley superseded Lady Farringford as Dame Dominant of the Primrose League. "Not that I mind," said the dowager; "I always thought the whole business vulgarity itself; and the subscriptions were endless. It is just the thing for people like the Bounderleys—jobbery by means of snobbery!"

The plans were well laid, and the psychological moment was at hand. Our good old member, General Tufto,

injudiciously made a night of it at the Conservative Club, on the occasion of a dinner to Mr. Arthur Balfour; and "gout, flying upward, soared with him to another clime." The vacancy occurred suddenly. Neither side was prepared with a candidate. Three members of the Constitutional Association met with closed doors, and implored Mr. Barrington-Bounderley to stand.

His address came out next morning. He was profoundly attached to our great institutions in Church and State, and would resist to the last any attempt to dismember the Empire. He would support the Crown, the House of Lords and the Established Church as the surest guarantees of popular freedom. He was keenly in favor of better Housing for the Poor, and would throw his whole heart into Social Reform. At the same time, we must be careful that philanthropic zeal should not lead to increase of fiscal burdens; and, while earnestly deprecating the evils of intemperance, he would never consent to interfere with the legitimate enjoyments of the toiling masses. So vote for Barrington-Bounderley.

BOUNDERLEY AND THE UNION!
BOUNDERLEY AND BETTER TIMES!
BOUNDERLEY AND AN OPEN BIBLE!
BOUNDERLEY AND PURE BEER!

The contest was short, sharp and decisive. The Liberals, stunned by this sudden thunderbolt, could not find a candidate. The Social Democrats, in back parlor assembled, ran a crystal-souled enthusiast who polled six votes, and was shortly afterwards convicted of cheating the Metropolitan Railway Company out of a three-penny fare.

Barrington-Bounderley was returned triumphantly. Lord Salisbury sent him a telegram of congratulation; and the

Constitutional cause was saved. Since that memorable day the seat has not been challenged; and it is but bare justice to say that our Member works hard to keep it. His life is one long public meeting. He never leaves a letter unanswered. He subscribes to every benevolent object. Though, as an enemy discovered, he deals at the Stores, he has stated in a public address that (like General Goldsworthy) he employs "thirty-three local tradesmen." He toils like a galley-slave to get his constituents into the gallery of the House of Commons, and he gives their wives strawberries and tea on the terrace. At Christmas each of us receives a triptych of white and gold, which, being opened, discloses Mr. and Mrs. Barrington-Bounderley simpering at one another across a Union Jack. Mrs. Barrington-Bounderley's *Crèche*, Mrs. Barrington-Bounderley's Innocuous Sweets-Shop, Mrs. Barrington-Bounderley's School of Popular Calisthenics, Mrs. Barrington-Bounderley's Ladies' Association for Reforming Workhouse Bonnets, are among the most valued and most popular institutions, not only of our parish, but of our borough. She has been presented at Court by the wife of a Cabinet Minister. She has written her name at Marlborough House, and bounded over the green sward of Buckingham Palace. Her neat little victoria (though horsed from the livery-yard in Stucco Mews West) has quite eclipsed that archaic landau which—for carriage-painters are expensive—still bears the arms of the late Lord Farringford; and her evening parties, graced by Taper, Tadpole, Mrs. Ranville-Ranville and the Stiltstalkings, are voted by the frivolous an improvement on Mrs. Soulsby's Thursday afternoons.

FROM A NOTE-BOOK IN PROVENCE.

I—THE COURSE PROVENCALE.

Beside the bull-fight proper, a Course Provençale, even a Grande Course Provençale, is a poor affair, mild and tame as a match between Cicero House and Sea View College when compared with Aston Villa against Notts Forest. But as a stepping-stone to the real thing, as a gentle introduction to a true Madrid holiday, it serves. The Course offers the ground-work for the bull-fight; a sufficient foundation, at any rate, for the imagination to build the greater fabric upon. I have never witnessed a bull-fight, but having seen a Course Provençale I now know something of what a bull-fight is. Indeed, if, as one versed in the great sport has assured me, there is only one moment in a bull-fight—the entrance of the bull—I have plumbed the joy to its depths, for I had that moment five times repeated. There are, however, bulls and bulls, and I can never believe that the minute and ingratiating cattle of the Provençale arena are worthy representatives of the noble beasts that too seldom destroy the *toreadors* of Spain. Nevertheless, though the bulls of Provence hardly exceeded the stature of a Kerry cow, we had our thrills now and then; for, as it happens, a very small bull can make a very large bull-fighter run quite as fast as if a herd of buffalo snorted at his heels.

My Course Provençale was held at Nîmes, in the old Roman arena, on the afternoon of an intensely hot Sunday. According to the bills it was to be a *Grande Course Provençale avec le Concours de Pouly fils, Pouly père, et leur quadrille, qui travailleront cinq superbes taureaux*. The company was to consist of the Poulys as aforesaid—*Pouly fils, chef*, and *Pouly père, sous-chef*—and of

L'Aiglou, sauteur à la Perche, Clarion, banderillo, Saumur, saut périlleux, and Gras, sauteur attqueur. At the time I read this promising bill, I knew of bull-fighting no more than that it is a pastime which every dutiful Englishman must deprecate at home and witness abroad; and being thus ignorant I was unaware that a Course Provençale is merely a muffled version of the genuine spectacle, a bull-fight with the buttons on, so to speak, an Easter review in the place of a battle of Agincourt. My anticipation therefore was as genuine (though tinged a little with apprehension, for I cannot endure bloodshed), as would be that of a Spanish amateur of the art on the eve of a superlatively remorseless display.

The performance, the bills also stated, was to begin at three o'clock precisely, and at half-past one, *Pouly fils, Pouly père*, and their *quadrille*, accompanied by a band, were to make a triumphant passage through the town. I had forgotten this part of the program, and was therefore the more surprised, on turning a corner after lunch on Sunday, to come upon two cabs full of bull-fighters, and a wagonette packed to the uttermost with instruments of brass and men blowing them. A bull-fighter in a cab is as bizarre a sight as you need look for, especially in Nîmes, for nothing in Nîmes is so shabby as a cab and nothing so splendid as a bull-fighter. There was also the contrast of size, the Nîmes cab being very small and the Nîmes bull-fighter very large—an enormous fellow, dazzling in scarlet and purple and gold and intensely pink stockings; on this broiling Sunday afternoon a wanton addition to heat that was already almost insupportable.

The cabs were stationary before a

café (the *Café du Sport*!) and the two Poulys and their companions leaned back in their seats and smoked lazily, gathering in homage with bold roving eyes. Young men, idling about the *café*, pressed forward to shake the heroes by the hand; I saw one offer the burning end of his cigarette for *L'Aiglon* to take a light from, and, the offer being accepted, tremble beneath the honor. It was a great moment.

And yet there was one unhappy being in the huge crowd. Pouly père was unhappy, and I felt sorry for him. Pouly père wore the look of one who, after years with the key turned, and the chain up, and the bolts shot well home, and untroubled sleep, had heard the younger generation knocking at the door and had perforce opened to it. There was the bitter fact on all the bills:—*Pouly fils, chef, Pouly père, sous-chef*. We who lead ordinary humdrum English lives, with never a bull from January to December, can have no idea what it must be for a hero of the arena (even the Provençale arena) to find himself growing old, and ceding his triumphs to his son. Pouly père had been travelling bulls while his son was in the cradle. That warm Provençale applause, mingled with full-flavored Provençale wit, had come to be part of his life, and now—*Pouly fils, chef, Pouly père, sous-chef!* It was probably at his father's ample knee that Pouly fils learned his picturesque profession. Paternal pride no doubt counts for something on the other side; but to be subordinate to one's own son—that must be hard! And Pouly père looked by no means past his prime; he was immense, with a neck that he might have appropriated from the most magnificent of his victims. His eye was bright; his admirers were many. But it was Pouly fils who rode in the first cab, and whom the young men were jostling each other to shake by the hand.

After a slight difficulty, based on a misunderstanding of heroic status, concerning the payment for the refreshment of one of the lesser heroes—a hero just on the debatable line between the condition of sometimes paying for oneself and the condition of always being paid for—the procession moved away, to the accompaniment of a too familiar air by Bizet; and the crowd melted into the arena.

I wandered into the arena too; a crumbling relic of the Roman occupation of the Midi, yet, though crumbling, good for hundreds of years still; a beautiful example of the accuracy of the Roman masons' art, with the huge stones, cut to the nicest angles, laid one upon the other without mortar. That was the way to build; the Latin races always understood the art, and understand it still.

By degrees the western half of the arena filled, fathers and mothers and little children in the better seats, and elsewhere soldiers, idlers and boys. The sun blazed on the white stone of the Roman masons; the sky was intensely blue; the boys whistled the eternal "*Carmen*." At three o'clock a bugle sounded, the eastern doors were flung open, and, again to the strains of the Toreador's Song, in marched the brave men. I ought to have known by a hundred signs—the temper of the spectators, the cheapness of the seats, the meagre promises of the bills, for example—that this Course Provençale was nothing; but I had never given it a thought. I am glad I had not; for when those six glittering figures marched in, with their brilliant cloaks on their shoulders and that careless Southern insolence in their mien. I found myself thrilling to a new emotion. Really it was rather splendid.

Right across the arena they came, while the people clamored and cheered. Then pausing before the dais, they bowed, and flung their cloaks with a

fine *abandon* to fortunate occupants of the front seats, who (with pride also) spread them over the railing,—all except Pouly *fls*; he flung his to the bugler on the dais. There was a brief lull, while they provided themselves with pale pink cloths, and took up their places here and there in the arena. The bugle sounded again. The moment was coming.

The spectators stiffened a little (I was conscious of it) all round the building, as a smaller gate at the far end was thrown open. We waited nearly a minute, and then in trotted (trotted!) a blunt-nosed little bull with wide horns and a wandering inquiring eye. If it had only rushed in, or paused at the threshold with any air of arrogance, its size would have been a matter apart; but to trot in and to be no bigger than a St. Bernard! The pity of it! It was as though one had seen with one's own eyes the mountain bring forth the mouse.

Pouly *père*, however, was above such regrets. One course and one only lies open to that simple mind when a bull enters an arena; he has to perform a particular feat of his own, of which his son shall never deprive him. No sooner was the bull well in the midst than Pouly *père* prepared for his achievement. He seized a long pole, striped like a barber's, and hurried to meet the bull. Not divining his odd intention, "Do they harry them with poles?" I asked myself. But no; Pouly *père's* purpose was more original, more pacific.

Having shouted sufficiently to annoy and attract the bull, he waited its rush upon him, and then, as it reached him, grounded the pole, leaped lightly over its charging body, and fled to the barrier, a figure of delight. The spectators cheered to the full, and Pouly *père*, smiling with satisfaction, bowed to us all. He had performed his great feat; he had drawn first ap-

plause; he was not so old, so useless, after all.

The real business now began; one after the other the members of the *quadrille* waved cloths in the bull's face, and, running backwards as he charged, lured him right to the barrier, which they then vaulted, leaving him enraged and bewildered on the other side. If only the hint could be communicated to these little creatures that if they ran straight they would get the man! But waver they will, following always the divagations of the cloth; and therein lies the man's advantage and safety. The Course was like that all the time; furious but unsustained and impotent charges on the part of the bulls, and continual and sometimes quite unjustifiable leaps over the barrier on the part of the heroes. The irritation to the bulls was very trivial; they were not hurt at all, and little harm was done. The Humane Society might visit the spectacle and be untroubled by the discomfiture of the bull, although the impact of the entertainment on themselves might perhaps provide material for reflection. In the South, however, the effect of spectacles on the spectator is not a prominent subject for thought. To return to the bulls' injuries; beyond two fugitive pricks as the *bandelliras* entered their shoulders, and one more when the ribbon was momentarily fixed between them, they were not asked to suffer, except in dignity; and they made six fat men perform sufficient feats of activity to adjust the balance.

Pouly *fls* was by far the most capable of the company: his eye was stendier, his nerve stronger, he jumped the barrier as seldom as possible. Indeed, now and then, as he stood with firmly planted feet in the middle of the arena avoiding the rushes of the bull merely by movements of his body, it was impossible not to admire him.

I shall never forget his expression of triumphing content, and the proud controlling gesture with which he raised his left hand, on the completion of each feat, the signal to the spectators to take him at his own valuation.

Pouly *fils* reserved to himself the right of all the most dramatic moments; but the pole-jump—that he left to his father. There were five bulls altogether, and Pouly *père* jumped over all. But I fear that a touch of ridicule (which possibly he did not perceive—I hope not—) came into the applause as he descended to earth after his fifth flight. Poor Pouly *père* ! Yet a slight compensation came to him. At the end a little body of roughs carried Pouly *fils* from the arena in what was intended to be a triumphant march, but which, owing to defective handling, was merely uncomfortable for Pouly and grotesque to everyone else. Pouly *père* , stepping mincingly behind (compelled to a short step by the air from “Carmen”) watched his son’s struggles with a saturnine expression which I seemed to understand. As one grows older it is the more easy to find oneself on the side of the fathers.

And here I ought perhaps to say a word for the quadrille. They leaped too, as we were promised in the bills; but not until Pouly *père* had accomplished his particular feat. Once Pouly *père* ’s honorable bulk was safely transported over the bull, that animal was anyone’s game to jump as he would. Gras cleared him at a run, without a pole, as if he were a hurdle; while Saumur turned a somersault in mid air, taking the bull long ways, so to speak. In the real thing, I imagine, there is less acrobatic activity. To jump over the bull that one is about to kill is to put it to too much indignity. But I may be mistaken.

Though five bulls had been harried and the Poulys and their quadrille had disappeared in triumph, the perform-

ance was not yet done. The departure of the bull-fighters was the signal for some fifty young bloods to leap into the arena, where they waited until the door of the bull-department was again opened and a perplexed and unwilling creature issued forth. At first I did not recognize its genus, but inspection proved it to be also a bull, made unfamiliar by having its horns carefully encased in cloths and padded at the tips. Between its horns was a rosette, the game being to snatch this away. The scene that ensued was absurd enough. The bull, a harmless, good-natured animal, had no wish in the world to injure anyone, and its rushes were therefore very mild; but the boys were there to qualify, every one of them, for a Pouly *fils* , and therefore it behooved them to take the situation seriously. Thus on the one side we had a bored and flippant bull, with no thought but to get back to its hay, and on the other half a hundred incipient bull-fighters in deadly earnest, leaping the barrier as numerous and simultaneously as grasshoppers in an Alpine meadow. This lasted for twenty minutes, when, no one having secured the rosette, the decoy cow trotted in, the padded bull followed it through the gates, and our Sunday afternoon’s sport was over.

II—THE FAIR.

Fairs have always had a quite improper fascination for me. I still remember the disappointment I suffered on a visit to Bedford a quarter of a century ago, on discovering that the statue, of which so much had been said, was the statue of John Bunyan and not, as I in my half knowledge of words had supposed and passionately hoped, a statue (*statute*) fair such as we had every August in our own town; a fair of unearthly light and variety, where fat women displayed incredible

shoulders, and (one year) a forlorn seal in a foot-bath was all that met the gaze in fulfilment of an exterior promise concerning the most wonderful sight in the universe, a living mermaid. In spite of such individual disenchantments as the seal, the fair in the aggregate was the most considerable thing in life. The flaring lights, the noise, the swings, the roundabouts, the shooting-galleries, the gingerbread-stalls, the squirts of scented water, the mystery of every booth, the caravans in which these people dwelt, their open-road, open-heath existence, the incessant change and bustle of it all—these things made up a pleasure that intoxicated me then, and even to this day is to be resisted only by a great effort. At Nîmes, on the Sunday evening following the Course Provençale, I certainly had made no effort to resist it.

One of the few living novelists who come to their calling with due seriousness (in his case a seriousness that is almost rapturous), talking the other night about the extraordinary success of a certain fellow-writer (against whose attitude to the art of fiction a similar charge could never be brought), said that after long study of the subject he had come to believe that the popularity of a novel depended entirely on the extent to which it resembled a fair. Unless a novel have drums and lights and peep-shows, he declared, it will never pass into editions. The fair is the symbol; it is the people's favorite amusement in life, and the closer that fiction approximates to it the better will they be pleased. "I am afraid," he added wistfully, "there is not enough peep-show in the book I am just finishing." Probably he was right. The fair is the oldest form of entertainment, and the fair we must have. That I myself want it I have made perhaps too clear; although I want the other thing too. I want that novelist's

forthcoming book, for example; but a fair will always fascinate.

France understands fairs better than we do. The best fair I ever saw was at Bordeaux, where I made the acquaintance of my first and (to the present time) last giant. I forget all his name except Jock—it was eleven years ago—but his picture and his person I shall never forget. They bore a closer resemblance than is common in fairs, but there was, as seems obligatory, just enough disparity to cause one to speculate on the chances that a realist showman would have, should one by a miracle arise. Would ruin necessarily stare him in the face? My giant's showman, for example, (for, poor fellow, Jock was not his own master, but belonged, body and soul, to the owner of the tent), would it have been fatal for him had he depicted Jock as he was rather than as an over-nourished grenadier leaning negligently against a lamp-post to light his cigar at the jet? That made him ten feet high at the least; whereas he was something just under eight. Yet, as a curiosity, eight should be enough. In the matter of the mermaid-seal a mendacious artist was of course a necessity; but eight feet of man in a world where five feet odd is the average should be sufficient to tempt realism.

However, there he was, as the legend beneath the picture ran, "The Tallest Soldier in the British Army," and I paid my ten *centimes* and entered. Others entered too, and when there were enough of us the giant stoopingly emerged from the back compartment, and slowly unfolded himself to his ridiculous full height. His face was unmistakably English, and as unmistakably the face of a very sick man, a large, dreary, pale, loose face. His red tunic was a world too big for him; he was a giant only in height; a dwarf could have knocked him down. On his head he wore a bearskin, to add

to the military illusion; and he got his hand up to the salute laboriously, as though every muscle were stretched and limp. We walked erect under his outstretched arm, dropped coins in the tin box that he proffered with an importunate rattle, and the show was over—for all except me. I could not let him go without a word, and he asked me to come inside where it was warm, and talk.

I followed him into the tiny compartment at the back of the tent. He sank wearily into a chair, threw away his bearskin, and sat there, a dejected monster, with the stove between his knees. He came from Lincolnshire, he said, and had never been in the British army. He shivered over the stove as he warmed his vast hands. We talked about Lincolnshire a little, and then of himself; he said that his life was a hell, especially on the road; his employer allowed him to walk out only furtively, late at night and in lonely places, for a giant whose inches are his fortune must not be seen. He was clearly in a late stage of consumption, as so many giants are in this decadent day, and he would not be sorry when the end came. After so many years in a circumscribed caravan and a low-pitched tent, the grave must have appealed to him mainly as a place where limbs could be stretched without let. We parted good friends, and I visited him every day for a week and carried him ship's tobacco and a bottle; but never did a gleam of life flit across the bleak and snowy regions of his face. Perhaps he still lives to give the peasantry of France a false idea of the size of the British soldier; but I fear not. Certainly he was not at Nîmes last month.

I went down the double line of booths four or five times, but no giant held audience there. Fat women, mis-called giantesses, I saw, and a dwarf, but never a giant. I entered every

booth; it was impossible to do otherwise. I waited my turn to look through defective lenses at the most atrocious French murders; I saw a moving wax-work group (very popular) representing a British officer disarming a Boer farmer with every circumstance of insolence, and another group representing a Boer hospital in active working condition, with a soldier's leg being amputated by a meat-saw in the foreground; I saw a fat confectioner in a white cap make several thousand of the sweets known as bullseyes in less than five minutes; I saw the temptation of St. Anthony as performed by marionettes, the temptress being (as in a similar, or the same, theatre at Bordeaux eleven years ago) a sucking-pig; and I saw a young woman who confessed to three legs, the feet of which she displayed very modestly, a young woman with the most perfect self-possession I have ever witnessed. It was no small achievement under a fire of sceptical criticism by a dozen caustic wits. She was rather pretty, and quite young, and there she sat, without the faintest tinge of emotion, until they began to show signs of exhaustion. Then, "*Merçi, messieurs,*" she said, very sweetly, and dropped the curtain, and we filed out. After all, when one has three legs and can make money by the gift, one can afford to be tolerant.

But the most wonderful thing that I saw was the people. They thronged the place and almost fought to get into a trumpery booth where a scoundrel of a negro was displaying with infinite contortions his countrymen's method of prayer. Nothing was too trivial for them to see. Fathers and mothers convoyed their families from one absurd show to another with a keenness I have never seen exceeded. Old men and old women struggled just like children; and now I come to think of it, I was one of the crowd too.

The fair is certainly the thing. No

other form of entertainment is so comprehensive; no other form makes such a claim on the eternal child within us. Here, however, in England, we are not quite such children as the French—partly to our gain and partly to our

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loss—and the fair proper has lost some of its hold. It has not lost enough, however, to imperil the popularity of many a novel that at this moment is being ingeniously manufactured.

E. V. Lucas.

FRANCE AND GREAT BRITAIN: TWO CIVILIZATIONS.

The quiet observer of current politics, more especially as made in haste by journalists who are politicians and politicians who should have been journalists, is seldom so often compelled to smile as when France and the question of Anglo-French relations are discussed in England. When the new journalistic diplomat sets forth to deal with this matter he makes a clean sweep of the facts of geography, history, anthropology and economics, while he betrays equal ignorance of the conditions which are the outcome of these facts. Thus he is enabled to give free scope to his own prejudices, and to play upon the passions of his hearers. Nor is this new superior person without the support of precedent furnished by an elder, and perhaps greater, age. Even Tennyson referred complacently to the "red fool fury of the Seine," and Matthew Arnold once discoursed concerning "French lubricity." Such utterances, with the grain of truth they contain, are as sagacious as the proverbial sayings about the French, which we find scattered among the bulk of our unintelligent population. "Do what you will," said Thackeray, faithfully mirroring the feelings of his most ignorant fellow-countrymen, "you can't respect Frenchmen." The traditional British attitude towards the French during the last century is no doubt largely the outcome of

British terror at the end of the eighteenth century in the presence of the Revolution and the subsequent military activities of Napoleon. At that time, it is clear, men of all classes, from statesmen and poets to the dregs of the population, were wrought into a condition of horror, fear, disgust and, after the defeat of Napoleon, contempt as regards France. The notable part of this change was that it largely affected our thinking and educated classes. Up to that period there had existed a mutual and respectful admiration which wars had not been able to destroy; Sir Philip Sidney sang of that "sweet enemy, France," while a little later England became the educated Frenchman's ideal of a free country. Throughout the greater part of the eighteenth century French and English social and literary relations were intimate, with the best results on both sides; the admirable chapter of history written by the late Professor Texte around the great spiritual revolution centering in Rousseau shows how close and cordial were the relations between French and English. Not only Diderot and Rousseau but Voltaire—the most truly French of writers and thinkers, as we commonly believe—were largely moulded by English influences, while one of the most fruitful elements of English life and thought was brought to us by Huguenots. How far down among the Eng-

lish people the sympathies of the educated classes extended we may, no doubt, question. A seventeenth-century traveller noted that while Englishmen were received with courtesy at Calais, the Frenchman arriving at Dover was liable to less pleasant experiences, and the way in which the more or less Shakespearian play of "Henry VI" finally turns Joan of Arc into a caricature shows how long and how deeply the expulsion from France prejudiced the English mind. We need not, however, attempt to unravel the complex causes of the sympathies and antipathies which have brought together and pushed apart the two countries. Here we need only concern ourselves with the situation as we find it, more especially with certain fundamental facts of French life and civilization, and with certain fallacies in common British judgments concerning those facts.

There is, for instance, the common assumption concerning the "Latin races." The Latin race, we say, is decadent; France, we assume, is Latin; therefore, France is decadent, in a striking contrast to the superiority of the "Anglo-Saxons." The fallaciousness of these flourishing beliefs has often been pointed out; but since the anthropological evidence which has lately accumulated enables us to expose them with complete precision, it is worth while to call attention to the matter once more.

It is now widely accepted by anthropologists that the numerous human varieties in Europe may be grouped into three races, which may ultimately, it is probable, be resolved into two, the long-heads and the broad-heads. If, however, we take the minor criterion of pigmentation (*i. e.*, the color of skin, hair and eyes) into consideration there are three: dark long-heads, fair long-heads and broad-heads. Roughly speaking, these races are arranged in

three layers running east and west, dark long-heads to the south, fair long-heads to the north and broad-heads across the centre. Now Rome lies at the upper border of the lowest level, whence a faint and thin layer of long-heads is continued up along the Italian and French coast of the Mediterranean. This so-called Ligurian layer of southern long-heads on the French Mediterranean coast is not, it must be noted, the outcome of any historical migration from Rome to France; it is merely an aboriginal extension of the southern long-heads, older than Rome itself. Nor is there any evidence to show that Latin blood was powerfully infused into the French population at any period. On the contrary, it appears that no western country was so free from Roman blood as Gaul, only a few thousand colonists having settled on the Rhone and elsewhere. Moreover, the Roman legions, as we know, were made up of any but men of "Latin race," being recruited from all parts of the empire, wherever fighting men were to be found. That the soldiers and functionaries of the empire left offspring in the conquered countries we may have no difficulty in believing. But such an infusion of foreign blood always tends to be rapidly lost, and to leave little or no perceptible trace. Moreover, in both these respects the arguments for the "Latin" blood of France would apply to Great Britain also. Not only was England occupied by the Romans for several hundred years, but those anthropologists who have most carefully studied the British Isles will probably agree that a very large proportion of the inhabitants of Great Britain, and still more Ireland, which the Romans never occupied, belong precisely to that southern dark long-headed race of the area in which Rome was situated, a race which still occupies almost all Spain, and in a prehistoric but not entirely unknown

and incalculable period crept up along the coast to reach England, leaving its dead in the Long Barrows of neolithic times, and its recognizable descendants over a great part of the country. Whatever arguments, therefore, may be brought forward to show that the French are of Latin race apply with even greater force to our own country. In so far as France is a country of "Latin" race, Great Britain is still more genuinely Latin, and when Professor Sergi of Rome, the most brilliant of Italian anthropologists, tells us that England is the modern Rome, his contention may or may not be just in other respects, but is not wholly without basis in fundamental affinities of race.

When, however, the British publicist refers to the French as a people of Latin race he is not always much concerned about the anthropological accuracy of his statement. He is chiefly concerned to make a contemptuous and damaging charge of inferiority of race, and to indicate the decadence of France as against the superiority of England. It is therefore worth while to compare France and Great Britain from the racial point of view, in order to discover the real differences that may exist. The most fundamental indication of deep difference of race in Europe, *i.e.*, that furnished by the head form, is most conveniently measured by the length-breadth or cephalic index. Dr. Deniker, of the Paris Museum of Natural History, has lately prepared an elaborate map of the cephalic index in Europe, for the first time gathering into a connected whole and reproducing in a simple and graphic manner the known facts concerning the distribution of the long-headed and broad-headed population of Europe, the degree of long-headedness being represented in the map by relative depth of blue tinting, and of broad-headedness by relative depth of red tinting. When we look at this

map we see at once that there is no country in Europe (except, on a very small scale, Greece) where the long-headed and the broad-headed elements which make up the European population are so fairly and fully represented in their well-marked forms, and so finely mixed and tempered, as they are in France. It is, moreover, the only country in Europe in which all the three great constituent elements of the European population—northern, central and southern—are thus fairly and equally represented. The deep-red of the broad-heads from Asia, short and usually dark, covers the mountainous backbone of the country with a prolongation into Brittany, the tall fairish Teuton northerner occupying the pale blue and mixed country to the north of this, while the Eurafian dark long-heads occupy the pale blue and mixed country to the south. France thus represents Europe in miniature, in a sense that no other country, great or small, can claim to do, and if we had to choose one country as representing the quintessential racial elements of Europe we should be compelled to select France. Russia is predominantly red and broad-headed on the map, with blue patches owing to the occasional presence of fair northerners; Germany, strange as it may seem, is in much the same case; far from being long-headed it only shows blue tinting in its western and extreme northern portions, the really "Teutonic" country being Sweden. Turning to the remaining great European country, that which most closely concerns us, we find that Great Britain is blue throughout; it is almost the most uniformly tinted country in Europe; one minute reddish patch in the northwest of Ireland alone remains to show any possible trace of that broad-headed race who are known to have invaded England in prehistoric times. It is true that the uniform blueness of Great

Britain is to some extent deceptive. If we turn from Dr. Deniker's map of head-form to the map of hair and eye-color which Dr. Beddoe, the first of English anthropologists, has prepared on the basis of a vast number of personal observations spread over many years, we find a somewhat different set of phenomena; we see that along the east coast of our islands the people are fair; and along the west coasts dark, being thus admirably disposed for the maximum amount of mixture. The two elements correspond respectively to the northern and southern long-heads of Europe, but these are those two of the three constituent elements of the European population which may, it is probable, be ultimately regarded as one, and they are so similar in head-shape that Deniker's carefully-graded map fails in the slightest degree to make them distinguishable. Thus the racial representation of Europe in Great Britain is seriously defective and one-sided. Our country unites indeed the two more energetic and restless of the three European races, but lacks the harmony, balance and many-sidedness of a more complete representation, and misses the special qualities of the central European race. France, on the other hand, is the racial epitome of Europe.

The stereotyped phrase regarding the "Latin race" of the French is thus wholly incorrect and meaningless. There remains, however, a sense in which France is truly Latin, and it is so significant a sense that we cannot too vividly realize it if we wish to understand the genius of the nation or the secret of French civilization. The French cannot be called Latins, but French civilization may be called Latin. The Gallic tribes with which the Romans came most closely in contact were those of the south; they were that section of the population which, though not Latin, really belonged to the same

great stock as the Romans. The qualities attributed to the Gauls by the Romans, their fierceness, oratory, versatilitv and sociability, seem to indicate the presence of the Ligurian race, though modified by other elements, while the obstinate and tenacious people whom the Romans found in Iberia were of their own race unmixed. This fact may be taken into consideration when we note the different relations of Spain and France to Rome. Spain, when finally subdued and placated, sent her best men to Rome to gain immortality among the greatest Romans, but left no permanent and independent Roman civilization on her own soil; France also sent an important contingent to Rome, but devoted her chief energies to the establishment of her own civilization. The alien Visigoths practically swept Latin civilization out of Spain; all the invasions that have passed over France, and are still pouring in, have left her civilization unaffected, because almost from the first it grew up independently among a mixed population; every invading element could be assimilated by that civilization because every possible invader had from the first his racial representatives in the country.

When we understand these facts we learn to understand how it is that France gained, and still retains, so definitely marked a civilization which is yet primarily of classic origin. The real racial affinity of the population of the thin and exquisitely situated slip of southern Gaul which was the early focus of Gallic civilization began the process, and the gradual incorporation of the various other elements in the country continued it. Italy was too near the towering influence of Rome for such a development; Spain was too far. France was situated at the point where the various elements could most easily absorb and develop a finely tempered civilization, which was largely

exotic and not the outcome of the races that have chiefly occupied and ruled France.

Yet it is in this fact that French civilization is, in a sense, an exotic or artificial growth that its strength really lies. At the first glance, indeed, one might say that here was a disadvantage. But even if any civilization can be called precisely natural, it would not be easy to see how the same civilization could be "natural" to all the elements of so complex an organic whole as France. How would a Breton civilization suit Provence? What is there in common between the Norman and the Gascon? How could a Picard enter into the manners and customs of the Basque? Yet all the various component peoples who make up France are loyal to the traditions of their common language and civilization in a manner that we certainly cannot say that Ireland, or even Scotland, is loyal to the traditions of English civilization.

France has reaped the advantage of these somewhat foreign origins, not only in the early maturity which makes her the oldest of European civilizations, but in a certain abstract, formal, impersonal quality, associated with those elements of clearness and reasonableness which render the finest manifestations of the French genius truly classic, not only by lineal descent, but in a sense in which no other civilization evolved in Europe during the last two thousand years can be called classic. France interprets for us, at a distance, it is true, the genius of Greece and Rome, while France also furnishes a modern civilization which is truly classic in type.

In all other countries—and this is true to some extent of Italy and Spain

—civilization, whether expressed in literature or in life, is a more or less crude attempt to obtain personal expression by a compromise with such chaotic elements of tradition as chance to be nearest. French civilization is fundamentally a discipline into which the novice can only obtain entrance by arduous effort, and the consequent sacrifice of his personal idiosyncrasy, however completely in the end he may reconquer his personality. Language, the most intimate manifestation of a civilization, is at once the best example and the most conclusive proof of these qualities in French tradition. It is a truism to say that every educated Frenchman can write; in science, for instance, it is often a relief to turn from the bald, painfully laconic manner of the English writer, or the barbarous verbosity and circumlocution of the German—neither of whom has been taught to write—to the sanity, clarity and equipoise of the Frenchman. It is doubtless largely, though not altogether, because his speech is not an obscure growth from the instincts of his remote ancestors, but a creation within historic times that, for a Frenchman, language is not merely a bungling and instinctive attempt at self-expression, but a great and precious possession, to be treated with reverence and an artist's care for fine human creations.¹ Thus it is that French has become the most perfect of all living prose instruments, equally adapted for the most solemn and the most trivial ends. There has never been any prose literature which attained such precision and so high a degree of perfection in so many various fields. Certainly the conditions under which French civilization developed aided in bringing the language more quickly to

¹ I may refer to the recent work of a Frenchman of letters, M. Remy de Gourmont's "*Esthétique de la Langue Française*." It is difficult to imagine such a book written about our own beau-

tiful language; our men of letters lack the erudition, perhaps even the interest, to write it, while the philologist cannot put himself at the æsthetic point of view.

maturity, and so gave its literature a longer history. But the qualities of the language and the literature lay in the people who created them. It was not an accident that "Petit Jehan de Saintré" was written in the fifteenth century, three hundred years before the days of Swift and Sterne; its fine perfection is the outcome of personal qualities, of psychological insight and ironic vision of life, subordinated to the impersonal ends of art; it was by no means altogether or chiefly because of the difficulties of our own magnificent language that Pascal was a master in controversy while Milton was struggling hopelessly in the magnificent chaos of his own eloquence. It was not until the end of the seventeenth century that in England we began to learn, with Dryden, what prose is. Until then, and too often since, the masters of English prose had been writing poetry all their lives without knowing it, while the French were consciously cultivating the possibilities of their own exquisite prose medium; they never wrote prose without knowing it, and that is the real point of the simple-minded Jourdain's discovery.

This power of looking at things from the outside, the remarkable fact that we see here people of the most widely different races yet loyally attached to the same tradition and helping to build it up, explain not only the development and special qualities of the French language, but the essential facts of French civilization generally and the whole temper of the people. The philosophic tendency, the willingness shown even by a people so tenacious of their traditions to overturn those traditions, as at the great Revolution, in obedience to what seemed the higher claims of reason and a wider order; this, together with that gaiety which can condense the most poignant experiences of life into a smile or an epigram, this reasonableness and this gaiety are not only

two aspects of the same attitude towards life, but they are both the outcome of a special civilization demanding the subordination of the personal claims of the individual. French gaiety has often been the object of foreign contempt, and no doubt in its lower manifestations it can be as plebeian as the gaiety of any other nation; but in its finer manifestations it is, when rightly understood, of the very essence of French civilization, the expression of that sense of detachment, of universal and impersonal reason, which is never very far from any Frenchman. It is the expression of the man who heroically rises above his own misfortunes to a vision of them "under the species of eternity;" thus it is—as has been said by the wisest of young French philosophers, himself meeting courageously an early death—a less theatrical rendering of the ancient *non dolet*. It is not less heroic because it manifests itself, as all fine civilizations must, in the pettiest details of daily life. I have noticed a Frenchman hastening to an omnibus, to find every place occupied, and lifting his hat turn away with a good-humored "Bon voyage!" Not so our own countryman. The Englishman is so convinced that he is himself the end to which the whole creation moves that any sudden shock to this conviction deprives him momentarily of any impulse of courtesy or humanity; the Frenchman instinctively conquers his own disappointment to realize the impersonal fact that if he has lost others have won.

It is obvious that the traditions of such a civilization as that of France inevitably make for sociality and urbanity. The sociality of the French is a somewhat complex fact, curiously and intimately related to every characteristic feature of French civilization. The fact that the literary genius of the people shows itself in prose and not

in poetry is closely connected with this sociality, for prose always implies an external and social standard, while the poet is swept away by the current of his own personal emotion, and indifferent to the standards of reason inspired by social claims. Even if we compare so genuinely humanitarian a poet as Wordsworth with so personal and egoistic a prose writer as Montaigne, it requires little insight to see which is more truly social in temper. The genius of prose always involves an appeal to reason which is necessarily impersonal, and it always infers a community of ground with the reader. But the essence of poetry is personal emotion, and the poet's wings would be paralyzed if he had to insist on his fellow-creatures all 'soaring with him. Again, the democratic quality of French civilization is inseparable from this sociality, and both alike are only possible with a tradition and a language which are independent of race and of class. I have on another occasion pointed out how significant in relation to the anti-democratic or oligarchic structure and tradition of English life is the fact that our language savors at once of race and of class; its different elements have been furnished by different elements of the population, so that long ago, as regards, for instance, domestic animals, while the Saxon serf was only familiar with the ox and the calf and the sheep and the pig, his Norman lord knew only of beef and veal and mutton and pork, a difference which bears witness not only to a distinction of language and race but also of class, for while the man of the people furnished the names for the animals as they were bred, it was the man of the classes who gave names to these same animals in the only form in which

he knew them well, on the table. In England we have two main sources for the enrichment of our language, one from Latin, reaching the language mainly through the scholar, the other from the popular Anglo-Saxon and allied dialects, reaching the language mainly through the people. Hence a perpetual conflict between two dissimilar elements, one of which has a pseudo-superiority over the other, due to its class character. The heterogeneous character of our language has its advantages, for it has given us some of the most magnificent effects in our poetic literature, from Shakespeare to Rossetti; it is a dubious advantage in prose, and in social intercourse it is the reverse of an advantage. It accentuates the distinction between the upper class man and the lower class man; it introduces an unfortunate difference between familiar language and ceremonious language, vulgarizing the one and stultifying the other, and probably it serves to increase the awkwardness and unreadiness of the Englishman in speech. The French language, on the contrary, is homogeneous and built up from a single source; with whatever finer shades of distinction there is no such fundamental difference between the language of upper and lower classes, or the same embarrassing choice of synonyms; it is perfectly adapted for the expression of social equality.* Moreover, this sociality is connected with French courtesy. That indeed was a fundamental condition for the constitution of any civilization on a basis of such widely unlike racial elements. Friction could only be avoided under such conditions by the institution of a ritual courtesy, so guaranteeing the social rights of the individual in his own person. Courtesy thus

* It is no doubt true that this quality of the French language has tended to the great development of slang in France, so that, it has been said, to the very lowest classes in Paris French

has become almost a dead language. To some extent, however, we witness the same phenomena in London, and without the compensating advantage referred to above.

is of primary value for the community, even apart from its inevitable development in a community in which social intercourse is so highly prized. French politeness is sometimes treated as a sham by English people. But to suppose that politeness must only be exercised when it is the expression of deep personal feeling is to betray absolute ignorance of its elements. French politeness, to me, at least, seems of less fine quality than Russian politeness, the watchful yet unobtrusive anxiety to help others, which is the outcome of a singularly humane temperament developed under inclement conditions involving constant mutual aid. In French politeness there is sometimes a little too much of ostentation, as it were a conscious homage to a great ritual tradition; so expressed, its superficiality is emphasized. But it has always to be remembered that nine-tenths of our relations with our fellows are only superficial, and how great a relief it would be if we could ensure that those superficial nine-tenths of life were fittingly lived in an atmosphere of equally superficial politeness! Our English minds, grasping greedily at the things which alone seem to us real, are only too apt to forget that politeness, superficial as it may be to our deep personal life, is after all one of the most real and essential features of life in common, the prime quality of city life, of politics in the true classic sense of the word.

It is because France has thus brought into the modern world traditions which spring largely from the civilization of the world's supreme city that her civilization is peculiarly adapted to an age which is primarily an urban age, and in which therefore the virtues of urbanity must inevitably come to the front. In our insular arrogance we speak of "Latin decadence" as compared with our own fruitful energy in money-making; but, after all, we have

to live, and money-making is at best only one of the more or less necessary conditions of living. In this matter our acts are more eloquent than our words. Thirty, even twenty, years ago, London was a hideous desert, a nightmare city, more lacking in the instincts and appliances of human living than remote Moscow. Since then—however great the progress yet to make, and however awkward, partial and blundering the progress already made—London has been transformed. Our streets, our parks, our restaurants, our trams and omnibuses, our public conveniences, our Sunday and evening open-air concerts, have all undergone an almost startling development which has brought them considerably nearer both to the ideals and the practices of French civilization. It may not even be too optimistic to trace some movement towards French urbanity in the feelings and conduct of our crowds, when their passions are not aroused. We no longer see the heaps of excited and groaning humanity fighting and trampling on each other, not for the sake of entering Paradise, but to obtain slightly better seats than they are entitled to in a theatre pit; it is true that the *queues* outside our theatres are not yet formed in the spontaneous French manner, and might not survive the absence of the stalwart policeman who marshals them, but their existence in any form is a blow to the old English "every-man-for-himself" doctrine of social individuality, and a testimony to the power of that conception of "liberty, equality and fraternity" which was the sentiment of the French civilization long before the Revolution set it up on the public buildings of France. It must not be supposed that this progress is largely or mainly a conscious imitation of Paris or any other continental city. It is the result of the fact that French civilization is in its chief lines the inevitable civilization of an

urban population, and that as any urban civilization develops it necessarily takes on, whether consciously or unconsciously, the essential qualities of French civilization.

In a remarkable passage of Huysmans's novel, "*Là-Bas*," the regret is expressed that Joan of Arc ever arose to wrest France from the Normans, who were seeking to preserve her racial and prehistoric unity with England, and thus handed her over to Charles VII and his southerners. Huysmans is himself of half Dutch descent, and therefore this lament must not be taken as typical of any section of purely French opinion, and one may indeed doubt whether, in spite of the tendency of the meridional element to float on the surface, it represents any unduly large part of French civilization. Moreover, Huysmans is unjust to the southerner; Taine, certainly not too sympathetic towards the meridional temperament, has yet (in his recently published posthumous "*Carnets de Voyage*") made some very acute observations on the differences observed as one travels towards the south of France; he notes the sense of democratic equality in intercourse, the alert, intelligent gaiety, the natural freedom from coarseness, the presence of a sort of instinctive education; he notes especially how the women, while losing the blushing shamefaced modesty of the northern women, have at the same time become the equals, even the superiors of the men, for "the life and temperament of the south being more feminine, women are on their own ground and command;" here, in short, we see, Taine remarks, the essential elements of the French character pushed to their extreme. Thus we may well doubt whether the meridional temperament has really damaged the balance of French civilization. But if France has lost little, one cannot help seeing how great a loss the destruction of French

and British unity has been to England, and, indirectly, to the whole world. The Normans, with their northern race and southern civilization, furnished a bond of union—equally honorable both to France and England—which it only required the growth of tradition to develop. That check on undue individualism which France has ever exercised would have furnished the only possible means of truly unifying the various elements of our land. Our race has no common civilization, and, with all its patriotism, no common country, to which every unit gives allegiance. No man considers that his country is the "British Isles," which is yet the only convenient term available, and only the colonist (and not always he) claims to belong to the "British Empire." The Englishman has the humiliation of knowing that the English crown fell into the hands of Scotch kings; the Scotchman has to realize that his country plays a subordinate part to the country he practically annexed, and that every individual Scotchman has to achieve the conquest of England afresh; the Irishman belongs to a country which is still fiercely rebel at heart; the Cornishman's national motto, "One and all," still applies exclusively to Cornishmen; and the Welshman's aloofness, however silent and sullen, is perhaps the most profound of all. France alone, by furnishing great racial contingents closely akin to each of these separate elements, could have truly unified them. To mention one instance only, though an instance of the first magnitude, the sympathy between the Mediterranean population of France and the Mediterranean population of Ireland (for such, racially, it largely is) would have forever rendered impossible any "Irish question." The advantage of the union of France and England for the world generally would have been incalculable. The weakness of a civilization based

on a broad and human basis of reason is that it is ever too ready to recognize its own limits and to rest satisfied with an epigram in the face of human stupidity. If the humanizing civilization of France had been backed by the energy of England, and held in check by our stolidity and love of compromise, there would have been moulded for the world's civilization the most effective instrument that can be conceived. When the peasant girl of Lorraine with her hallucinations, galvanized into action the nerveless arm of Charles, she inflicted a blow on the progress of the modern world which, so far as can be seen, has never been equalled.³

It would be foolish to recall what has now become an impossible dream, if it had not still an element of instruction. France must always remain the nearest country to Britain, and the French the most nearly related to the British of all European populations. We may admit that our language more closely resembles the dialect of Friesland, and that a certain section of our people, especially in East Anglia and Yorkshire, are more like the people between Holland and Norway. But if we take our islands as a whole, France alone is the European country with which we have any close affinity. Our races have been broken off from their main base in France as truly as our islands themselves have been so broken off. Even yet the line of communication is almost complete; we have but to cross to the Channel Islands to find ourselves, while still on British soil, among people of French race and French speech; again, we step over to the mainland to find ourselves in the Cotentin peninsula of Normandy, surrounded by familiar names, amid faces of familiar type, and scenery that re-

calls England. Such facts as these have to be recognized even by those among them who are inapt to appreciate the special qualities of French civilization.

That the qualities of the French spirit have also their defects cannot be questioned. It is, however, the reverse proposition which more needs to be emphasized among ourselves. We are quicker to see defects than qualities, unless the qualities happen to be our own. A learned French sociologist has written a book entitled "*A quoi tient la Supériorité des Anglo-Saxons*," and recently a brilliant French writer, M. Léon Bazalgette, has written another book entitled "*A quoi tient l'Infériorité Française*." However inconclusive these and similar books may be, we might gladly welcome among our British public men and writers any similar sign and tendency towards that healthy self-criticism and discriminating insight into the characteristics of our neighbors which are among the best signs of a fine civilization. If this popular politician and that popular author—the reader may himself fill in the blanks—were to engage in such tasks at the present moment we certainly should not all agree with them, but their courageous public spirit in insisting on the recognition of those aspects of affairs which we were most in danger of neglecting would be worthy of all admiration. When we look towards France we think we miss that spirit of individualism which we prize so highly in ourselves. We forget not only that the more orderly method of life which is inseparable from urban civilization on its material side removes much of the restless friction which largely drains away our energy, but also the still more important fact that our individualism is only conspicuous

³ While here yielding to Joan of Arc the leading role traditionally assigned to her, I am aware that certain characteristic defects of English

rule largely contributed to this series of disasters.

on the material plane. In the world of ideas individualism (putting aside eccentricity) is at least as conspicuous in France as in England. We are proud of our physical courage, and of the tenacity with which we fight to the last against immense odds. It may be so, but we have still to remember that, whatever our physical courage, we have produced a fair proportion of persecutors and not by any means a greater proportion of martyrs than other countries. We have invented Mrs. Grundy as the symbol of a power we are all afraid of. We have shown that like the French we are capable of working ourselves up to a fury of wild enthusiasm in the cause of something that seems to us for the moment of immense importance. But we have not shown that like the French we can produce a considerable minority of distinguished public men with the moral courage to face the mob, and accept calumny, ignominy, loss of every kind, even exile. Yet these are the things that make a nation's mission fruitful, and enable it to stand before the world with a good record. It is only the few men of moral courage who ultimately count. *Athanasius contra mundum*; we remember the exiled Athanasius, but we have really forgotten his Arian "world." Again, in the immensely rich literature of France we find a deficiency of poets; France has not produced one of the world's great poets; that is the inevitable defect of the qualities of mind which have given her a language incomparably fit for prose, but lacking in those large, beautiful, obscurely splendid words which our own poets can use for their emotional ends. The French temper and language lend themselves to rhetoric, which is indeed the "poetry" of a mind attuned to reason and prose; the greatest of French "poets," Victor Hugo, is a superb rhetorician; it is always rather difficult for a Frenchman to dis-

tinguish between rhetoric and real poetry. So fundamental is the bias of the French mind to prose that, so far as I know, the only two French poets who are purely poets, as the Greeks and the English have understood poetry—I refer to Villon and Verlaine—are poets by the breaking up of the whole social personality, by becoming outcasts from society. Only by smashing the whole mould of their civilization, it would seem, can the most intense note of personal emotion be reached; whereas in England it has been possible for the greatest poets to live quietly the lives of respectable middle-class citizens. It is the difference between a civilization in which personal emotion, for good or for evil, is traditionally allowed its full swing, and a civilization in which reason and orderliness and the demands of the social instincts are traditionally permanent; the "prose" of such a civilization, it may not be unnecessary to add, is by no means the opposite of idealism, but its ideals are those of impersonal reason rather than of personal self-centred emotion. We have already seen how the much condemned gaiety of the French, with its tendency to play impudently around the most sacred facts of life, is really bound up with the finest qualities of the French genius, with those heroic or austere qualities which have made France, more than any other country, the land of saints. We speak with contempt, again, of French instability, especially as manifested in politics; but in doing so we not only fail to put ourselves at the point of view of a nation among whom politics, as we understand them, however conspicuous they may appear, are not regarded as the most fundamental matter in life, but we do not realize that that very instability is the sign of a highly organized and sensitive civilization. In the same way we might pass in review all the defects in the character of the

French, or indeed any other nation, to find that they were after all the inevitable defects of qualities, and that nothing in the world is without its compensations for good or for evil.

These things are truisms. But it is the misfortune of popular passions and national jealousies that they impart to the most commonplace matters of fact an almost startling novelty. Any one who is in touch with French opinion knows how tolerant and how fair towards England is the attitude of educated French people. Yet the opinions of the flimsiest and feeblest of French newspapers—reflecting a vulgar, if not unnatural, reaction against the Pharisaic attitude of England towards France—are reproduced in the most ponderous of our own journals, so to gain a significance and resonance which otherwise they would never reach. Thus the vicious circle is completed, and the English man in the street who takes his opinions, as Englishmen nowadays mainly seem to do, from the newspapers, is hopelessly chained to prejudice and error.

We can scarcely expect any return of the days when the Englishman of means completed his education by a prolonged visit to Europe, and especially to France. During the past year some of the finest achievements of human civilization, past and present, were brought together or illustrated on the banks of the Seine. It was a spectacle from which no intelligent person could fail to gain help and inspiration, and a finer insight into those things which most truly represent human progress. Yet never have the English been so conspicuously absent from Paris. The American voice, indeed, one heard on every side, rarely indeed the English voice. Even at the great international parliament of the healing

arts and sciences—the Medical Congress—Great Britain was represented by a little group, scarcely larger than that furnished by suffering and impoverished Spain. No doubt there were reasons for this abstention of our fellow-countrymen; in some measure, at all events, it was meant to mark a sense of the supposed hostility with which France viewed English action. Yet it may be doubted whether the ancient Japanese practice of *hara-kiri*—with its principle of injuring oneself in order to gain revenge on others—may profitably be transferred to the spiritual plane.

It may well be that the present moment is not the most auspicious even for an attempt to learn something of the secrets of ordinary French civilization, but it is certainly the moment when its advantages are most clearly presented to us. A nation which acts counter to the ideas and sentiments of the civilized world must either succeed in proving to the world that it is animated by motives of unquestionable justice, or, failing that, it must at least be willing to exercise tact and consideration towards other countries. A country which fails to do either must be content to be regarded for the moment as outside the pale of civilization. The latent animosities thus aroused are necessarily strong among a people whose humanitarian ideals and instincts of justice are more developed and widespread than elsewhere. Hence inevitable friction of the most mischievous sort, and the waves of popular passion and prejudice threaten their worst. Yet, whatever havoc they may wreak, the solid bed-rock of the ancient facts on which our race and civilization are founded cannot be permanently shaken. It is well that from time to time we should be reminded of the existence of those facts.

Havelock Ellis.

THE LIGHT OF OTHER DAYS.

"We'll hae the organ gin it shud rot in the kirk."

Not only the words, but the tone and facial expression of the speaker were significant; they were a challenge to battle. The gauntlet was picked up by M'Crum, an ardent "anti-organ man."

"Weel," said he, "ye canna dae less nor try; but ye'll no hae ma vote, Robbie, nor the schulmester's."

He thrust his hands into his pockets with a gesture of defiance, and looked about on the little crowd which, sniffing battle, was gathering round.

It was a Sunday afternoon early in March. Over the quiet landscape lay a dreamy yellow light—the golden smile of departing day. The wintry fields seemed stirred into new life at its touch, and responded with glows of red-brown and flashes of emerald.

"An' supposin' ye dae vote agin' us, what then?" asked Robbie scornfully.

"Weel, it'll be yen vote the mair, that's a'," returned M'Crum, slightly disconcerted.

"Yen 'll mak' a quare difference considerin' hoo few there's agin' it, an' them a' sillies as oughter be examined by a doctor."

M'Crum's tawny cheek reddened.

"Ye're a leear, Robert Magill, that's what ye be."

"Ay, that's what ye be, Robbie," chimed in a woman's voice.

It was Mrs. Allan who had joined the group. She was an important personage in her own estimation, and held opinions on every subject under the sun.

"A thank heaven," she continued in pompous tones— "A thank heaven A'm as herty mind and buddy as any one here, not exceptin' yoursel', Robbie

Magill, an' as able to speak ma mind too. We'll hae nane o' yer Popery tricks here. We'll worship God as oor fathers done lang syne on the hillsides. They had nae kist o' whistles, but praised Him wid the human voice, as was His divine wull an' intention when He gied it tae our first parents in the Garden of Eden. Ye'll be for settin' the Virgin Mary up ahint the poopit next," she added with infinite scorn.

"A'm thinkin' oor first parents maun hae hed a different kinder human organ than the likes o' oor percentor. For A canna believe th' Almighty hes a worse ear than us, His pulr creatures, an' Am convinced He'd sooner hear the music o' a deid instrument than the bellowings o' yon speeritually deid youth as calls himself oor percentor."

The audacity of this speech thrilled the small audience, and all eyes were turned on the speaker. He was an elderly man, with weather-beaten features and twinkling blue eyes. His opinion, daring as it was, was valued as emanating from an elder.

"A'm no sayin' McMeekin sings weel," retorted Mrs. Allen; "but at least his singin' is no a breaking o' the law."

"Ye dinna ken yer Bible as ye shud," cried Robbie exasperated, "gin ye talk o' breakin' the law by usin' instruments in God's praise. Didna David praise Him on the harp and stringed instrument?"

"Ay, but there's no word o' organs or harmoniums or sich like in the Bible."

This was too much for Robbie. He turned away in contemptuous silence, amid the subdued merriment of his fellows. Walking soberly, with head bowed in thought, he almost ran into the minister, who was returning from the Sabbath school.

"Well, Robbie," was his greeting, "what's the trouble?"

"It's them fauks wid their bletherings about the organ. I canna thole their nonsense," and he retailed his recent altercation.

The minister laughed quietly with unmistakable relish, but Robbie groaned. He was too desperately in earnest to see the humorous aspect of a subject which was as life and death to him.

That evening the vote was taken with the collection. All who were opposed to the introduction of instrumental aid in the church services were to put their names in the plate. Robbie frightened several of the more timid "Purists" by the terribly conspicuous height at which he held the plate, and by the prolonged stare with which he favored them, into dropping their names on the floor instead of into the plate.

After the service the elders were closeted with the minister. When they emerged from the session-room, the people had only to look at Robbie to know that the Instrumentalists had won the day.

Five days later the organ was in the church surrounded by the Purists and Instrumentalists alike, all eager with curiosity. Robbie was there, of course, exultantly triumphant beneath a thin mask of outward indifference; also the schoolmaster, looking sour enough, but stifling his "Purity" scruples with the pride he felt in the fact that his daughter was to occupy the exalted position of organist. This was the bait with which the Instrumentalists coaxed him into reluctant acquiescence, the cost of which device they had yet to pay. On Sunday the church was filled with expectant faces, amongst whom to his secret amusement, the minister recognized ten out of the fourteen "Purists."

The organist for the inaugural service was a friend of his daughter, and a trained musician. Her playing trans-

ported the Instrumentalists into raptures of appreciation and conscious superiority over their less enlightened brethren, charmed the wavering, and swept away the prejudices of the Purists. All through the service Robbie's head was wagging gently with a triumph which could not be concealed, and also with genuine enjoyment of the music. Poor Robbie! what a valley of humiliation lay, all unknown, before him.

Afterwards the minister accosted him with amusement lurking in his eyes.

"Well, Robbie, that's a gem of an organ, eh?"

With true Scotch reserve Robbie replied in two short monosyllables—

"It'll dae."

But what endless satisfaction was contained in those two small words, more convincing and expressive than much extravagant eulogy. And his bearing was that of a conqueror.

On the following Sunday how different his mien; the schoolmaster's daughter played. It was hard to believe she handled the same instrument. Down the isles droned monotonous sounds unrelieved by light or shade, unvaried by change of stops—like the drone of some old harmonium.

Robbie bowed his head in shame, painfully conscious of the sidelong glances and sneering smiles of the "Purists," who were suddenly reconverted into enemies of his organ. Afterwards he lay in wait for the minister.

"It'll never dae," he groaned. "She canna play ava. We'll be made the laughing-stock o' the whole-country-side."

"And what's to be done, Robbie? I know of no one who can play; besides we can't very well set aside Martha Craig, except for a professional, and that we can hardly afford," replied the minister gloomily. But the contrast

between the limp figure now before him and the exultant hero of the previous Sunday brought a gleam of amusement to his eye.

"There's Miss Ruth," suggested Robbie, venturing on dangerous ground; but he was in desperation.

"My daughter. Ah," exclaimed the minister, a certain hardness stealing involuntarily into his voice—"she does not play."

Robbie had no more to say; he turned to go. His hand was on the door, when he wheeled round suddenly and said—

"A'll no rest till yon organ is played richt. A'll no hae it made a laughin'-stock o'."

The remark was characteristic, and the minister smiled. He knew Robbie would be as good as his word, but how he would achieve his end puzzled and interested him.

He stood alone in the dim little session-room before the ivy-framed window looking across the bleak landscape to the hills crested with a long line of firs. The fantastic outlines of the trees showed darkly against a clear sky; drifting clouds shed ever-changing shadows across the sun-lit hill-slopes; from cottage chimneys wound columns of blue smoke, and over the land lay a Sabbath hush. But the minister saw none of this. Now, in all quiet, unoccupied moments, his eyes were blinded to externals by the vision of a yellow head "on which the sun is ever shining." Nineteen years ago he had been hurled from the mountain heights of joy into the dark chill valley of bereavement, but it was still permitted him to see those far-off heights touched with unfading glory. In the long, lonely years this had been his only solace—the memory of what had been, and the hope of what was yet to be.

The gift his young wife had given him in dying was for him a bitter legacy, reminding him ever of the saddest moment in his life. He could never

see the child without the painful thought, that it was there instead of her who had been his life's joy. Therefore, when his wife's sister offered to take the child, he consented willingly. That was eighteen years ago, and the child, now a young girl, was at home in the old manse.

As he entered the house this Sunday afternoon a sweet voice floated down the long, dark hall and reached his ear. It was Gounod's setting of Bach's beautiful fugue the girl was singing. The notes were limpid enough to please the finest ear, but a frown gathered on the minister's brow.

"Ruth," he called.

A vision of dainty maidenhood emerged from the gloom.

"Yes, father," she answered somewhat timidly.

"I must request you not to sing about the house; I have a strong objection to it. You can always run down to the church when you want to do so."

She colored slightly, and did not reply. When one is young, full-blooded and overflowing with melody, it is the hardest thing in life to bar the lips against the bubbling song surging to break forth into utterance.

"Jane," she said, turning to a gray-headed servant, "do not wait dinner for me. I am going down to the church."

Her father heard the order as he closed his study door, and congratulated himself on his solitary meal.

Meanwhile the girl fled up to her room to relieve her pent-up feelings in a burst of tears.

"He does not understand nor care," she sobbed. "Oh, why was I ever born? I have only brought him sorrow."

She stood at the narrow window set in the deep stone walls, and looked down the valley to the ancient graveyard of Moygara, where the great Irish yews kept guard over her mother's grave.

"Mother, if it had only been I instead of you!"

Then came a lull in her grief. Dreamily she watched the shadows flitting over the landscape, and the changing aspects of the sky. A knock at her door aroused her. In consternation she plunged her face into cold water, and began vigorously to dry it. During this operation she called "Come in."

The door opened and Jane appeared bearing a tray. The elaborate proceeding her young mistress was engaged in did not deceive the experienced eye of the old servant. She set down the tray on a side table, and after fussing unnecessarily about it, said—

"Miss Ruth, dear, gin A wur ye A'd practise a heap on yon new organ."

"I don't think, Jane, 'tis much use my doing anything, since nothing pleases. I wish I had never left auntie's, for my presence is only a burden to my father."

"Bide a wee, my dearie, bide a wee. His mind is still that full o' the memory o' her; but gin yince he cud see hoo like ye air tae her! I never seen onything mair like her than ye when ye come oot inter the hall juist noo. It's ower a' hoo he missed the likeness. Ay, but she wus a bonnie lady; and to hear her play—ah! it wus graund."

"Ah!" and the girl caught her breath; then with a sudden smile she said naively. "And am I bonnie, Jane?"

These unexpected gleams of humor in the darkest hours puzzled the old woman, whose nature had no Celtic strain in its composition. She looked hard at her young mistress, but she could detect no trace of vanity in the sweet face.

"Ye're juist the image o' her," she said simply.

"Then why can't he see it?" she asked passionately, the tears starting to her eyes.

"A dinna ken; but A believe he sees naething but her image who is gone."

"Did my mother sing, Jane?"

"No, dearie, not as A hird tell o'."

There was a pause; then the old woman made the girl sit down and partake of the meal she had prepared for her.

When Ruth had finished she put on her hat and jacket and went down to the church. She had often played the pipe organ in the church her aunt attended, and, unknown to her father, was a truer musician than ever his dead wife had been.

The great gaunt church was filled with evening sunshine when she entered it, and its white walls shone like jasper with reflected light. She opened the little instrument caressingly, adjusted the stops, and struck the white keys. Instantly the church was as full of music as of sunshine. She played on and on, influenced by the mystical silence of the empty church, and the soft lights of sunset falling through the clear window-panes.

When she ceased, tired with her exertions, she suddenly became conscious of a presence in the church. She rose and scanned the pews. A tall elderly man stood with folded arms at the far end of the building. When he saw her evident alarm he approached with rapid strides.

"Ye maun excuse the leeberty, Miss Ruth, but A cudna help creepin' in when A hird the organ."

"Oh, it's all right," she returned, smiling. "I was only surprised to find any one listening when I thought the church was empty. You are one of my father's elders, are you not?"

"Ay, A'm M'Clay."

"You see, I have been away so many years I know no one."

"Ye're the image o' yer puir mother," he exclaimed irrelevantly, as the remarkable likeness struck him suddenly and forcibly.

The girl's fair cheek flushed and her lips trembled.

"My father does not see it."

A tender expression stole over the elder's rough, weather-beaten features. He had gone through the same fiery ordeal as the minister, but he had come forth purged from all bitterness and hardness. In his lonely hillside farm there was no bright-haired lassie making sunshine in the dim old kitchen, no girlish voice echoing amongst the smoky rafters. At the thought his heart rose in judgment against the minister.

"It'll be a bit lonesome up at the manse," he said gently.

She could not answer for the tears in her throat.

With that rare, natural instinct given to so few, he divined how best to cover her confusion without appearing to have noticed it.

"Gin A micht mak' sae free tae ask ye to let me hear the twenty-third Psalm; it's a favorite o' mine."

He had found the place in the psalter, and the tune "Palestrina."

"Shall I sing?" said Ruth.

"Ay, that'll be graund."

He moved away down the darkening aisles, and listened with a full heart to the sweet young voice.

The Lord's my shepherd, I'll not want.

He makes me down to lie

In pastures green; He leadeth me

The quiet waters by.

My soul He doth restore again,

And me to walk doth make

Within the paths of righteousness,

E'en for His own name's sake.

Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,

Yet will I fear—"

Here the music ceased and the girl's head went down on the organ. Presently she rose, ashamed of her weakness, but the church was empty. In the vestibule she could hear the sexton preparing for the evening service.

She stole out into the March twilight. Behind the ridge of firs were lingering

gleams of red and gold, but from the eastward came rolling silently the dark night clouds.

* * * * *

The little session-room was full to overflowing with uncouth legs and arms, ill-accustomed to be cramped into a smaller space than the open fields and hillsides. One or two there were who, being mechanics, were less unwieldy than their agricultural brethren; of these was Robbie Magill. He sat nearest the minister, and his face presented such a spectacle of woe that no one ventured to address him.

A solemn silence had fallen on the committee, when the door opened and M'Clay stood on the threshold.

The sight of Robbie's face set his eyes a-twinkle. "They say Martha has resigned; is it true?"

"I am afraid it is," replied the minister, somewhat tartly. The painful absurdity of their position as a congregation touched him seriously, and M'Clay's benign face, with its hidden mirth leaking out at eyes and mouth, irritated him.

"What's tae be din? Hae ye fun' another organist?"

Robbie looked up with an angry glance in his eyes. "Ay, it's ower likely," he muttered.

"We'll juist hae tae recall oor percentor," remarked M'Crum drily.

"We'll nae dae that," exclaimed Robbie with decision. "We'll advertise for an organist," he added grandly.

The minister smiled. "At ten pounds a year, Robbie, and in an out-of-the-way parish seven miles from anywhere."

"We'll hae wee Minnie Carruth to lead the church praise," suggested M'Crum.

"Hoots, man! a woman!" exclaimed some one.

"Ay, an' why not? Juist as weel as tae play the organ," retorted M'Crum.

"An' the organ—what's tae become o'

it, standin' like a dumber in the corner?" asked Robbie bitterly.

A painful pause ensued, then M'Clay said with unction—

"A hae fun' an organist that'll dae."

Being an assembly of men, and men of Scotch extraction, moreover, it took some little time for this astonishing statement to penetrate to their brains.

"You have found an organist?" exclaimed the minister, scanning his elder with sceptical eyes. "And whom, might I ask?"

"It'll nae dae tae tell; but gin ye'll a' gang inter the kirk an' sit far back, ye'll hear yon organ sound as ye never hird it yet."

In wondering silence the committee rose and entered the dark church.

"We'll want a licht," said Robbie, turning briskly towards the lamp, but M'Clay intercepted him.

"Ye'll want nae licht," he said quietly. "Ye're no feared, A presume."

Robbie stared at him, amazed at his levity. "But the organist?" he gasped.

"The organist 'll want nae licht," returned M'Clay; "at least no' yet a wee."

Mystified and bewildered, Robbie followed the others.

Presently footsteps were heard on the flagged floor, and a woman's figure appeared on the threshold silhouetted against the lamplight. More than that the eager eyes at the far end of the church could not discern. But soon Robbie's heart was filled with the surging tides of returning hope and exultation. Down the dark aisles came whispering, flute-like notes, exquisitely pure, with a far-away quaver underlying them; then fuller harmonies swelling into resounding thunders which filled the church.

At first the minister had been sceptical, suspecting this unknown organist would prove another farmer's lassie with the usual limited repertoire of show pieces. But the masterly manip-

ulation of the instrument soon dispelled this fear, and presently the music laid him under a spell. He lived over intensely the sublimest moments of his life. In a dreamy way the setting of those moments was present too—summer skies and waving harvests, the scent of roses drooping on a girl's bosom, and the voice of song birds in the trees—but the joy of her presence, the sunshine on her hair, the glance of her blue eyes, were as intensely real as when his bride had stood in the flesh before him.

The long intervening years were swept away. There at the organ sat his love, the lamplight streaming full on her bright head. Unobserved by him, a tall spare figure stole back into the dark session-room, whence it had come bearing the lamp which was now turning the girl's hair to gold.

The music died into silence. The young musician turned slowly on her stool and looked down the aisles; but there was only one figure in the church, and that her father. Leaning back in the pew, his head on his hand, he still lived in far-off days.

She turned again lingeringly to the instrument; her fingers were touching the keys softly, when a hand was laid on her shoulder, and a trembling voice said, "Lucy, Lucy, my child."

To be called by her mother's name seemed no stranger than to find herself in those arms which had been closed to her since her birth.

When they emerged into the little session-room, which after all had been robbed of its light, they did not notice the solitary figure crouching beside the dying embers. As the outer door clicked to behind the minister and his daughter, the farmer rose.

"'Twas the lamp done it," he muttered, stroking his rough chin with a gesture of satisfaction. "It's ower a' hoo he never noticed naething, but juist sat there entranced like—" Then

his voice broke, and something like a sob sounded through the room. He took up his hat and left the church, winding his way through the darkness to the lonely farmstead on the hillside, where no bright head shone under the lamplight, nor was there the sound of a woman's voice.

Leisure Hour.

Greta Gilmour.

THE PAGEANT OF SEAMEN.

1

The song of the sea-adventurers, that never were known to fame,
 The roving, roistering mariners that bullded our England's name:
 Foolhardy, reckless, undaunted,
 Death they courted and taunted:
 In the jaws of hell their flag they flaunted, answering flame with flame.

2

An endless pageant of power and pride, they steer from the long-ago,
 From quays that moulder beneath the tide, from cities whose walls lie low:
 Carrack and sloop and galley,
 Out of the dark they rally,
 As homing birds over hill and valley, back to the land they know.

3

The crews of the Bristol Guinea-men that traded to Old Calabar,
 Fading for years out of English ken in sweltering seas afar;
 The Danes and the Dutch they raced there,
 The Brandenburgers they chased there,
 They bid the Portingale cargoes waste there, under an evil star.

4

Their ships came back from the Cameroons, ragged and patched and old,
 With decks roof-thatched from the Accra noons—but down in their sultry hold,
 Battened from wind and weather,
 Were coral and ostrich feather,
 Jasper and Ivory heaped together, amber and dust of gold.

5

The Greenland skippers that speared the whale at the edge of
the grinding floe,
Icicles fringing sheet and sail, and decks in a smother of snow:
Men of Clyde and of Humber,
Cold is their Arctic slumber,
But their deeds of daring that none may number shall live while
the north winds blow.

6

The stately captains of barque and brig, in the days of the good
Queen Anne:
Under each powdered periwig was the brain of a sea-bred man.
Was there work to be done? they did it:
Was there danger? they pressed amid it:
Wounded to death, with a smile they hid it, and perished as sail-
ors can.

7

The filibusters of Tudor years, that held the ocean in fee,
The buccaneers and the privateers, the outlawed sons of the sea:
Terrible, swift, unsleeping,
Like bolts from the azure leaping,
Like birds of prey on their quarry sweeping, foraging far and
free.

8

The pig-tailed bo's'ns of Anson and Cook, and the seafaring men
they led,—
Who has counted in song or book the roll of those glorious dead?
On desolate isles uncharted
Their valorous souls departed:
They fought—they fell—and in death, blithe-hearted, cheered as
the foeman fled.

9

The men that talked with a Devon twang, as they hoisted the
sails of Drake,—
All through the West their rumor rang, the pride of the Dons to
break,
Fierce to seize and to sunder
The golden argosies' plunder,
The New World's dread and the Old World's wonder, splendid
for England's sake.

10

The coasting-craft and the fishing-craft, lugger and ketch and
 hoy,
 With a duck-gun fore and a blunderbuss aft, served by a man
 and a boy;
 Their tiny armaments flinging
 On frigate and gunboat—bringing
 Prizes and prisoners home with singing, fired with a desperate
 joy.

11

Ruffed to the chin, or laced to the knee, or stripped to the waist
 for fight,
 Herding the alien hordes of the sea to fields of defeat and flight,
 Or, lit by the lightning's flashing,
 Close-hauled through the hurricane thrashing,
 With decks a-wash and with spars a-crashing, they swoop on the
 reeling sight.

12

The sea-dogs sturdy, the sea-hawks bold, that never were known
 to fame,—
 The grim adventurers young and old, that builded our England's
 name—
 Over the waters of dreaming
 Their bows are rocking and gleaming—
 To the sun unsetting their flag is streaming, answering flame
 with flame.

Blackwood's Magazine.

May Byron.

THE NATIONAL ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION.

It is, perhaps, hardly necessary to remark that it is not the object of the National Antarctic expedition to reach the South Pole, but to investigate the Antarctic regions; and though some of the problems cannot be solved unless the existing southern record is broken, the expedition is not being equipped especially for the attainment of much higher latitudes than have already been reached. Had that been one of

the main objects of the expedition, either the ship might have been sent southward on a different line, or the expedition would have been provided with greater sledge-hauling power.

The operations of the British expedition are restricted to the half of the Antarctic area east of the meridians of 90° E. and 90° W., *i. e.*, to the region south of Australia and the Pacific. The western half, including the region

south of America, the Atlantic and Africa, is to be explored simultaneously by the German expedition under Prof. von Drygalski, by a Swedish expedition under Dr. O. Nordenskjöld, and, it is hoped, also by a Scotch expedition under Mr. W. S. Bruce. This division of the field of work between the British and the German expeditions was proposed at the Geographical Congress at Berlin, and has now been accepted on both sides and the plan of work arranged accordingly. So far as can be judged with our present knowledge, this plan, other things being equal, gives the German expedition the chance of the most striking geographical discoveries and the British expedition the opportunities for a richer harvest of scientific results.

The scientific work of the expedition is directed to cover as wide a field of research as is consistent with the essential objects of the expedition. Of these the object of primary importance is the study of terrestrial magnetism. It was upon the need for work upon this subject that the appeal to the Treasury for funds was based, and it was to enable the magnetic observations to be properly made that it was thought advisable to provide a new ship rather than adopt the less expensive course of adapting an existing whaler. A new ship—the *Discovery*—has accordingly been built by the Dundee Shipbuilding Co. She is a modified whaler of somewhat more than 1,500 tons displacement, and with engines of 450 horse power.

The staff of the expedition is as follows:—The executive staff consists of Commander R. F. Scott, R.N., commander of the expedition; Lieutenant Albert Armitage, R.N.R., who distinguished himself in the Jackson-Harmsworth expedition to Franz-Josef Land, second in command and navigator; Lieutenants Royds, Barne and Shackleton; and Mr. Skelton, engineer. The

civilian staff consists of Mr. T. V. Hodgson, formerly of the Plymouth Biological Laboratory and curator of the Plymouth Museum, biologist; Dr. R. Koettlitz, botanist; Mr. Wm. Shackleton, of the Solar Physics Laboratory, physicist and astronomer; Dr. E. A. Wilson, zoologist and doctor to the land party; and the writer, who is director of the civilian staff and in command of the operations on shore. It is hoped that it may be possible to arrange for additional scientific assistance from volunteers who will accompany the ship in her cruises from Melbourne. Mr. G. Murray, F.R.S., who is editing the "Antarctic Manual," has kindly consented to act as deputy director of the civilian staff, and will superintend the scientific equipment in England, and probably accompany the *Discovery* as far as Melbourne.

Considerations for the magnetic work have exercised a dominant influence in the plan of operations ordered by the Joint Committee. Magnetic work in the British field of operations has difficulties from which work in the western half of the Antarctic area is free; the horizontal magnetic force is exceptionally low, and great decimal variations in declination are frequent. These variations will, of course, affect the observations made on the *Discovery*, and unless this factor can be allowed for, it will be impossible to determine the proper magnetic elements for the ship's points of observation. Accordingly the Magnetic Committee has declared it essential that there should be a station on shore in Southern Victoria Land to act as secondary magnetic base. It will be the first duty of the party landed at this station to secure a continuous magnetic record for a period of twelve months. For that purpose it will be supplied with a magnetograph, which will be under the special care of Mr. Shackleton; should the recording instrument fail, personal observations

must be taken as frequently as possible. The records at this station will enable the observations taken during the magnetic survey at sea to be corrected for diurnal changes.

The Joint Committee has, therefore, decided that the *Discovery* shall proceed from her southern headquarters at Melbourne to Southern Victoria Land, where Captain Scott will land a party somewhere between McMurdo Bay and Wood Bay. The land party will consist of eight men, including Mr. Shackleton as physicist and Dr. E. A. Wilson as doctor and zoologist.

The selection of Southern Victoria Land, and the neighborhood of Mounts Erebus and Terror, for the site of the land station is recommended by geographical as well as by magnetic considerations. Topographical exploration is the second important branch of the work of the expedition, for it is necessary as a base for much of the other work; and it was probably interest in this subject that inspired Colonel Longstaff's munificent donation, which brought the expedition within the range of practical politics.

Fortunately sufficient is now known of the geography of the eastern half of the Antarctic area to enable a definite plan of operations to be arranged. We need not, like Cook, strike blindly into the Antarctic, knowing no more of one line than of another. There are two main geographical problems in the British field of work. The first problem is whether the known lands to the south of Australia—Victoria Land, Wilkes Land, Adelie Land, Geikie Land, Newnes Land, Termination Land, etc.—are all part of one great continent or are members of an Antarctic archipelago. The classical and mediæval geographers accepted the existence of an Antarctic continent, be-

lieved in which is now supported by Suess's principles of geographical distribution.

Australia, as Suess has explained to us, consists of a great plateau bounded on the north and east by the important tectonic line which passes through New Guinea, New Caledonia and New Zealand. Ritter has therefore very plausibly suggested that the volcanic chain that forms the eastern face of Victoria Land is the continuation of the New Zealand volcanic line, and that the coast of Wilkes Land is a southern extension of the Australian plateau.

This hypothesis, advanced at first on general considerations, is consistent with all available geological evidence. The specimens collected by Wilkes and the boulders dredged by the *Challenger* and *Valdivia* include archæan and sedimentary rocks similar to those of Southern Australia; and Mr. Borchgrevink has brought home a collection of specimens which have been kindly shown to me by Mr. Prior, and are practically identical with some of the Lower Palæozoic rocks of Victoria.

The rocks of the eastern face of Victoria Land have been described by Teall and David, and their identifications show that the volcanic rocks resemble those of New Zealand.¹

There is, therefore, little doubt that Antarctica is *geologically* a continent, consisting of a western plateau, composed of archæan and sedimentary rocks like those of Australia, and of an eastern volcanic chain. But whether Antarctica is still a continent *geographically* is less certain; and this question can only be conclusively settled by a survey. Land journeys westward and southward from Mount Erebus ought to settle this problem.

The volcanic line of Victoria Land runs north and south for some eight or

¹ The continuation of the tectonic line that crosses Southern New Zealand obliquely to the main New Zealand line has not yet been deter-

mined, and it may be found to play an important part in the southern shore of the Pacific.

ten degrees of latitude; at 77° S. lat. the coast and the volcanic chain bends abruptly to the east. The discovery of their eastward continuation is the second main geographical problem to be settled in the British half of the Antarctic area.

Ross sailed to the east for some 30 degrees, along the face of the "Ice-Barrier; and though the origin of the barrier-ice is not yet certainly known, it has probably been formed on land. Ross has recorded a "strong appearance of land" beyond the eastern end of the barrier (160° W.), and the barrier may be roughly parallel to the edge of a land line connecting the Parry Mountains and Ross's "apparent land."

Beyond this point is a gap until 70° further to the east, we come to Graham's Land. In the intermediate area there has been no direct record of any large land area that would connect Graham's Land and Victoria Land. But Cook's description of his view from his turning-point at 137° W. 67° S. is suggestive of land with peaks rising through an ice-sheet rather than of a number of icebergs frozen into pack-ice. Cook, however, clearly interpreted it as the latter. The indirect evidence as to the geographical character of the line between Graham's Land and Mounts Erebus and Terror is more important. It is based on Suess's law of coast distribution.

The Pacific Ocean is bounded by coasts the trend of which is determined by mountain ranges which run parallel to the shore. This rule holds in Eastern Australia, Eastern Asia, Malaysia and throughout the western coast of America with an unimportant exception in Central America. The remaining coasts of the world are on the Atlantic type, in which the coast lines are not determined by the trend of long, folded mountain chains; the mountain ranges are cut transversely

or obliquely; and the coasts are mainly formed of plateaux and coast plains. Ritter has made the probable suggestion that the low coast of Wilkes Land is on the Atlantic type, and the high mountain chain of Victoria Land is on the Pacific type. Graham's Land has a characteristic Pacific coast; and when we remember the persistence of that type round the whole of the known shores of the Pacific, it appears not improbable that the Southern Pacific is bounded by a coast of the same type. If so, we should expect the Parry Mountains and Graham's Land to be connected by a series of mountain bows, the curves convex to the north, and with at least the traces of island festoons.

In that case the great tectonic lines which bound the Pacific to east and west are connected across the Antarctic area; and if that can be proved the unity of the great Pacific depression will be completely established.

That this South Pacific coast line can be discovered and surveyed by the expedition is improbable; when we remember the limited extent of the areas explored by Arctic expeditions, one ship cannot be expected to investigate half the Antarctic zone in the course of sixteen or eighteen months.

Considerable indirect evidence bearing on this problem may, however, be obtained; information as to the geology of Dougherty Island, and an extensive collection of bottom deposits along the edge of the ice-pack in the Southern Pacific, would no doubt throw much light on the geographical character of the area to the south. The expedition, moreover, should secure information as to the oceanic circulation and ice-drift which will enable a carefully-thought-out attack on this quadrant to be made. Our knowledge of the Ross quadrant, as Sir Clements Markham has called it, is so limited that it gives us no trustworthy sug-

gestion as to the best lines of entry. And the Joint Committee appears to have accepted the principle that the expedition should work where present knowledge gives most guidance as to profitable lines of discovery and research.

The principal geodetic work of the expedition will be the continuation of the line of gravity determinations that has now been carried from California across the Pacific to Sydney, and thence through Melbourne, Tasmania and New Zealand. This work will be done by a new set of three of the Eilery half-seconds pendulums, which, thanks to Mr. Baracchi, have been made for loan to the expedition by the Victorian Government. The pendulum results will be checked by the use of two of the gravity torsion balances designed by Profs. Threlfall and Pollock.

If it be possible to land for a couple of days at Cape Adare, gravity determinations should be made there as well as at the land station in Southern Victoria Land.

At this station a seismographic observatory will also be established. A Milne seismometer of the British Association pattern and a Ewing's duplex recorder are both to be installed.

A station on shore that will give a complete year's observations is necessary for the meteorological work as well as for the magnetic. The meteorological equipment will be exceptionally complete, thanks to the Admiralty, the Meteorological Council, Dr. R. H. Scott, Dr. H. R. Mill and Mr. W. N. Shaw. Recording instruments, including barographs, thermographs and hygrographs will be established and checked by four-hourly direct observations; in case of the collapse of the recording instruments, observations will be taken every two hours, and during part of the year it will probably be possible to take them every hour.

As the observatory will probably be near the face of a lofty mountain range the atmospheric conditions may be abnormal. To ascertain the conditions of the free air, it is proposed to fly kites with meteorographs. The Hargreaves kites, as modified at Dr. Rotch's observatory at Blue Hill will be used.

The special meteorological problem to be determined by the combined expeditions is the existence of the hypothetical anticyclone over the South Pole. The careful meteorological observations made by Mr. Bernacchi during the Borchgrevink expedition have given almost a complete year's record for Cape Adare; they have shown the prevalence there of southeasterly winds which were unexpectedly warm, and are apparently due to a northern air-current being forced to sea-level and to return northward in the area to the southeast of Cape Adare.

The expedition is also being generously equipped for oceanographic work, as the Admiralty, thanks to Sir William Wharton, is supplying the whole of the material. The first branch of this work will be the continuation of the contributions of former expeditions to the contour of the Antarctic ocean floor; and it is hoped that, in addition to complete series of soundings in special areas, new lines of soundings will cover a wide area around the edge of the ice-pack. The study of the bottom deposits collected during the soundings will be of especial interest, as bearing on the range and structure of the Antarctic lands; and their evidence will be supplemented by dredging for boulders with a special bucket-dredge.

The determination of the oceanic circulation as shown by the varying temperature, salinity, specific gravity and refractive index of the sea water will be the most arduous part of the oceanographic work. Owing to the importance and difficulty of this research,

independent methods will be used concurrently. In the aerial temperature determinations we hope, like the German expedition, to have the assistance of a platinum thermometer, arrangements for which are being made by Prof. Ayrton. The mechanical difficulties in the management of the cable render it indispensable that a full equipment of mercurial thermometers shall be carried; but electric thermometry has reached a stage at which we may hope that in determining temperatures under the great pressures of oceanic depths we need not rely on a method dependent on volume.

The tidal work will be done at the shore station, where a tide pole will be erected and observations taken for at least three months. Tidal observations on the Antarctic shores, according to Prof. G. H. Darwin, "would be of especially great interest, since this is the only region of the earth in which the water is uninterrupted by land."

The biological work of the expedition will be mainly at sea; for the ancient maxim that "Nature loves life" does not appear to apply to the Antarctic lands. The main biological duty of the expedition is to make as extensive collection of the fauna and flora of the Antarctic Ocean as the ship's storage will admit. As the German expedition proposes to limit its dredgings to work of less than a thousand fathoms, it is all the more advisable that the *Discovery* shall dredge in the deep basins as well as in the shallower seas; for though the latter may be richer in individuals, they will probably be comparatively poor in species; whereas the deeper parts of the Antarctic will probably be rich in novelties, and will afford the most valuable materials for the solution of the problem of bipolarity.

Sir John Murray's suggestive views as to the relations of the Arctic and Antarctic faunas are too well known

to need re-statement here. His theory is based in the main on the *Challenger* collections, and much further material is required before it can be settled whether the resemblances between the Arctic and Antarctic faunas are homoplastic or homogenetic.

In the zoological work Mr. Hodgson will devote his attention mainly to the invertebrates, and Dr. Wilson to the vertebrates. Mr. Koettlitz will be the botanist of the expedition, and will study especially the phyto-plankton and bacteria of the Antarctic seas.

The Antarctic continent being often described as buried completely under a pall of ice and snow is not regarded as a hopeful field for geological work. But though the conditions may be unfavorable, the geological problems of the Antarctic are exceptionally interesting.

Stratigraphically we may expect Wilkes Land to show us a continuation of the rocks of the Australian plateau; and as part of the South Australian coast is at least of Lower Cainozoic age, we may hope for marine deposits of the same age on the northern face of the Antarctic lands. That Palæozoic sediments and limestones occur there is now certain, and they ought to yield fossils if the right ones are exposed. Palæozoic fossils will be of value, but the discovery of Cainozoic land fossils would be of far wider interest. The Biological Committee has called attention to the importance of geological work on the Antarctic lands, and that alone can settle the problems of zoological distribution in South America, South Africa and Australia during the Cainozoic times.

It is, however, the way with fossils to occur in soft beds which have been worn into hollows and buried in a country that has been roughly used by the elements. Hence the palæontological results may be meagre, and the palæontological and physical branches of

geology will probably gain most from a preliminary traverse.

The glacial work, including the character and distribution of the different ice-agents, the relations of the valley glaciers to the main ice-sheets, the physics of glacier ice, and especially the relations of shearing planes to the orientation of the ice-grains; the distribution of morainic and intraglacial material and the rate of flow of the glaciers are all problems which it is recommended that the members of the expedition should study. Prof. von Drygalski's work in Greenland has called renewed attention to the theory that glacial flow is due to repeated melting and regelation; whereas Mügge's experiments on the shearing planes in ice support the view that plasticity is an essential property of ice. Further experiments on this question will be conducted during the winter on blocks of glacier ice.

The nature of the inland ice is a problem that can only be directly solved by sledge journeys; and if sufficient dog transport be provided, it is hoped that two sledge parties will start from the land station in the early spring. One party will naturally strike westward to cross the mountain range, and the other to the south. How far these parties may be expected to penetrate into the interior will depend on the amount of sledge-hauling power available and on the structure of the country. The westward party would, it is hoped, cross the volcanic mountain chain to the plateau that probably lies beyond it. If the station be established at McMurdo Bay, the southern party ought also to penetrate beyond the coast ranges and discover what lies between the Parry Mountains and the South Pole. On the hypothesis that the South Pacific coast is on the Pacific

type of coast structure, then we may expect that the greatest elevations on the Antarctic lands will lie along the Graham's Land-Victoria Land line, and will be near the sea. To the south of the main mountain range there may be an undulating ice-covered region descending slowly across the Pole to the shore of the Weddell Sea. The main ice-drainages would then be not from the Pole radially in all directions; the ice-shed would run along the Pacific shore with a short, steep, northern face and a long gradual slope southward to the Pole and across it northward to the Atlantic. That the main ice-discharge from the Antarctic lands is into the Weddell Sea is probable, since the biggest of the Antarctic icebergs, including those described as sixty miles long and forty miles broad, are apparently discharged from the Weddell Sea. As these bergs are discharged intermittently, it has been suggested from earthquake action, the Weddell Sea route to the south probably varies greatly in different years, and success in penetrating to the coast-line there might yield comparatively barren results, for the ship would probably be stopped against the stranded border of a vast ice-sheet, and find neither land nor a shore station nor harbor for a ship; and travel over the ice-sheet would be unprofitable. As Sir Clements Markham has expressed it, "the Weddell route offers the minimum of results with the maximum of risks."

The Erebus and Terror region on the other hand, offers a known base of operations, for a landing has already been effected on its shore. And the available geographical, geological and meteorological data all point to it, as in the critical part of the Antarctic lands.

J. W. Gregory.

FROM HEINE.

"Im Walde."

I stray and sob in the forest.
The throstle sits on the bough.
She springs and sings her purest.—
"What ails thee, sad of brow?"

Thy sisters dear, the swallows,
Can rede thee true my child,
Who chose the lattice-hollows
Where erst my darling smiled.

The Saturday Review.

W. Sichel.

LITERATURE AND DEMOCRACY.

In the introduction to his history of the century which is linked with the name of Louis the Fourteenth, Voltaire explains his view of that epoch with his usual clearness and certainty. For him it is, in brief, the age of perfection. For every thinking man, he says, there are only four centuries in the history of the race, and of these he reckons the one at the close of which he was born as undoubtedly the greatest. If it did not surpass in every art the age of Alexander, of Augustus and of the Medici, it yet reached a higher standard of general perfection than had ever before been attained. It is not possible for us to take quite so exalted a view as this of our own times. All through the century we have been subject to alternate spasms of complacency and despair; at one moment we have been ready to proclaim the millennium, and at another we have questioned whether any millennium can possibly be in store for our distracted world. But if in our most optimistic mood we shrink from describing it as an age of perfection, we seldom hesitate to call it an age of progress. This is its most generally accepted designa-

tion, and it is the happiest compromise between modesty and hopefulness that we can discover. We have not reached the goal, but we are proceeding towards it, and that at no mean rate; we may dwell upon the first or second clause of the sentence according as our mood is arrogant or depressed.

In some ways we have every right to felicitate ourselves; in many directions—in practical science, in material prosperity, in philanthropic enterprise, for instance—there has been an advance of a steady and very beneficent kind. In preventive medicine alone enough has been done during the last five and twenty years to earn the enduring gratitude of all those who are concerned (and who is not?) in the suffering of humanity. We have certainly succeeded in making ourselves far more comfortable than we have ever been before, and to a generation as sensitive to pain as ours this is no small thing. It is only when we turn from the practical and material to life's other aspects that we find ourselves in a less confident frame of mind.

The age of which Voltaire wrote was dominated by the prince who gave it

his name. The epoch which completed and crowned the system of centralization, for which Richelieu had cleared the ground and dug the foundations, was emphatically the King's century. The rule of Louis the Fourteenth extended far beyond the general domain of government; he was not much more supreme in questions of politics than in questions of taste, and the intellectual and artistic movements of the time can hardly be viewed apart from their relation to the throne. His crowded reign of seventy-two years drew at last to a calamitous end, and the people he had ruined flung gibes and curses at his coffin as it passed unwept to St. Denis. But the literature of the reign survived the wreck of the splendid fabric of which it had been the stateliest column; and the greatest names in French letters still shield from contumely and oblivion the memory of the sovereign who made their triumphs his own. He was not wanting to their glory; they are not wanting to his. In spite of the passionate loyalty which acknowledged—it could not repay—a life of incomparable devotion to the nation's service, we can perceive in our own time no parallel to the influence which was exercised by royalty in the age of Louis the Fourteenth; no such harmonious atmosphere as that influence produced, no such sense of unity and coherence pervades the period we are considering. Among the shifting currents of modern ideas, the democratic sentiment is the one which may be traced most plainly; and diffusion, not concentration, is the democratic aim. It is not unusual to speak of the Victorian Era as though it represented a single period (with subdivisions) in our literary history, but this appearance of unity is only to be gained by a rather arbitrary arrangement of facts. To make a revolution in thought, or a new development in art, fit into such convenient divisions

of time as a reign or a century is a practice which cannot but commend itself to every orderly mind; and when to this chronological instinct is added the desire to link our age with a beloved and very great name, the temptation becomes almost irresistible. But the practice is more natural than accurate, since to the absence of any central authority uniting or determining the lines along which art and literature have travelled, we must add an acceleration in the pace at which we move. We are mentally and spiritually more remote from the early Victorian than might have been expected reckoning only by dates, and the appearance of "The Origin of Species" (in 1859) draws a sharper line of intellectual demarcation across the century than the Queen's accession or the appearance in the same year of Lockhart's "Life of Scott" and "The Pickwick Papers." The literary splendors which make us feel so content with ourselves in our retrospective musings belong almost entirely to the first twenty-five years of the reign; we are living to-day upon reputations which were made over half a century ago.

The fifteen years which preceded the Queen's accession were years of transition, but they do not show any definite interruption in our literary sequence, or any very long pause in production. Silence had fallen upon the group of poets who had filled the opening years of the century with music. Keats died in 1821, Shelley in 1822, Byron in 1824; and by that date the task of Coleridge and Wordsworth was all but done. But Scott and Hallam were still at work, and the new voices were already audible; those years which have lately been described as the flattest and most unproductive of the century gave us not only "Quentin Durward," "The Talisman," "The Fair Maid of Perth" and Landor's "Imaginary Conversations," but also "Sartor Resartus," Browning's

"Pauline," Tennyson's first volume ("Poems chiefly Lyrical"), and fifteen of Macaulay's essays. These heralded a wave of extraordinary energy which reached its height soon after the middle of the century—the year 1855 saw the publication of Browning's "Men and Women," "The Newcomes," "Maud," "Westward Ho," the third and fourth volume of Macaulay's "History of England," and the completion of Grote's "History of Greece"—and receding a few years later left us all the work of Thackeray, the Brontës, Macaulay, Mrs. Browning, Borrow and Fitzgerald, and the best work of Tennyson, Ruskin, Carlyle, Dickens, Froude, Kingsley, Browning and George Eliot; and to these we must add the lovely cadences in which the age heard a new note of vain aspiration and vain regret with which (though never again so exquisitely as in Arnold's poems) it was afterwards to become very familiar. If ever there was a moment when we might have been permitted to contemplate our literary position with calm satisfaction, it should surely have been at a time when we had just been enriched with such costly and various treasures as those which are recalled by this list of names. This brilliant period, however, had not closed, before we were startled by a voice which denounced in decisive tones not only our greed and our stupidity, our materialism and our narrow-mindedness, but our lack of literary taste and intellectual conscience. The first part of the message was not altogether strange. The Victorian Era had already had its prophets; it had listened more or less attentively to Carlyle's resonant utterances and to Ruskin's splendid phrase, to the one preacher who bade us seek salvation in lifting our eyes to the Eternal and Infinite, and to the other who prayed us to leave off contemplating our trade-returns and cleanse our minds by the

vision of beauty incarnate in leaf and cloud. It had been left to Arnold to suggest a third way of combating the Anglo-Saxon vice of materialism. "The way of intellectual deliverance," said he, "is the peculiar demand of ages which are called modern. Such a deliverance is emphatically the demand of the age in which we ourselves live."

Considering what those twenty-five years had done for us, it seems at first sight as though the prophet had made a mistake; surely so far as literature was concerned, it was not the moment to reproach us with our national shortcomings. And yet when we look again we see plainly that Arnold was right. The years which had so greatly enriched our literature had also produced a large class of readers for whom literature had no significance at all. A century ago a comparatively small class was interested in letters, and writers of that day addressed a cultivated and critical audience. The circle had widened considerably when Arnold wrote, and the increase in the number of readers had already resulted in the formation of two publics which might then have been briefly distinguished as the people who read Tupper and the people who read Tennyson—those who liked to see their own mediocrity reflected in books and those who sought in books a refuge from mediocrity—from their own as well as any other. The latter was of course very much the larger of the two, and it was to it that Arnold's exhortations were chiefly, though not exclusively, addressed; it was in their ears that he reiterated his assurance that if we could only get to know on the matters which most concern us the best that has been taught and said to the world, it would be impossible to retain unamended the stock notions and habits which he found so extremely distasteful. Arnold's influence upon his generation was weakened by the too classic bent

of his mind, by a want of sympathy with the attitude of others; it was hard for him not to confound convictions he did not share with prejudices he despised. The critic, it has been said, may have preferences, but no exclusions, and he had many. Roused, however by his taunts, we attempted to exchange materialism tinged by religion for materialism tempered by culture. Moved by a generous concern for those to whom "the best that has been thought and said in the world" was unknown, and likely to remain so without special intervention, we have expended much energy in writing primers and arranging epitomes; history has been sliced into epochs and theology compressed into magazine articles; we have enabled a great many people to claim a casual acquaintance with eras of literature and systems of art; we have not implanted in them, with any marked success, either the scholarly temper or the literary conscience. This is to say that we have not yet found any means of reconciling literary and democratic ideals.

In the popular attitude as regards literature, two defects are constantly visible—impatience of authority and indifference to form. In their hostility to the old order, the leaders of the intellectual revolt of the eighteenth century recognized one striking exception; in their determined and triumphant attack upon authority, literary precedent was singled out as the object of particular reverence. Voltaire imposed his own sense of the dignity of letters upon his contemporaries, and the disintegrating theories of the age were let loose upon the world in language of singular restraint and precision; the antique bases of society were shattered, but the dogma of the dramatic unities was preserved intact. In the reaction which followed the revolt, the dethroned and mutilated statues were hastily replaced upon their pedestals;

men turned with relief from the monstrous sentimentality of the Revolution to a saner and sincerer view of life. Chateaubriand's seductive pages brought Christianity again into fashion; romance resumed and extended her sway; souls, sickened and dismayed by the shattering of high ideals, sought healing for their wounds in a sacramental communion with nature. In the general revulsion of sentiment the one authority which the age of Voltaire had revered was in its turn rejected or ignored; in its eager protest against threadbare formality, literature lost something of its regard for form; in its new ardor for liberty, it shook off too impatiently its traditional reticence and self-restraint. To these defects the very wealth of the early part of the reign contributed. In its bewildering diversity of gifts, there were so many styles to admire that style was a little overlooked; and though it may seem paradoxical to accuse of neglect of form the epoch which numbers among its achievements Landor's stately harmonies, the deliberate and exquisite art of Tennyson, and the clear gravity of Newman, to name no lesser names, it is still certain that the influence of many of our great writers has tended on the whole to weaken the literary scruples of their successors. Men of genius have forced us to admire them in spite of their style; it has been proved to us very effectively that a man may be slovenly, obscure, unintelligible, and yet a great writer; and our splendid years, unlike the age of Louis the Fourteenth, have bequeathed to us many masterpieces but very few models. This harmonizes precisely with the temper of the time which is more and more disposed to estimate a writer's position either by individual liking or by popular vote; and this is not to be wondered at, since for the mass of readers no other criterion is within reach. They have no desire to

violate the canons of taste; they are not aware of their existence. For the just appreciation of literature, as of music and painting, the trained ear and eye are essential. A man may be born with the critical faculty, but no man is born a critic; and for those who combine, as is the popular habit, a feverish desire for knowledge with a yet more feverish impatience of study, whose wish to reach the journey's end is united to an insuperable aversion to the fatigues of the road, it is unfortunately impossible to repair the omission. Sir George Trevelyan has told us that, when the first two volumes of Macaulay's *History* was published (in 1848), "at Dukinfield, near Manchester, a gentleman invited his poorer neighbors to attend every evening after their work was finished and read the *History* aloud to them from beginning to end. At the close of the last meeting, one of the audience rose and moved, in north-country fashion, a vote of thanks to Mr. Macaulay 'for having written a history which working-men can understand.'" So diligently have we cultivated a habit of restless mental inconsequence that it would not be easy at the present day to find any audience which would listen to a work as long as Macaulay's *History* from beginning to end; a selection of entertaining passages would be all that any one would venture to propose.

With the immense increase in the demand for something to read which the last twenty or thirty years have witnessed, the intellectual deliverance for which Arnold sighed has grown still more remote, and to our older defects the last thirty years have added a steady decline in creative force and a continual narrowing of the range of imaginative vision. They are rich in essays and monographs, in historical research, and in philosophical and critical studies; that is to say, in those forms of literary activity with which

the mass of readers is in no way concerned; but between history and literature the breach grows wider; and in fiction and poetry what names have we to set against those which have been cited as belonging to the first years of the reign? As the century grows older it grows poorer. The best work of Rossetti, William Morris, Mr. Swinburne and Coventry Patmore was completed some thirty years ago. It is forty years since "*The Ordeal of Richard Feverel*" was published, thirty since "*Lorna Doone*," and twenty since "*John Inglesant*;" a long stretch of road divides "*Under the Greenwood Tree*" from "*Jude the Obscure*;" and Stevenson's sun went down while it was yet day. We still have Mr. Kipling, but no lover of England and English literature can help observing him with a somewhat apprehensive eye. From "*The Man who would be King*" to "*The Day's Work*" and "*Stalky & Co.*" is a dismal descent, and we watch with anxiety for what is to happen next. Our hopes for the future of poetry hang upon a host of minor poets, each week adding to their number, but not to their quality. In fiction, the absence of distinction is so marked at present that he who should undertake to name the best half-dozen novelists of the moment would resemble the man who made a hole in the dyke because he wanted a pailful of water, and found too late that he had admitted the ocean. In connection with the popular novelists, one circumstance must be noticed at the risk of seeming ungracious to those who have given us a good deal of entertaining reading. The popular author's first work is almost invariably his best. We have perhaps no right to insist that, because a man has written one good book, he must have it in him to write another; and still the fact remains that during the last decade or two we have seen a considerable amount of promise unfulfilled by any

fulfilment; the first book is generally not only fresher and brighter than the second and the twenty-second, but also less slipshod in construction and less meagre in design. This is perhaps in part the fault of the critics, whose kindly anxiety to encourage rising talent sometimes leads them to persuade the climber that he has reached the summit while he is still only on the lower slopes of the hill. The young writer who is assured (as has recently been the case with a living poet) that the quality of his work is Æschylean, Shakespearian, Virgilian, Miltonic, Sophoclean, Tennysonian and Dantesque, can hardly help believing, one may suppose, that his climbing days are done; unless indeed these sonorous epithets should rather set him wondering whether his reviewers' memories of those great writers had not grown somewhat dim. But those who are tempted to blame the reviewers for expressing a sense of general excellence rather too emphatically should remember that critics are hardly less numerous than writers. We seem indeed to have returned to that time of which it is said, more pithily perhaps than elegantly:

No town can such a gang of critics show;
E'en boys turn up the nose they cannot blow.

And where a great many people are talking at once, one must shout if one means to be heard.

To the increase in the number of readers we owe that curious incident in literary history, the rise of the novel. It was evident that without some miraculous change in our intellectual habits, if every body was to read, reading-matter must be presented in some shape that would make no demand upon the mental powers; and the novel and the newspaper are the only means

of meeting this requirement. When about a century ago, Monk Lewis heard that his mother had written a novel and proposed to publish it, he was painfully agitated at the tidings. Not all the fame of "Evelina" seemed to him enough to compensate a woman for the dangers entailed by an appearance in print. "I do most earnestly and urgently supplicate you," he says, "whatever be its merits, not to publish your novel. . . . It would do a material injury to Sophia; and her mother's turning novel-writer would, I am convinced, not only severely hurt Maria's feelings, but raise the greatest prejudice against her in her husband's family. As for myself, I really think I should go to the Continent immediately upon your taking such a step." "We have often been astonished," Jeffrey wrote, a few years later, "at the quantity of talent that may be found in those works of fiction . . . which are seldom regarded as titles to a permanent reputation;" and one of Scott's objections to avow the authorship of "Waverley" was his doubt whether it would be considered decorous for a Clerk of Session to write novels. These twin prejudices have disappeared so completely that we can hardly realize their existence; at the present time it is said that a novel is published in this country for every day of the year, and for the majority of readers literature and fiction are interchangeable terms. In comparing the fiction of the earlier period with that of our own, we note a difference in the writer's position. "I was a bit puzzled," says Stevenson's Will o' the Mill, "whether it was myself or the world that was worth looking into." We have for the most part decided in favor of ourselves; the less introspective and self-conscious generation for which Dickens and Thackeray wrote made a different choice. For Scott the world was full of stories waiting to be told; for Dickens and

Thackeray, for Reade and Charles Kingsley it was full of human beings so interesting that they could not help talking about them. Life seems to press the stuff into their hands saying, "Do what you will with it, there is plenty more." This consciousness of wealth explains, it may be said in passing, the attitude of some writers to plagiarism. Instead of defending himself from charges of plagiarism, Byron ought, says Goethe, to have merely remarked, "What is there is mine, and whether I got it from a book or from life is of no consequence." He thought Scott had done quite right in borrowing a scene from "Egmont" for "Kenilworth;" he had made a good use of the loan, and no other question need be asked. "My Mephistopheles sings a song from Shakespeare, and why should he not?" For the climax of "Wallenstein" Schiller too went to Shakespeare.

Gordon.—Er schläft,—O mordet nicht den heiligen Schlaf!

Butler.—Nein, er soll wachend sterben.¹

We should have torn Goethe and Scott and Schiller in pieces for unscrupulous thieves; we are too poor not to be honest if we would preserve our reputations. But the men in whose quarries we are all wont to dig thought nothing of carrying home any good stone that pleased their fancy to build into their own walls.

In Mr. Kipling's earlier work we find exactly this sense of being in such close communication with life that he has only to ask and have, but the same thing cannot be said of any other living writer of fiction. We live in a somewhat impoverished time when writers may be roughly divided into

two classes, one of which has a creditable command of pleasant and picturesque expression, but nothing very particular to say. To this class belongs the novelist who laments that the earlier comers have used up all the plots and all the periods; like the needy knife-grinder, he has no story to tell, and in default he goes up and down searching conscientiously for effective situations and convincing emotions, the straw of which his bricks must be made. Since life does not come to him, he goes rather dispiritedly in pursuit of life; instead of writing of what he has seen, he strains his eyes to see something that he may write about, no matter what—a drain-pipe or a dust-bin may answer the purpose. If we take, for example, the historical novel which for some years past has been so much in fashion, it would seem, judging of course from internal evidence only, that the novelist begins by selecting his epoch; he then procures the best hundred and fifty books on the subject and reads them carefully, notebook on hand; when he has learned the names of the principal personages of the time, and has jotted down turns of speech and specimens of costume appropriate to an archer or a highwayman or a damsel in distress, he adds a suitable proportion of scenery and dialogue, and if possible a plot; and so the thing is done. We seem to observe, though not quite so plainly, the same process carried out sometimes in the case of novels that are not historical. First a becoming costume is selected and then a man is found to fill it. Thackeray, we know, took some pains, when he was writing "The Virginians," to learn the color of George Washington's waistcoat, but nothing in the book leads us to suppose that his conception of George Washington began with that historic piece of material. There is a difference not only in the goal but in the starting-point. This

¹ G.—He sleeps,—oh do not murder holy sleep!

B.—No, he shall die awake.

want of any intimate relationship to life is further betrayed by the narrow range of emotion which is dealt with in the pages of our contemporaries. If we are to believe these reporters, there are rarely more than three characters in the whole drama of existence—the man, the woman and the other woman; or the woman, the man and the other man. Such a practice is incompatible with any clear vision of life, and we are grateful to Stevenson for reminding us of this truth—for this, and for how much more!

Writers of another class justify their existence on the ground that they deal not with imagination, but with reality. Scott was a story-teller pure and simple; the generation that followed him was a little more self-conscious, a little more alive to the fact that the novelist has at his command a vehicle that may serve more than its primary purpose. Neither Dickens nor Thackeray was averse to improving the occasion, but the instruction or reproof which their stories convey is not an essential part of them. No one now reads Dickens—no one probably ever did—to learn his views on the Court of Chancery or the working of the Poor Laws. The absorbing emotion of “*Jane Eyre*” and “*Villette*” left no room for any didactic motive, but Charles Reade and Kingsley and George Eliot were very much awake to their mission; and thenceforward we find the moralist and the story-teller more and more hotly disputing possession of the novel. At present a large number of people write novels only because it is a convenient way of acquainting the world with their views on religious or social problems; they would just as soon write pamphlets or sermons if they had the same chance of being read. These works unfortunately labor very commonly under a double disadvantage; they are not pretty and they have nothing to do with art; but neverthe-

less the public swiftly recognized that this was just what was wanted, and turned forthwith with its anxious questionings to the writers who undertook, like the correspondence column in a ladies’ journal to answer enquiries upon every section of life on the easiest terms. Ought women to marry? Ought men to pray? For the reply to these and many other enigmas we have only to subscribe to *Mudie’s*; and meanwhile the preacher, who seemed in danger of being ousted from his pulpit, has deftly turned his rival into his ally and takes the novel of the hour for his text. “I must keep up with them,” says the breathless revolutionist as he hurries after the crowd; “I am their leader!”

In this wide diffusion of what is sometimes called literary taste many critics discover reason for much satisfaction. It is chiefly this circumstance which leads them to declare that literature has never held so proud a position as it does to-day. For every one who made authorship his profession at the beginning of the century, hundreds may now be counted. Everybody reads, almost everybody writes, and most of what is written is readable; the half-penny newspapers alone enable millions to keep up with the march of intellect both at home and abroad. We cannot open a magazine without lighting upon verses which would put Mrs. Hemans to shame; we are as intimate with Maeterlinck and Björnson as a fairly complete ignorance of foreign tongues will permit, and we blush to think that our parents revelled in “*The Chronicles of Barsetshire*” and made each other birthday presents of “*Proverbial Philosophy*.” If further proof is wanted, look at the money that is in it! “The great prizes of the professions,” says Sir Walter Besant, “are becoming every day greater and more numerous. In every club where men of letters are to be found there appear

every year more who attempt the profession, and with an exception here and there they all seem to get on. The pecuniary prizes of popular success are very substantial and are increasing by leaps and bounds." What more do we want? Should any dubious spectator of these popular successes venture to enquire how many pounds of talent are a fair exchange for a grain of genius, or how many minor poets outweigh one major, he is informed that the only hindrance to particular distinction lies in our general excellence. In a less opulent age, almost any one of our popular authors would be recognized as eminently good; it is only because the majority of his contemporaries are also eminently good that the impression made upon us is one of mediocrity.

Some such impression is undoubtedly made; and with every wish to be just to ourselves, it is hard to see which of our minor poets, graceful and charming though their verses are, would have sat in the seat, say, of Herrick or Gray, if he had only arrived at the banquet a little earlier. But there is no need to

make ourselves very unhappy on this account, or to consider the position of English literature desperate because for the time being our writers are more prolific than distinguished, more melancholy than serious. It may at least be argued on the popular side, that if a man has nothing very particular to say, it does not matter very much how he says it; and it is also true that no carelessness is so exasperating as a pretentious and elaborate arrangement of words under which we can detect no flicker of thought. Yet when we reckon up the gains of the last sixty years, solid and important as they are, we must set in the opposite column the fact that we have taught a vast number of people to read and to think—to read what is vulgar and slovenly, and to think there is no harm in it. In the mournful estrangement between literature and life we have lost much of the serenity, the composure, the breadth of view, the pure and deep delight in something greater than ourselves, which is literature's best gift to a nation.

Macmillan's Magazine.

O WILD SOUTH-WESTER.

O wild south-wester whose strong beat
My little one loves best,
From whose salt-stinging kiss my sweet
Goes ruddy to her rest;

Blow! and her brave young spirit raise,
Stirred by your splendid strife,
To range with you your wider ways,
And live your larger life:

Beat! till she thinks how, safe apart,
Love trims a haven-light;
Tell her that here, too, in my heart
The tides run high to-night.

The Academy.

P. H. L.

THE GIFT OF THE MAHATMA.

Whilst looking through the papers of a lately deceased relative who had made me his executor, I came across the following story, which he expressly authorized me to publish if I deemed it of sufficient interest. On that point I have not the slightest hesitation. It is in itself so very remarkable that I feel it can need neither preface nor apology on my part, and leave it, with all confidence, to speak, as it speaks so eloquently, for itself.

When I was at Oxford, one of my chief friends was Ralph Dunstan, a quaint creature whom all that were at the same College, and some few besides, cannot fail to remember. He was not a game-playing man, nor even a distinguished scholar; his name therefore was not at all generally known in the University. But for those who did know him he was always a remarkable man, in some ways rather a sinister man. He had a very dark complexion, and a nasty un-British habit of smoking out of a queer Oriental pipe. We liked neither of these things about him; and yet we ought to have made every allowance, for his father, who had been an Englishman in the Indian Civil Service, had committed the unforgivable sin of marrying a Hindoo lady, away up in some distant province where caste distinctions—that is to say, English ones—grow confused. So Ralph Dunstan, in spite of his name, was half Oriental.

There is only one place where class distinctions of the most childish kind are observed more strictly than in India, and that is an English public school or university. Dunstan had a true Oriental's sensitiveness, and I think it was the fact that I did not

offend this sensitiveness by sharing all the prejudices of most of our fellow undergraduates about him that made me his friend. I never did him any important service, that I am aware of, but he always treated me as if I was his benefactor and he in my debt a thousand deep.

While he was at Oxford his father died, and he went to India without taking his degree, so I doubt whether his name will be on the College books, though of course the buttery lists, and so on, of our day would show it.

For five-and-twenty years, a quarter of a century, I never saw him, never had a line from him, never thought of him, I may say, until a certain evening, the day before the Oxford and Cambridge match—great occasion for the reunion in Lord's pavilion of old pals, and for the resuscitation of high hats on various fossilized strata. I was smoking in my rooms, making a mild pretence of reading, and as reading, towards midnight, lapsed to reverie, my thoughts, for the first time for years, as it seemed to me, dwelt on Ralph Dunstan and the weird, and at whiles mystical, talks that we used to enjoy in the old College rooms. So much so was this the case that the next day at Lord's, when an old undergraduate friend said, "Whom do you think I saw in town to-day?" I replied without a moment's hesitation, "Perhaps it was Dunstan." "Oh," said the other; "you knew he was in town?" And then only did I perceive the singular coincidence that he should have been so much in my thoughts at the time of his coming. For that he had but just come I learned from my friend. Dunstan had that morning landed in London from the *SS. Orinoco*.

"Very curious," I commented to myself (I did not say anything about the coincidence to my friend, who would very properly have laughed). "I hope he will come and see me."

I was quite confident that he would; and had a kind of conviction that he would come late at night, at the hour of our old talks together. So after a very cheery dinner with some old Varsity friends, I went home and sat in what I knew to be a foolish state of expectancy—expecting Dunstan. I really did feel rather curious to see whether my conviction that he would come would be realized, although I felt a fool for expecting it, and further had a doubt whether Dunstan would have retained enough of English ways to think of looking for my address, on the hypothesis that he might wish to find it, in the Red Book.

I came in about ten-thirty, and at eleven-thirty was beginning to call myself names for my folly, when I heard a quick, light step come along the practically deserted street and pause, hesitatingly, before the door. I put my head out of the open window and said, "Dunstan!"

I could not see the man plainly, but I was convinced it was he, and the next moment his gentle voice answered, just as when he used to knock at my oak at Oxford:

"May I come in? Am I too late?"

The lift-man went to bed at eleven, so I let my visitor in myself, and we went up the stairs together.

He had said no more than "How d'you do?" in the old unemotional way, as if we had parted the previous day instead of twenty-five years before. Involuntarily I felt a little chilled by this greeting for the moment; but presently, as he sat down and began to talk very much in the old manner, without the least embarrassment by reason of the quarter-century gap in our intercourse, I fell to perceive that

it was in fact the highest tribute that could be paid to the value of our friendship that he should accept it thus as the same, and at the same temperature, as we had known it all those years ago. There was none of that exchange of commonplaces which, at a meeting of old friends long separated, is so often necessary before one can arrive at the old warmth—like running off the cold water which has stood in the hot-water pipe, before the hot will come. Dunstan's manner was a triumph in the art of re-establishing the old relations at once.

The man himself was hardly at all changed. His very dark hair had scarcely a streak of white. His face, always rather old and thin, looked no older and no thinner. Time had not been so kind to me. I had more figure than in undergraduate days, and less hair. Dunstan did not seem to notice it as we spoke of the old times.

"I do not find you changed," he said. "In fact, I knew you would not be. It was yourself, your nature, that made you able to be my friend then, as you will always be."

"But one does change all the same," I said. "Those deep metaphysical problems that we used to discuss—one gives them up, learns the futility of discussing them, as one grows older. Have not you found it so?"

"Had I been an Englishman I should have found it so, no doubt," he said. "You all do. The material forces—things that you can touch and see—are everything to you; it is not altogether so with us, with my mother's people."

"You have pursued those studies—if they were to be called studies—then?"

"Those studies—well," with his smile, "not precisely those perhaps; but such studies as they formed a kind of groundwork for, no doubt. I have spent twenty of the last five-and-twenty years in Lhasa."

"Lhasa," I said with great excitement, "Lhasa! Do you mean it, man? Why, do you know you are the first, the only white man—or the only one for many generations (you are a white man, you know)—who has been to Lhasa? It is the goal all travelers have aimed at—that has always balked them. Lhasa! Why, man, you will be the lion of the season—of the world!"

"Yes," he said again, with an appreciative smile. "I shall lecture before the British Association and at St. James's Hall—like De Rougemont. Thank you, my friend."

"Go on," I said. "What will you do, then?"

"I shall do, of this kind of thing, that gets fame and notoriety, just nothing. I have been allowed to come over here on business quite different from that, business that I may not tell, even to you. But one thing I may do; before I started I received leave to do you, my friend, my only English friend, a good turn."

"Really," I said, not a little embarrassed. "I am very much obliged to you, but what can you do for me? There is nothing that I want particularly, so far as I know. And in any case I am not aware that you are indebted in any way to me."

"You are not aware—no, that is just it. If you were aware in all probability it would not be the same at all. But without being aware you gave me, when we were friends together at Oxford, the one thing that is most precious to us—to us who are of my mother's people. Ah, you English do not understand it," he went on, warming up to an unusual enthusiasm in his subject. "You do not understand what it is to us to have some sympathy given us—the help that it is to us. You Europeans do not know what it means. And, besides, you do not want it so much in this climate."

I laughed aloud. "You speak of it just as if it were whisky," I said, "that you can drink more of in the Highlands than you can in southern England."

He did not resent my comparisons or my laughter in the least. It had always been one of his attractions that he never did resent laughter.

"You are quite right," he answered gently. "It is like whisky. It has the same effect on what you would call (it is the nearest expression to designate your non-comprehension of these things) sensitive nerves. It strengthens, helps, braces them, to use your words. Only, with sympathy there is no reaction."

"And what words would you use?" I asked.

"I would use words that would have no sense to you," he said, "for they would be in a language that you do not know; but perhaps if for 'sensitive nerves' you were to read 'soul' it would bring what we mean nearer to your understanding."

"So you mean to tell me that whisky is good for the soul—very excellent conclusion. But I thought you Orientals were so careful in your use of alcohol?"

"That is the reason," he said with a smile, for he was by no means without sense of humor. "We know that it acts directly on the soul, on the nerves (oh, how will you say it in your stupid modern language?). You believe that it 'ruins the soul,' as your temperance preachers say; but they mean only after it has ruined the body. You do not understand, I suppose, how the universal soul is present in every particle, atom or whatever you are pleased to call it, of matter?"

"No," I said, "I do not think I do understand."

"You look, you Englishmen, on matter as a solid thing, inert—something that you can pinch; and then, by and

by, a bit of matter gets affected in some singular way, and you say 'it is alive; it has a soul;' but cannot you understand that the soul inheres in each atom of matter, and that it is only the bringing together of certain atoms in a certain way that means a soul and life? It is not that the atoms differ."

"I dare say you are quite right," I said; "I don't see how you prove it."

"Oh!" he said in despair, "that is so English, so hopeless. Unless you bring a thing through all the Courts of Appeal right up to your House of Lords you will not believe it; and yet your British Association of all the savants swallowed De Rougemont like an oyster, whole."

"Never mind De Rougemont," I said, rather annoyed at his persistent gibe at the great British Association, which I had been taught to revere.

"Do you remember," he went on, "that wonderful discovery that we thought we had made one night in the old rooms at Oxford, when it dawned on us that if we were in a certain star whose rays took nineteen hundred years to reach us (and there are many that take many more), and had only sufficient power of vision, we should see the events happening on the earth, not that are taking place to-day, but the great event that took place close on nineteen hundred years ago—the shepherds being led by the star of Bethlehem, and the rest of the wonders? Do you remember that?"

"Yes," I said.

"And do you remember, too," he went on, "how we extended that idea and suggested to each other (I forget who was the first discoverer, but he was mighty proud of himself at the time) that if we were travelling away from the earth just a little faster than the light, we should see (always supposing still that we had infinite powers of vision) events happening not in their

present order but in the reverse order? We should see the bullet coming out of the man's body and going back into the muzzle of the gun, and so on. We should see a man diving into the water; but he would appear to us not going down off the diving-board into the water, but coming up out of the water to the diving-board. We should see the Derby being run, but the horses going backwards. Do you remember how we multiplied instances of that kind, how interested we were, and yet what a little shock it seemed to give us, for the time being, to find all our previous ideas of time and space, of before and after, so badly upset? There is not an act that has been done since the world began, we concluded, if you remember, that is not photographed for us at some point in space if only we could get there with our infinite vision to regard it. The thought frightened us rather at the time."

"Yes, I can remember all that," I said.

"If you can imagine," he went on, "that at Lhasa speculations of this kind, or beginning with this as a kind of alphabet, have been continued for countless ages, not by schoolboys or undergraduates, not haphazard, but by grown men who have devoted their lives to speculation and recorded its results, beginning on the previous results recorded in the same way by generations of speculators who have gone before; if you can realize this you may believe, perhaps, that they have discovered facts even a little more remarkable than some that we patted ourselves on the back so warmly for discovering when we were undergraduates at Oxford."

"Yes," I said, "I dare say."

"And the climate favors speculative research. You laughed at me a while back when I said that one wanted sympathy in one climate more than

another. What is sympathy but your animal magnetism—to use your Western phrases? And do not you know that 'hypnotism'—again to use your word—is found of very much more value in the hospitals in Calcutta than it is in this country?"

I had to confess that I had heard something of the sort.

"And that climate of the wind-swept Thibetan plateau seems, for reasons that I need not speak of, even if I dimly understand them, most favorable for the acquirement of knowledge and advancement of speculation in the trance state, which is the most favorable state of all for the human soul's investigation of the secrets of Nature."

"And what of all this?" I asked.

"I am coming to that," he said; "I knew that with your 'solid British common sense'—he smiled a gently ironical smile—"you would want to know what good material thing, what slice of roast beef or plum pudding, was to be yours after all this. I came to you to give you a gift. Every man desires something. Consider that I have come to you like the fairy god-mother in the tale, and can give you a picture of anything that will happen in the course of the world to come. It is no miracle, this, my friend. The soul of man, as I have told you, belongs to the universal soul, but by virtue of the arrangement of the particles of the man it has come to have life and a special intelligence. In virtue of this the soul of man is able, when his body lies in trance and is then soulless, to pass into other particles and reconstruct (I use the word re-construct, but pre-construct would be more correct) any arrangement of particles that will take place in the world. And when the soul returns to his body and the man rises from his trance, he will have knowledge of the thing that his soul in its wanderings has pre-constructed. Only, I must give you this warning,

you may see one thing only, one revelation of a thing that is to be. I'm not allowed to show you more."

"But," I said aghast, "I see it! How should I see it? I have heard of wonderful things, indeed, done in the East by men in a trance. If they are not sheer imposture they transcend miracles. But all the conjurors, or miracle-mongers or whatever they are, say that it requires years of preparation, of fasting, of praying—heaven knows what all—to do it. I can't do that, I am too old. Besides, I have just bought a lot of light port, very good port, at Christie's. It wants drinking at once. Forgive me if I am talking rubbish. I dare say I am; but, you know, your Eastern ideas are a little bit disconcerting to us."

"I dare say they are," he replied apologetically. "Oh, you may drink your port all right. I dare say you have seen, in the stage exhibitions of mesmerism, a practised performer enable a novice to induce the mesmeric trance, or get the patient to obey, by laying his fingers on the novice's wrists. It is somewhat after this manner that I will enable you to see the vision that you ask for. I shall first put you into a trance, and I shall then put myself into the same state, in order to see that which you desire to see. When you are in that condition I shall be able to communicate the experience to you."

"It doesn't hurt at all, I suppose, does it?" I asked, doubtfully. He laughed. I had not known before that a mystic could realize the humorous side of things so fully.

"Absolutely painless, I promise you," he said, rather as my dentist says it.

"I am not in the habit of going into the trance state, you know."

"No," he said, taking me quite seriously, "but I shall be able to put you into it easily enough."

"The deuce you will!" I answered.

"Only with your consent," he added, to relieve me of my fears. "Without it I should probably be powerless."

"I am glad to hear it," I replied. "But what makes you think I shall give that consent?"

"Only the curiosity, or the desire of gain or of power, that is innate in every man," he said. "And now," he added, rising from his chair, "I am going. In two nights hence, at the same time, I will be here again. By then you will have decided, no doubt, what scene, or whatever it may be, in the future you desire to see, and that very same evening your wish shall be gratified."

"Have I to go into any particular training for the event?" I asked, more than half in joke.

"Only be moderately sober, that is all I have to stipulate," he replied, in the same vein. "If you were not I might have a trouble in putting you into the trance."

"I'll do my best to keep sober, then;" and with that and a laugh I wished him good-night.

He was gone, and I had to ask myself what it all meant. I had not been dreaming—the smell of his Indian tobacco still clung about the room. Perhaps he was mad, perhaps he was hoaxing me; but his manner had not favored either of these alternatives. In any case I was sufficiently interested to be willing to humor his madness, or to acquiesce in his hoax, and, that point settled, began to whip up my imagination to suggest for me the gift or revelation that I should demand of this strange fairy godmother. It occurred to me that I should like to see myself a few years hence, but I dreaded to ask that. The portrait might not be flattering. Besides, one does not know what a few years may do; there might be no me to portray, no living me; and though this might, perhaps, present no diffi-

culties to the man from Lhasa, still I did not care to put that question. Then I thought of a glimpse at the next great naval battle, or the first feasible flying-machine to be invented. Neither of these seemed outside the contract, each was only a matter of arrangement of particles; and it was wonderful how simple the process seemed as if it ought to be, if only one knew how it was done. A little familiarity with the scheme, and thinking it over, seemed to make that which at first had appeared extravagantly absurd and impossible a simple enough affair. It was only to control the soul that inhered in the particles, and the thing was done.

But all these visions seemed to me too remote, too vast, perhaps—not practical enough. Surely, I thought, I could think of something more useful, more profitable than that. Suppose I were to ask to see the finish of the next year's Derby—there would be money in that if I could be sure of the names of the horses—or a Stock Exchange list of a month ahead, or—suddenly the idea struck me! It was not a new idea. It was an idea even that Dunstan and I had often talked over together in the old Oxford days. It would amuse him to find that old idea taking shape again in my mind and coming up in tangible, or at least visible, form. During the next two days I amused myself with thinking what I should do when I had my desire and had seen my vision. I grew feverishly impatient, possessed by the one idea alone, and lived only for the moment when Dunstan should come, according to his promise, to my room. If he had failed of his promise I think my heart would have broken, so keenly was I set upon the idea; but I knew that he would not fail. Punctual to the appointed moment he arrived, and I cried, almost before I had got him into the room:

"I want you to show me a file of next year's 'Times.'"

He smiled, with a lack of emotion that was in strange contrast with my own excited state.

"I thought you would be able to think of something that would interest you," he said.

"But can you do it? That is what I want to know."

He did not answer for a moment. "I told you *one* thing," he said then.

"Well, so it is *one* thing," I replied impatiently. "I only ask for one file—one year's file. Surely that is not much. If you come to hair-splitting like that you might tell me that you would only show me one word."

"Yes," he said, evidently deliberating the case in his mind. "Yes, I suppose that is quite fair. I think I can do that for you."

"If you would only show it to me for the first half of the year, that would carry it over Derby Day; that would do," I said, trying to meet him half way.

"Oh, no," he answered, with a smile; "you shall have it all. I can give you that without exceeding my instructions."

"And what have I got to do? Do let us begin," I said impatiently.

"You have got to do nothing, absolutely nothing. You have only to leave it all to me. Sit down on that sofa. Now, look into my eyes a moment, and try to resign your will, as you would phrase it, to mine. Thank you, that will do—that—"

His voice seemed to grow fainter, fainter, farther and farther away. I relapsed, I must presume, into that trance state of which he had told me. I know, by the time of his arrival, that it must have been about 11.45 P. M. when I passed into this unconscious condition. The next thing that I remember was rising from the sofa where I fancied I had been asleep, and

glancing at the clock, to find it close on half-past twelve. Before me on the floor I was astonished for a moment to see an enormous pile of newspapers. In an instant the recollection of Dunstan's visit recurred to me. I fell eagerly upon the heap of papers. True to my intensely ardent hope, the top one bore the date of the first day of the following year. A file of next year's "Times" lay before me.

One does not perhaps realize, without a little reflection, what an enormous power and enormous wealth such a possession as this means to a man. For my own part, during the two preceding days my mind had been occupied with little else, and I had formed my plan of campaign. The remainder of the present year I intended to devote to realizing all the ready money that I could lay my hands on, in order to be able to begin speculative operations as soon as the period of my prescience commenced—and if possible to obtain a seat in Parliament, in order to satisfy my ambitions. Ambitious I was not, in the ordinary sense of the word. The cares and responsibilities of a prime minister had no attractions for me; but the normal human being could scarcely be expected to resist the temptation thus presented me of proving myself sage beyond all my fellows. And in no place could this wisdom be put in brighter evidence or more usefully employed than from a seat in Parliament. The opening action of my campaign would be the purchase of as much stock as I could raise sufficient "cover" for, in the Stock Exchange phrase, of some undertaking that I perceived would rise in course of the first weeks of the year. From this nucleus of a fortune I would go on to operations, necessarily always successful, of greater and greater dimensions throughout the year. Incidentally I would purchase the horse that I perceived would win the Derby—it really

did not matter at what figure, for I could recoup myself on the Turf or on the Stock Exchange almost at will. My outlook was not altogether selfish; for I proposed to distinguish myself as a philanthropist on the most extended scale. I also proposed purchasing a house in Carlton House Terrace, overlooking the Mall, for that has always appeared to me the most enviable site in London. The wealth of Monte Cristo, in fact, was mine in that pile of papers that lay before me, and a greater renown than the most fabulous riches could bring. For with this prescience, that I could thus make myself master of at will, it is evident that by the most simple expedients, such as writing to the Press, I could quickly obtain the credit of possessing greater wisdom and foresight than had ever before fallen to the lot of man, even if I failed, as was conceivable, to reach that most favorable standpoint, whence to give my wisdom to the world, which would be mine if I could win a seat in Parliament.

It was very obvious that with a judicious use of only a little of the knowledge that lay ready to my hand I could not fail to become in a very short time an interesting person to the public and the Press. There was no doubt that I should read in the "Times" that was before me some reference to myself, to my charities, my enterprises, probably to my speeches. I had determined, as I have mentioned, to make myself possessed, at whatever cost, of the horse that should win the Derby, and my first thought in turning up the file before me was to see whether my own name was given as the owner of the classic race's winner. Rather to my surprise I found a name almost as familiar to me as my own recorded as that of the owner of the winning horse; but no mention of my own name as owner of a horse taking part in the race at all.

"The best-laid schemes of mice and men," I said to myself, rather disappointed as I turned the big pages over, "gang aft agley."

But of course I knew the name of the Derby winner, and incidentally noticed, in the same issue of the paper, that a certain stock in which I even then held a small interest had appreciated enormously. Even in these facts, if I learned nothing else, was the means of a vast fortune. But I proposed a far more systematic study of the file. As I turned back to its commencement I felt a strange lassitude and indifference to the whole affair stealing over me. It increased, although I struggled against it, until it overpowered me, and therewith it appears to me that I fell asleep again, for in my next conscious moment I heard Ralph Dunstan's familiar voice, and saw his gentle, dark-visaged face as he bent over me, asking:

"Do you feel tired?"

It took me a minute or so to shake myself fully awake.

"I am tired," I said, "yes, tired. But I am much worse than tired, I am disappointed—I had almost said, I am defrauded. What was the use of giving me the file for a moment, just like that, and not giving me time to look through it? You have done nothing for me."

"But you had time surely to see—something."

"Something, yes. But can you explain it, Dunstan? We almost settled, you know, that the first thing we would do, if we had such a chance as this, would be to buy the Derby winner. Well, the account of the Derby is given, of course, but I was not the owner. By the way," I asked, glancing round the room, "where has the file gone?"

"You forget," he said; "the particles are dissolved. Without the informing power of your soul they are gone. In

your normal state you cannot see them."

"But what was the good?" I said. "Why did you treat me so? Why not give me longer, more time? It is too bad."

"You forget," he said gently. "You shall have plenty of time. To-morrow night you shall have all the night-long hours. Then you can make your researches—your notes, if you will—to your heart's content. But you must do all that you have to do then. On the day following I have to be on my way back to India, and so to Lhasa again."

"But why don't you yourself," I said, "why don't you make use of this wonderful gift you have, and turn it to account, to money, to power?"

He smiled that long-suffering smile of his that my gross Western non-comprehension so often raised.

"You do not understand," he said; "if we used these powers to gain material ends they would quickly be denied to us. But to you, for your friendship and kindness to me, I have been allowed to give, this once, your heart's desire. Oh, I will not give it grudgingly. I will not defraud you. It has ever been the reproach cast by your foolish Western science at our Eastern speculation that it gives no results of material value. Your instance may disprove it once for all. Only it is an instance that is exceptional. Its repetition, save this once, is not permitted. To-morrow night, at the same hour, I will come to you again. You may repeat your experience; and you shall have all the small hours of the morning—until six o'clock if it pleases you—for your researches."

The greater part of the day that followed I passed in a kind of feverish repose. At night, at the same hour, Dunstan reappeared. During my waking hours of the day I had prepared a kind of catechism or scheme of ques-

tions that I wished to put to my miraculous file of "Times." I had jotted the questions on a sheet of foolscap and held the sheet in my hand as Dunstan threw me into the trance. When he entered the room that evening I noticed that he carried a cumbersome box. On inquiry he told me that it contained a camera and a flash-light, for the purpose of taking my portrait as I studied the files, by way of assurance to me later that all that took place was sober reality and not a dream. Often, looking at that photograph since, it has been the one thing that has given me faith in all that happened. Otherwise I had merely believed it, as Dunstan had foreseen, a dream—an evil dream.

I fell, as before, into unconsciousness. With my waking moment I found myself with the now familiar file of future "Times" before me; and with my foolscap catechism I attacked it energetically and to a purpose, eliciting answers, and jotting them down. A not inconsiderable European war, arising from the eternal problems presented by the Bulgarian and Servian States, was among the items of interest that I recorded. Each week I noted changes in important stocks, sometimes of a violent character—which suited my purpose best, for these offered opportunity of much successful speculation. The winners of the chief races of the year also found place in my record, and I was pleased to find Oxford triumphing over Cambridge at Lord's. But that which surprised and, I have to confess, chagrined me not a little was the fact that in no issue or paragraph of the great paper could I see the remotest reference to my own name, no schemes of great philanthropy, no mention, as I had fondly imagined, of a prophet of marvellous foresight. It was not hard to conceive that, even with the powers I should possess, I might be unable to secure a seat in Parliament, at least during

the early part of the year. But still I had expected to make the power of my wealth and my foreknowledge felt.

Yet, though no reference to myself was to be found, I had a rich feast of enjoyment in reading of the future of the world during the year that was to come. I knew no sense of weariness, and though I had my questions answered a full two hours or so before the time at which Dunstan had told me he must recall me to my normal self and draw down forever the curtain on the future, I sat and read, entranced by the history which I only—of all Western men, at least—could yet know.

At length the clock told me that the time for me to return to the material world was near. I had but a quarter of an hour left me, and arranged the papers in their order, leaning back, when I had done so, to think whether there was a last question that I had overlooked. The prospect of my fortunes in the year that was to come dazzled my imagination by its splendor. My brain was wearied, and I could conceive no more that I could wish to ask. Vacantly my eyes wandered over the front sheet of the advertisements—of ships that were to sail, of all kinds of enterprises yet unborn; thence to the births, the marriages—interesting topics, these; finally to the obituary notices. And there a sad curiosity possessed me to see if there were, perchance, any of my acquaintance who would pay the debt to Nature with the beginning of the new year. Carelessly my eye wandered down the column, till it was arrested by a line, most similar, to all seeming, to every other there, yet written, to my vision, in letters of crimson blood.

"At Staplehurst, suddenly, of failure of the heart's action, James Standish, M.A., in the forty-seventh year of his age."

I, James Standish, who pen these lines, sat in my rooms, not a stone's throw from Piccadilly, and read in the "Times" of January 1 of the year to come my own obituary notice!

It has happened to men before, when they have been supposed dead in battle or of shipwreck, to read the account of their own death; but these could laugh as they read, for they were living men, and the death that was assigned to them they had evaded. But how could I, James Standish, evade that death that was pronounced for me—that impended on me the first day of the coming year?

Then I understood. I understood the irony. I, James Standish, who had looked to see my name as owner of the Derby winner, dispenser of vast sums in charity, the nation's prophet—I saw myself a dead man when all these things—prophecies, philanthropies, horse races—should come to pass. I sat as one stunned by that which he has seen; and how I passed from that state of apathy into the waking mood to which Dunstan called me I cannot say.

"You have had a long *seance*, old man," he told me, "and I had a trouble in calling you back. Have you found out all you want to know?"

"Yes," I answered him, mechanically, "I have found out all I want to know—all."

I think he was surprised by the lack of enthusiasm with which I spoke.

"You are tired," he said. "We prolonged the thing too far; but you will have plenty of time to rest. I must say good-bye to you now. It is time that I was off to see about my departure. Good-bye to you, and bless you."

"I suppose I ought to thank you," I tried to stammer.

"No, no; don't trouble to do that," he said. "Good-bye, good-bye."

With that he was off. When he was halfway down the stairs I called after

him, intending to ask him whether he knew the fact that I had discovered on the "Times" first sheet; but he had gone too far, and did not hear me.

This is my experience. Two days later I received from a photographer in the Strand a copy of a portrait of myself which Dunstan had taken of me, as he said he would, by his flashlight with the kodak while I was studying the accursed file of the "Times" that he had conjured up for me. I enclose it with this record; and the strange fact will be noted that the paper does not appear, though obviously I stand in the pose of a man holding a sheet of a big paper, reading it. The absence of the paper is significant.

I write these things not knowing well what the future has in store for me—whether in truth I, James Standish, shall die on January 1 of the next year, as I have read in the "Times," according to my description, or whether the whole thing has been a juggle of Eastern hypnotism and conjuring.

That is the record that I found in
Cornhill Magazine.

my deceased relative's papers. It is an extraordinary coincidence, if nothing more, that he actually did die, suddenly, of failure of the heart, at Staplehurst, which is a little village on the coast, on January 1 of the year following that in which these things happened. It appears to me that he was endeavoring to fly from the fate foretold for him, for he was one of the few survivors of the wreck of the *Mohawk*, that ran aground in December of last year. He was conveyed, suffering from a broken leg, to the inn of this little fishing village, and there died of failure of the heart's action following exhaustion from the shock of the amputation of the limb. It is singular that I have not been able to find the catechism of question and answer to which he refers in his record; but there the photograph is, showing my deceased friend in the attitude of a man apparently reading, and holding in his two hands before him a newspaper of which there is no visible sign on the photographic print.

Horace G. Hutchinson.

ANGEL COURT.

In Angel Court the sunless air
Grows faint and sick; to left and right
The cowering houses shrink from sight,
Huddling and hopeless, eyeless, bare.

Misnamed, you say. For surely rare
Must be the angel-shapes that light
In Angel Court!

Nay: the Eternities are there.
Death by the doorway stands to smite;
Life in its garrets leaps to light:
And Love has climbed that crumbling stair
In Angel Court.

From "The May Book."

Austin Dobson.

MEASURING SPACE.

Since the beginning of last autumn astronomers have been engaged in a renewed attack upon the grandest problem of their science—the measurement of the distance of the sun and of the scale upon which our solar system is built. Fifty observatories of the northern world are allied upon the campaign, combining their forces in the common interest of advancing along a new road which has suddenly been opened to them just when it seemed that all farther advance was for the present blocked.

In the history of astronomy during the last thirty years of the nineteenth century there is the record of a long series of efforts to determine this distance, in which the attack was made from every side, with every resource which the rapid advance in power of instrument and power of new method had added to the armament at the disposal of the astronomer. When, less than four years ago, the account was published of the last stages of the campaign, it was announced that the distance of the sun from the earth is 92,874,000 miles. The number might conceivably be wrong by as much as a couple of hundred thousand miles, but there was nothing to encourage any further attempts to revise it. Combined effort and personal skill had been pushed to the uttermost, and the comfortable feeling prevailed that the figures would remain undisturbed for many years to come, until some new instrument or method, transcending the powers of our present equipment, invited a new attempt.

That was only three years ago; and to-day astronomers are once more in the thick of the attack, with larger observing forces than have ever before been combined in a common

cause. There has been no great growth of instrumental power, no discovery of a more powerful method to warrant the renewed activity, but in a most unexpected direction a new path has been opened, and along it in the old order the forces are being pushed forward. There is that outstanding uncertainty of some 200,000 miles to be reduced. It can never entirely disappear; the narrow dimensions of our earth furnish a very inadequate base from which to measure so vast a distance; but while there is a possibility of halving the margin of doubt the matter cannot be allowed to rest.

Forty years ago our knowledge of the sun's distance was based upon the observation of the transit of Venus in 1769, and the accepted value was 95,000,000 miles. For more than a century there had been no opportunity of revising the measures, and the whole astronomical world awaited eagerly the pair of transits which were to take place in 1874 and 1882, in the confident expectation of arriving then at a trustworthy result.

The dramatic character of the operations that were undertaken aroused a general public enthusiasm for the problem. Parliaments were called upon to vote large supplies. Expeditions from all countries fitted out to the most remote corners of the earth, and an occasional tale of bodily hardships added a touch of human interest to scientific doings. Best of all, wherever over half the world the sky was clear people had themselves from their own doorsteps watched through smoked glasses the planet Venus pass, a small dark body, across the shining surface of the sun; and they were curious to know what advantage the astronomers had gained in going so far afield.

The answer is not far to seek. On the rare occasions when the planet Venus, passing directly between our earth and the sun, is seen apparently projected upon the latter as a round black spot, observers at widely-separated stations measure at carefully determined instants of time the position of the planet upon the sun's disc. And because they are watching from different points, the aspect of the phenomenon is not quite the same at the two stations. There is a slight shift in the position of the planet, a very small difference, indeed, but still a quantity which can be measured with refined instruments, and which, combined with a careful determination of the length of the base line between the two stations, gives eventually the distance of the sun. The more widely separated the stations the greater is the shift to be measured and the more powerful is the method. So the expeditions went, some of them, to far-distant lands, to New Zealand, to South America, and to antarctic Kerguelen Island; and there they realized to the full what a world of difference there is between work amidst the conveniences of a permanent observatory and work in the discomforts of a temporary observing camp.

They had come to observe a phenomenon which could never be presented to the sight more than twice in a lifetime. That fact alone prevents any man from becoming an experienced observer of transits of Venus. Attempts had been made to get over this difficulty by constructing models which gave a very fair representation of the phenomena, and the observers were assiduously practised in the observation of artificial transits. But there was something which could not be imitated and studied beforehand—the effect of the sun lighting up the atmosphere of the planet and surrounding it with a halo of brightness.

This appearance seems to have come as something of a surprise to the observers of the transit of 1874, and it had a serious effect upon their observations. The accounts which had come down of the transit of 1769, and the preliminary practice upon artificial transits, had prepared them for a certain sequence of events, and they had to note by the chronometer the exact moment at which each happened. Even if everything had come to pass as was expected, it was a severe trial of nerve and skill. The difficulties of working in a temporary camp can be barely indicated. The instruments suffer slight mishaps upon the journey, and there is no workshop in which to repair them; chronometers which have travelled rough roads in tropical climates are but a poor substitute for the standard clocks which have been left at home. There is the ever-present consciousness of the irreparable effect of some failure at the critical moment, of instrumental mishap or cloudy sky. It is at best a bad preparation for the supreme moments of a man's life, when he has to reap in a few precious minutes the fruits of years of labor. And to crown the difficulties there came this unexpected appearance of a ring of light round the planet, which confused itself with the edge of the sun and rendered uncertain the most important observations of all—the determination of the instants when the planet enters upon and passes off the sun's disc.

This was the classical method of determining the distance of the sun. It had met with a fair measure of success in early years at the transit of 1769, and for the following hundred years, during which no transits occurred, it had been taught in the schools and established in the textbooks. And when in 1874 it was put again to the test, it broke down, as we have seen. Unfortunately the newer methods which were tried on the same

occasion proved disappointing also. Photography was pressed into the service because it can record its impressions very quickly and without emotion. Its function was to produce pictures of the event, and the astronomer hoped that he would be able to study and measure those pictures at his leisure. The hopes which were built upon this new method were unfulfilled in the end. The photographs proved hard to measure, and the results were not satisfactory.

It was soon realized, long before the final results were brought together and the calculations completed, that the observation of a transit of Venus might, after all, fail to give the desired improvement in our knowledge of the sun's distance. Unexpected difficulties had arisen in 1874, and it was hard to see how they could be avoided on the occasion of the next transit in 1882. The short interval of eight years was not enough to complete the discussion of the first batch of results, and the preparations for the transit of 1882 must go forward. But the distinguished astronomer who is now his Majesty's astronomer at the Cape had shared in the difficulties of 1874, and was not content to risk another failure in the same way. While the world was preparing to try again at the transit of Venus in 1882, he conceived the bold idea of forestalling their efforts by securing the desired result single-handed in 1877. In that year, the year of the discovery of his two satellites, the planet Mars came unusually near the earth—a mere 30,000,000 miles away. If the planet's distance could be well determined the problem of the distance of the sun was solved. For the relative proportions of the distances of the planets from the sun, and consequently from one another, are known with an accuracy far exceeding our knowledge of the distance in miles of any one of them. If one distance be determined

the rest can be immediately deduced from it, and so the distance of Mars from the earth will give us the distance of the earth from the sun.

So Sir David Gill set out in the summer of 1877 to determine the distance of the planet Mars. His instrument was the *heliometer*, which is the most refined and beautiful instrument ever invented for measuring directly the distance between two points in the sky not very far apart, the angular distance of star from star, or of planet from star. The station chosen for the observations was on the island of Ascension, close to the equator; and it was close to the equator for this reason, that determinations of the distance of a planet or of the sun require that observations shall be made at two widely separated stations. There are two distinct ways of satisfying this condition. One way is to send observers to very distant parts of the earth, as was done in the transit of Venus expeditions. The other way is less troublesome. The observer makes a first set of observations early in the evening, and goes to bed. While he is asleep, the earth in its rotation is carrying him and his instrument round with it, and before dawn he can repeat the observations of the evening before from a point thousands of miles away from where they were made.

It is clearly an advantage to be near the equator, for there the distance traversed during the night is greatest. So Ascension was chosen for a station, and the *heliometer* was set up on the shore of Mars Bay. Throughout the late summer and early autumn of 1877 Mars was visible all through the night. Early in the evening its place among the surrounding stars was measured. During the night the rotation of the earth transported the observatory some six thousand miles away, and when in the morning the planet was, from the new point of view, compared with the

same stars, the shift in its position among them was measured, and the amount of the shift was a measure of the distance of the planet.

The simplicity of the scheme almost ensured its success. Personality of one observer and peculiarities of one instrument only were involved. Unfavorable skies and minor mishaps were powerless to wreck the work—for it extended over months instead of minutes, and the failure of one night was turned into the success of the next. In "Six Months in Ascension" the astronomer's wife has given a delightful account of the small trials and the great successes of the expedition, and of the triumphant return to England at the end of 1877, with results which all the transit of Venus expeditions of 1882 could scarcely hope to rival.

The necessary calculations were not long delayed, and they gave for the distance of the sun 93,080,000 miles—two millions less than the original result from the transit of 1769, and a million and a-half greater than the distance which had been obtained from a rediscussion of those observations. The uncertainty had been nearly two million miles, and it was reduced by these observations of Mars at Ascension to not much more than 300,000 miles. It was a notable result to be achieved by the efforts of one man,—a triumph of individual skill, and a greater triumph of foresight. It has been mentioned that the expedition to Ascension was undertaken because Sir David Gill had early convinced himself that the transit of Venus expeditions would not fulfil the hopes that had been built upon them. That forecast has been amply justified. The work has taken many years to complete, and even now is not quite all published, and the results are discordant and uncertain to an amount greater than the 300,000 miles to which the

Mars observations had reduced the uncertainty in our knowledge of the sun's distance.

But the result of these Mars observations was not long allowed to stand unchallenged. It was soon pointed out that there was one possible source of error that had not been eliminated—which had, indeed, at that time scarcely been recognized. It is a small secondary effect of the refraction to which the rays of light from a star or planet are subject when they pass through our atmosphere, and in virtue of it the image of a planet low down in the sky, when it is examined in the telescope, is found to have a slight blue border along the upper and a red border along the lower edge of its disc. In the case of Mars this might produce a particularly noticeable result, for the ruddy planet was often observed in a blue twilight sky. The blue border would then be lost in the blue sky, and the red border would be assimilated with the red disc of the planet, so that the planet would always appear slightly displaced. It was an effect almost inappreciable in magnitude, but if it acted at all, it would always act in the same direction, and that is the most pernicious kind of error to which observations can be liable.

In fact, when we arrive at an astronomical result from the combination of a long series of observations, the estimate which we are able to form of the uncertainty of our result is entirely invalidated if it can be shown that there is a possibility that any cause, however small, has introduced an error always in the same direction. It could not be denied that the Mars observations were at least open to such a suspicion because of the atmospheric difficulty to which we have referred; and there was nothing for it but to renew the attempt upon the sun's distance in still another way.

Mars is not the only planet whose distance can be well determined by direct observation. Between Mars and Jupiter there is a large family of small planets, which are farther from the sun than Mars, and consequently at their nearest are farther from the earth than Mars at his nearest. But this disadvantage is more than balanced by the fact that they are indistinguishable in appearance from the stars which surround them; they escape almost entirely that atmospheric trouble which brought Mars into disrepute, and their small images can be observed with very much greater accuracy. In the years 1888 and 1889 three of these small planets, Iris, Victoria and Sappho, were at their nearest to the earth. It was resolved to make a final effort to determine their distance from the earth, and thence to obtain one more determination of that elusive quantity, the distance of the sun, which had already been the subject of so many disappointing quests.

On this occasion no one was able to repeat the program of 1877 and make a singlehanded determination from a station near the equator. A great scheme was organized of co-operation between the Cape Observatory and the observatories of the northern hemisphere, to make observations as simultaneous as possible of the positions of these planets among the surrounding stars. It was a return towards the older plan which had been used in the transit of Venus work, of observing from widely-separated stations. There were five northern observatories engaged, against one in the south. But the climate of the northern hemisphere was in the scale against them, and in the result the forces were well balanced.

Very soon it appeared that the observations which were made were of unexampled accuracy. One after another the tables in the possession of

astronomers failed to respond to the demand made upon them, and finally the whole calculations had to be repeated with more extensive and accurate tables than had ever before been employed in the work. The situation has been celebrated by an Oxford astronomer-poet in a verse which puts the matter in a nutshell:—

They used to measure our distance
from the sun

By watching transits of Venus.

Now they use of the planets one

That doesn't even come between us.

And Dr. Gill declares he's able

By using the heliometer

To beat the seven-figure logarithm
table,

Or any known arithmometer.

Only four years ago two enormous volumes were issued from the Cape Observatory containing a complete account of the work. The distance of the sun was found to be 92,874,000 miles, with an uncertainty of a couple of hundred thousand.

It should be noticed that this last result agrees with the earlier determination from the observations of Mars within the limits of uncertainty which were found for that result. The limits of uncertainty had now been reduced, and it was hard to see what more could be done. Indeed, astronomers would have been quite content to let the matter rest for some years. These determinations of the distance of the sun are laborious in the extreme, and there was much else waiting to be done.

And yet to-day, we are once more in the thick of a new attack on the problem. A small planet has been recently discovered, which comes on favorable occasions very much nearer to the earth than any body except our own moon. In August of 1898 a German astronomer was searching for two small members of the huge family of minor planets; they had long been

lost. The wanderers escaped the keen grasp of the photographic plate, but it caught a prize for which that whole family would gladly be bartered—a minor planet, indeed, in point of size and brilliance, but moving in a most unusual path. The new planet is perhaps not a hundred miles in diameter, and would be in no wise distinguished or important if it moved among its peers. But some unknown cause has placed Eros, thus aptly named after the little wayward god, in a path such as no minor planet had ever before been known to pursue, a path which brings it on rare occasions very near the earth. During this last winter the first occasion has fallen out; we shall have to wait thirty years for a better opportunity of determining the planet's distance, and it was impossible to neglect such a chance of determining by this means the distance of the sun within the limits of 100,000 miles. And so astronomers have plunged anew into the work; the observations are finished, and the calculations are begun.

For the first time in this solar-parallax hunting photographic methods have to a great extent superseded the heliometer and other instruments of visual observation; and to this will be greatly due whatever measure of success may be achieved. There is still matter for controversy concerning the respective merits of photographic and visual measures, when each method can be given full scope. But there can be no doubt that when it is a case of utilizing odd half-hour breaks in almost continuous cloud, such as was experienced last winter, the advantage is all on the side of the photographic plate, which does its work in a minute or two, and allows the observer to make his measurements upon it at leisure. It is fortunate that English astronomers have been able to rely entirely on their photographic telescopes. At Greenwich, Oxford, Cambridge and

Dublin long series of photographs have been obtained, which will serve a two-fold purpose. Whenever the weather has permitted work at each end of a night there will result an independent determination of the planet's distance, after the manner of the Mars' work at Ascension, based upon the distance which the observatory itself has moved during the night. And when such pairs of observations made in Europe are wanting there still remains the chance that somewhere in America they may have obtained, at their end of the long base line, observations which will combine with the observations made in Europe to give a second result.

The vastness of the labor which has been and is being expended upon the solution of this problem of the sun's distance from the earth is no whit out of proportion to the immense importance of the matter in astronomy. The distance of the sun is the unit in which all distances in our solar system are measured; nay more, the distances of the fixed stars from our system are expressed in terms of it; nor, further, without an accurate knowledge of it is it possible either to determine accurately the velocities with which those stars are moving towards us or away from us, or to take the next step of measuring the speed and the direction of the motion through space of the sun and its system of planets. All depend upon an accurate knowledge of the distance of the sun from the earth, and no labor can be deemed too great if it extends this knowledge even by a little. As to the present enterprise, it will be years before the measures and calculations are completed and we can judge of its success. However it may result, even if the value of the sun's distance which is obtained is no better than the value at present accepted, the labor will not have been thrown away, for two great ends will have

been achieved. The value of photographic methods will have been tested against visual observation in a way which has never before been done so completely; that will be the gain to practical astronomy. And the mutual

Blackwood's Magazine.

understanding, the co-ordination of methods, and the unity of purpose that will be gained in so great a co-operation for a common end, will remain as an endowment to the future of science when the work is over.

THE TECHNICAL ELEMENT IN FICTION!

There is a great and growing body of fiction, especially in the United States, which is written by men who have worked, about the very work on which they have been engaged. It possesses all that actuality which comes from the most intimate personal acquaintance with railroads or telegraphs or mining or the work of logging camps; and though it is classed as fiction it is in reality that transcribed experience which has an attraction very seldom given to the made fiction of the ordinary novelist. It sometimes happens that it is a trifle difficult to follow by reason of its technicalities, but, nevertheless, the reader who does not know a "drawhead" from a "patent injector" must delight in the knowledge that he is face to face with real things at only one remove. This constitutes the value of the new "plein air" school of fiction. It is as different from the studio novels of most English writers as Constable is from Sir Peter Lely. It is, in fact, a return to nature.

The Americans have returned to reality more easily than their English fellows. They have had less to contend with in the nature of tradition. And in the United States the critic, for many reasons, is of less account than his European *confrère* as the repository of that body of doctrine. In England it is very difficult for a man to write fiction without knowing it. In the Western States much good work has been done by men who knew nothing

of writing as an art. Their estate is somewhat the more gracious, as they have not been dominated by the dead. And I do not doubt that they have exerted, and will continue to exert a strong influence of a healthy naturalistic kind. For they deal very largely with the actual struggles of real men face to face with nature, while the greater portion of the old European school still remains contented with mere re-combinations of worn-out themes and motives, whereby style is exalted and the story is nothing, not even new.

This actual knowledge of the affairs of real men (in which it may be noted women play a naturally small part) has a great attraction for the newer writers even in England. But owing to the generally inferior education of Englishmen the manual worker is not yet gifted with a voice. He is not even capable of writing for a newspaper. As a result work of this kind has been written rather by the better class of "scallywag," who is only casually acquainted with the trade he deals with, than by the trained man. The success which such work has attained has led better writers to attempt this kind of fiction at second-hand, and, though a second-hand knowledge of reality is better than no knowledge at all, the result is often incommensurate with the toil involved. It is certainly inferior to knowledge learnt naturally, digested, assimilated and turned into

"work" by a true physiological process. And it is a process curiously fertile in technical errors.

It is possibly a misuse of the term "technical error" to say that the greatest error of this kind is the forcing of one's knowledge on the reader. It is a fault often to be found in the best men of the modern school. It perhaps matters nothing when a fertile writer without knowledge writes seriously of a Colonel rushing into the firing line in a general engagement and there seizing a rifle and "potting away;" but when a novelist of reputation loads his pages with undigested drill-book, it is not only wearisome but absurd. If a man really knows a thing his knowledge becomes artistic of itself, and is easily borne. As a great physician said:—"We do that best which we do easiest," and nothing is truer than this in fiction, although writers are naturally inclined to plume themselves on those works of theirs which cost them the most conscious labor. If a writer desires to write about things which he does not know he must choose one of two methods. He must either pretend to know or must adopt the attitude of the observer who is learning. But for him to play the rôle of the man who knows is peculiarly difficult. Knowledge is no more immediately translatable into work than is food. It has to be digested. To listen to a smart sailorman telling a story to his mates may not always teach the way to tell a sea story, but it will go near to it. For the story-teller knows what he is talking about, and everything essential is easily suggested to those who know with him. And though the public may not know what is right or wrong in technique, it should be treated as if it did, or else the workshop is obtruded and the due effect is spoiled. For instance, Marryat never explains his sea work, and only goes into details when treating of something which even few

sailors comprehend, such as "club-hauling" a ship, and then he carries his explanation of the manoeuvre no further than to make it easily comprehensible to seamen.

It is true that genius may sometimes construct a story which is wrong in every technical detail and is yet wonderful. Oliver Madox Browne in the "Black Swan" made a ship which never sailed on any sea but that of romance. She had so far as one can gather, neither cargo nor ballast in her; yet even so his toy ship was a marvel, though she "rocked" instead of rolling. But there is no doubt that technical accuracy in the story would have improved it. For such accuracy is a witness to knowledge and a means of ease. It is this ease which is really artistic. Mere strength in the athlete is nothing without ease. And even if the "man who knows" can find no fault with a story he is often or always conscious when knowledge has been "got up" rather than absorbed. I remember handing a well-known sea-poem by a better known writer to a sailor for his opinion. His judgment was that it contained no particular error, but that it was, nevertheless, "all wrong."

The endeavor to be accurate is one of the signs of the advance towards naturalism in fiction. And the writer who is conscientious will always improve in this matter, since one real error may easily destroy the whole apparatus of illusion. It would be difficult to say what the feelings of a sailor are when he comes across such an extraordinary error as that of Robert Louis Stevenson in "Treasure Island." He wrote "'Luff,' said he, and I put the helm up." However great the power of a writer he cannot afford to make many such mistakes when dealing with a public whose general knowledge increases. Stevenson, however, made fewer errors as time went by, and his later sea stories contain no

such blemishes as the one mentioned, or as that other in the same book where he puts down a compass bearing an absurd and contradictory notation.

The very general desire among writers to work in some new field is responsible for many of these errors. And in a book which deals with any great portion of life there is a not unnatural tendency to display intimacy with all branches of the subject. For instance a writer who is essentially middle-class by training and education (as most writers are) finds it necessary to be acquainted with the upper classes. Having made a fair attempt at this pretence he ends in believing he really knows what he does not know, and becomes ridiculous. Or another has some medical knowledge of the slightest kind and turns it into material by means of a handy text-book. He either makes mistakes or exhibits the source of his knowledge. It is probable that the latter is the most fatal blunder, for a novelist need not know medicine, and it is not necessary to criticize him when he talks of "brain fever." But when he writes of "cerebritis" or "meningitis" he usually confuses the two, or is so fearfully accurate as to suggest a weary hour with a note-book over Professor Clifford Allbutt. In the old days a man died very successfully of "brain fever" or "heart disease" and no one was disturbed, even if a physician smiled when he discovered that in fiction acute inflammatory diseases of the brain were rarely fatal.

Mr. Kipling has been the great apostle of technical accuracy, and there is no doubt that he usually is accurate.

Nevertheless, he is most fascinating when the reader knows he is dealing with matters that he absorbed rather than "got up." And even he makes errors now and again. What, for instance, is the name of the

stance, is a "patent truss" in bridge building? Can a truss be patented any more than a cantilever? Such errors—and there are very few, I acknowledge—would have no importance were it not that a certain class of story depends entirely on the assumption that the writer knows absolutely. In such cases a single error vitiates the underlying, unseen, major premiss of the artistic syllogism. In more than one instance of late years a writer has founded a story very largely on a supposed knowledge of Mahomedans, when it is obvious to the least instructed Orientalist that Moslems have never even been observed by the storyteller.

The very attitude of the Oriental mind has been misinterpreted. I can recall one very notorious instance in which certain Arab Mollahs are cousins-german to the Covenanters masquerading in flowing robes. It may be said that such a lack of knowledge makes little difference to the tale. It makes all the difference from a literary point of view if literature be interpreted, as I imagine it must be, as a witness to the truth of the subjective writer or the objective world.

This, indeed, is the highest form of technical accuracy, and to treat of it would be to treat of the very basis of art, or of its two bases, things seen and the seer of things. And here accuracy becomes sincerity, without which art does not exist, since sincerity alone produces true illusion. The search for knowledge to be used merely as the apparatus of illusion is almost necessarily insincere. It smacks of the theatre and of the pay-box. The artist works on what he has assimilated, and if he becomes great it is because he grows. To put down to-day what was learnt yesterday is to work for to-morrow only.

Morley Roberts

THE CULT OF THE TULIP.

As the spring drifts into summer one of the greater glories of the garden is the tulip, closed, secret and even drooping under a chill sky, but gratefully lifting and spreading wide to the May sun. As you look at them with your friend, who also dabbles in gardening, his thoughts immediately wander to Holland; he has some vague idea that there they do these things very well, and a sort of remembrance, compounded of a school history and Dumas's "Tulipe Noire," that the Dutch once went mad over tulips. Unaccountable people the Dutch, he reflects; yet bulbs will serve as well as anything else for gambling counters, and bull and bear can play their game as readily with the name of a flower on a bit of paper as with certain other Dutch-looking names which are supposed to cover gold in the waste places of the earth. But if these records of fancy prices, such as 7,000 florins for "Semper Augustus," twelve acres of land for a single bulb, and so forth, be dismissed as outside true gardening, nevertheless the tulip has been in Western Europe the flower with a tradition, surrounded by a subtle halo of fame and rarity, from the time when Conrad Gesner in 1559 first saw it blooming in Augsburg till the orchid displaced it in the affections of the wealthy amateur. In a notable passage in the "Tatler" Steele catches something of the fascination of a bed of tulips. "Sometimes I considered them with the eye of an ordinary spectator, as so many beautiful objects varnished over with a natural gloss, and stained with such a variety of colors, as are not to be equaled in any artificial dyes or tinctures. Sometimes I considered each leaf as an elaborate

piece of tissue, in which the threads and fibres are woven together into different configurations, which gave a different coloring to the light as it glanced on the several parts of the surface. Sometimes I considered the whole bed of tulips, according to the notion of the greatest philosopher that ever lived, as a multitude of optic instruments, designed for the separating light into all those various colors of which it is composed."

Steele's essay shows the pitch to which the fancy had already reached early in the eighteenth century; its closing years saw the London florists, men who grew their flowers in places like Camberwell and the City Road, beginning to introduce improved seedlings, and henceforward the tulip became essentially an English flower, for the florists of the Low Countries failed to recognize the qualities upon which our growers insisted. The early half of the last century was the golden prime of the fancy; £50 was no uncommon price for a bulb; £74 is perhaps the highest recorded at a public auction; but little by little the fashion changed, certain trading malpractices brought the flower into disrepute and to-day only a handful of enthusiasts keep alive a few shows, survivors of the gatherings that used to be held in almost every village in the Midlands and the North. For the tulip became one of the pets of that born fancier, the working-man of the northern manufacturing towns, and as with many another flower, our gardens owe their most beautiful varieties to his devotion. His body might be bent over the loom or the stocking frame, but all his heart was with the little strip of ground that often lay under the

shadow of the great mill chimney itself; some of his fellows might be hastening to get wealth, others were deep in the heady fight of politics, yet his quiet ambition was only to set his name to a flower that should stand for a generation or so as the head of its class. A modest aim, yet one demanding some labor and a certain measure of faith, for the third of a man's life may well run out before a new tulip shows all its beauties; nevertheless the fame was enduring, for the tulip possesses an immortality limited only by falling into disesteem.

Cut a bulb in two at planting time, it is seen to be made up of sheaths like an onion, five in all; at the heart lies the rudimentary flower already showing its separate parts, and on the base between the flower and the first sheath, may be discerned a tiny bud. When growth begins in the spring this bud swells and increases until it becomes a facsimile of the parent bulb, which by this time has been deprived of all its material until nothing is left but a few brown skins. So the eternal cycle goes. The new bulb that is taken up and replanted each year is never identical with the old one, but only carries on that minute portion of the base in which its real existence lies. If there are two or more of these tiny buds within the heart of the old bulb, they all grow more or less, with the result of an increased stock, either of full-sized bulbs or bulbs and offsets. But transitory as the individual may be, if the term individual can be restricted to the particular bulb of any year, the renewed bulb and any offsets will produce flowers that are identical in shape and habit, color and markings with the original stock. To that extent the tulip is perpetual and varieties are now in cultivation with no signs of debility or old age, that possess a recorded history of well over a century.

The tulip esteemed of the florist is essentially a marked flower, delicately pencilled with rose or brown or purple on a ground of clear white or yellow; it is late, flowering in May or even June, and it belongs to quite a different class from the flowers so much used for bedding in our parks and gardens. In these markings resides the great mystery of the tulip and also one of its most enduring charms, for they are not at first to be seen in the flower, but appear fortuitously, often after the bulb has had many years of a self-colored existence.

With the tulip as with other flowers, new varieties can only arise from seed, but when the seedlings come to bloom the flowers are self-colored, rose, or brown, or purple, and in this state they renew themselves year after year, offspring and increase always resembling the parent. Suddenly, it may be in two or three years, it may be in twenty, a flower will be found to have changed its character; the color has all drawn into fine pencillings on the edges or up the centre of the petal, and the marked or "broken" flower has appeared, which will henceforward hand on its new dress to its offsets without further change. Gradually the other bulbs that may exist from the same original stock and are still in the self-colored or "breeder" state will "break" in like fashion; the initial seedling has an individuality and imprints on all its descendants but one type of "breeder" and one of "broken" flower. From this power of breaking comes some of the fascination of tulip-growing; the fancier eagerly watches the unfolding of his breeders; of his old favorites in other parts of the bed he knows in a general way what to expect, but he cannot predict whether this year a dull-colored breeder may not have flashed into markings nor what degree of super-excellence it will possess. No explanation can be ad-

vanced of the cause or origin of "breaking," an incident without parallel among other flowers; and one of the difficulties in framing even a hypothesis lies in our ignorance of the genesis of the cultivated tulip. It came "ready-made" to Europe, the Turks had long before created the flower with all the properties we now know; and what wild species of tulip went to the building up of the garden flower by hybridization and the like, we have no means of discovering. The secret of breaking and of many other peculiarities of the tulip, such as the occasional habit of forming "thieves," little bulbs growing at the end of a long side shoot

and bearing flowers so unlike the parent that they might be classed as belonging to a different species, all lie hid in this unknown parentage, the work of those Eastern flower lovers at a time when Europe had time for few thoughts save fear of man and of God.

East and West are worlds apart, but the thread runs everywhere, and the tulip, which to many an English mill-hand's life has been the one revelation of beauty, the one touch of glory, is in right lineage with the very tulip that was to old Omar in far-off Persia the image of man's grateful acceptance of his Creator's bounty.

The Saturday Review.

A HAVEN.

Ships are anchored, sails are furled,
 Shore-lights in the dusk appear;
 Faint, and far away, we hear
 Roaring sea-ways of the world.
 In the haven's sheltered walls
 Soft the starry silence falls!
 Winds that drove us through the deep
 Touch us now as soft as sleep;
 Waves that smote before are now
 Rippled whispers at the bow.
 Dim lights glimmer on the ships,
 Shadowy figures cross the decks,
 Golden flashing phosphor-specks
 Sparkle where an oar-blade dips.
 Large, above the steady spars,
 Shine the radiant southern stars;
 Falls, from crystal heights of air,
 Sound of wings that sea-ward fare;
 Inland, still and dark and lone,
 Night enfolds a land unknown.
 Weary wanderers may stay
 Here awhile the unknown quest;
 Seekers of the far-away
 Here a little while may rest.

Sidney Royse Lysaght.

From "Poems of the Unknown Way."

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